

RANDOM PD ENCYCLOPEDIA I

THE INTRUDER

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Fifty Contemporary One-Act Plays*, by Various

A PLAY

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

CHARACTERS

THE GRANDFATHER [_blind_].

THE FATHER.

THE THREE DAUGHTERS.

THE UNCLE.

THE SERVANT.

The present translation of THE INTRUDER is the anonymous version published by Mr. Heinemann in 1892, the editor having, however, made some slight alterations in order to bring it into conformity with the current French text. The particular edition used for this purpose was the 1911 (twenty-third) reprint of Vol. I of M. Maeterlinck's "ThØtre."

A. L. G.

Reprinted from "A Miracle of St. Antony and Five Other Plays" in the Modern Library, by permission of Messrs. Boni & Liveright, Inc.

THE INTRUDER

A PLAY BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

[_A sombre room in an old Château. A door on the right, a door on the left, and a small concealed door in a corner. At the back, stained-glass windows, in which green is the dominant color, and a glass door giving on to a terrace. A big Dutch clock in one corner. A lighted lamp._]

THE THREE DAUGHTERS. Come here, grandfather. Sit down under the lamp.

THE GRANDFATHER. There does not seem to me to be much light here.

THE FATHER. Shall we go out on the terrace, or stay in this room?

THE UNCLE. Would it not be better to stay here? It has rained the whole week, and the nights are damp and cold.

THE ELDEST DAUGHTER. But the stars are shining.

THE UNCLE. Oh the stars--that's nothing.

THE GRANDFATHER. We had better stay here. One never knows what may happen.

THE FATHER. There is no longer any cause for anxiety. The danger is over, and she is saved....

THE GRANDFATHER. I believe she is not doing so well....

THE FATHER. Why do you say that?

THE GRANDFATHER. I have heard her voice.

THE FATHER. But since the doctors assure us we may be easy....

THE UNCLE. You know quite well that your father-in-law likes to alarm us needlessly.

THE GRANDFATHER. I don't see things as you do.

THE UNCLE. You ought to rely on us, then, who can see. She looked very well this afternoon. She is sleeping quietly now; and we are not going to mar, needlessly, the first pleasant evening that chance has put in our way.... It seems to me we have a perfect right to peace, and even to laugh a little, this evening, without fear.

THE FATHER. That's true; this is the first time I have felt at home with my family since this terrible confinement.

THE UNCLE. When once illness has come into a house, it is as though a stranger had forced himself into the family circle.

THE FATHER. And then you understand, too, that you can count on no one outside the family.

THE UNCLE. You are quite right.

THE GRANDFATHER. Why couldn't I see my poor daughter to-day?

THE UNCLE. You know quite well--the doctor forbade it.

THE GRANDFATHER. I do not know what to think....

THE UNCLE. It is useless to worry.

THE GRANDFATHER [_pointing to the door on the left_]. She cannot hear us?

THE FATHER. We will not talk too loud; besides, the door is very thick, and the Sister of Mercy is with her, and she is sure to warn us if we are making too much noise.

THE GRANDFATHER [_pointing to the door on the right_]. He cannot hear us?

THE FATHER. No, no.

THE GRANDFATHER. He is asleep?

THE FATHER. I suppose so.

THE GRANDFATHER. Some one had better go and see.

THE UNCLE. The little one would cause me more anxiety than your wife. It is now several weeks since he was born, and he has scarcely stirred. He has not cried once all the time! He is like a wax doll.

THE GRANDFATHER. I think he will be deaf-dumb too, perhaps--the usual result of a marriage between cousins.... [_A reproving silence._]

THE FATHER. I could almost wish him ill for the suffering he has caused his mother.

THE UNCLE. Do be reasonable; it is not the poor little thing's fault. He is quite alone in the room?

THE FATHER. Yes; the doctor does not wish him to stay in his mother's room any longer.

THE UNCLE. But the nurse is with him?

THE FATHER. No; she has gone to rest a little; she has well deserved it these last few days. Ursula, just go and see if he is asleep.

THE ELDEST DAUGHTER. Yes, father. [_The Three Sisters get up, and go into the room on the right, hand in hand._]

THE FATHER. When will your sister come?

THE UNCLE. I think she will come about nine.

THE FATHER. It is past nine. I hope she will come this evening, my wife is so anxious to see her.

THE UNCLE. She is sure to come. This will be the first time she has been here?

THE FATHER. She has never been in the house.

THE UNCLE. It is very difficult for her to leave her convent.

THE FATHER. Will she be alone?

THE UNCLE. I expect one of the nuns will come with her. They are not allowed to go out alone.

THE FATHER. But she is the Superior.

THE UNCLE. The rule is the same for all.

THE GRANDFATHER. Do you not feel anxious?

THE UNCLE. Why should we feel anxious? What's the good of harping on that? There is nothing more to fear.

THE GRANDFATHER. Your sister is older than you?

THE UNCLE. She is the eldest.

THE GRANDFATHER. I do not know what ails me; I feel uneasy. I wish your sister were here.

THE UNCLE. She will come; she promised to.

THE GRANDFATHER. Ah, if this evening were only over!

[_The three daughters come in again._]

THE FATHER. He is asleep?

THE ELDEST DAUGHTER. Yes, father; he is sleeping soundly.

THE UNCLE. What shall we do while we are waiting?

THE GRANDFATHER. Waiting for what?

THE UNCLE. Waiting for our sister.

THE FATHER. You see nothing coming, Ursula?

THE ELDEST DAUGHTER [at the window]. Nothing, father.

THE FATHER. Not in the avenue? Can you see the avenue?

THE DAUGHTER. Yes, father; it is moonlight, and I can see the avenue as far as the cypress wood.

THE GRANDFATHER. And you do not see any one?

THE DAUGHTER. No one, grandfather.

THE UNCLE. What sort of a night is it?

THE DAUGHTER. Very fine. Do you hear the nightingales?

THE UNCLE. Yes, yes.

THE DAUGHTER. A little wind is rising in the avenue.

THE GRANDFATHER. A little wind in the avenue?

THE DAUGHTER. Yes; the trees are trembling a little.

THE UNCLE. I am surprised that my sister is not here yet.

THE GRANDFATHER. I cannot hear the nightingales any longer.

THE DAUGHTER. I think some one has come into the garden, grandfather.

THE GRANDFATHER. Who is it?

THE DAUGHTER. I do not know; I can see no one.

THE UNCLE. Because there is no one there.

THE DAUGHTER. There must be some one in the garden; the nightingales have suddenly ceased singing.

THE GRANDFATHER. But I do not hear any one coming.

THE DAUGHTER. Some one must be passing by the pond, because the swans are ruffled.

ANOTHER DAUGHTER. All the fishes in the pond are diving suddenly.

THE FATHER. You cannot see any one.

THE DAUGHTER. No one, father.

THE FATHER. But the pond lies in the moonlight....

THE DAUGHTER. Yes; I can see that the swans are ruffled.

THE UNCLE. I am sure it is my sister who is scaring them. She must have come in by the little gate.

THE FATHER. I cannot understand why the dogs do not bark.

THE DAUGHTER. I can see the watchdog right at the back of his kennel. The swans are crossing to the other bank!...

THE UNCLE. They are afraid of my sister. I will go and see. [He calls.] Sister! sister! Is that you?... There is no one there.

THE DAUGHTER. I am sure that some one has come into the garden. You will see.

THE UNCLE. But she would answer me!

THE GRANDFATHER. Are not the nightingales beginning to sing again, Ursula?

THE DAUGHTER. I cannot hear one anywhere.

THE GRANDFATHER. But there is no noise.

THE FATHER. There is a silence of the grave.

THE GRANDFATHER. It must be a stranger that is frightening them, for if it were one of the family they would not be silent.

THE UNCLE. How much longer are you going to discuss these nightingales?

THE GRANDFATHER. Are all the windows open, Ursula?

THE DAUGHTER. The glass door is open, grandfather.

THE GRANDFATHER. It seems to me that the cold is penetrating into the room.

THE DAUGHTER. There is a little wind in the garden, grandfather, and the rose-leaves are falling.

THE FATHER. Well, shut the door. It is late.

THE DAUGHTER. Yes, father.... I cannot shut the door.

THE TWO OTHER DAUGHTERS. We cannot shut the door.

THE GRANDFATHER. Why, what is the matter with the door, my children?

THE UNCLE. You need not say that in such an extraordinary voice. I will go and help them.

THE ELDEST DAUGHTER. We cannot manage to shut it quite.

THE UNCLE. It is because of the damp. Let us all push together. There must be something in the way.

THE FATHER. The carpenter will set it right to-morrow.

THE GRANDFATHER. Is the carpenter coming to-morrow.

THE DAUGHTER. Yes, grandfather; he is coming to do some work in the cellar.

THE GRANDFATHER. He will make a noise in the house.

THE DAUGHTER. I will tell him to work quietly.

[_Suddenly the sound of a scythe being sharpened is heard outside._]

THE GRANDFATHER [_with a shudder_]. Oh!

THE UNCLE. What is that?

THE DAUGHTER. I don't quite know; I think it is the gardener. I cannot quite see; he is in the shadow of the house.

THE FATHER. It is the gardener going to mow.

THE UNCLE. He mows by night?

THE FATHER. Is not to-morrow Sunday?--Yes.--I noticed that the grass was very long round the house.

THE GRANDFATHER. It seems to me that his scythe makes as much noise....

THE DAUGHTER. He is mowing near the house.

THE GRANDFATHER. Can you see him, Ursula?

THE DAUGHTER. No, grandfather. He is standing in the dark.

THE GRANDFATHER. I am afraid he will wake my daughter.

THE UNCLE. We can scarcely hear him.

THE GRANDFATHER. It sounds as if he were mowing inside the house.

THE UNCLE. The invalid will not hear it; there is no danger.

THE FATHER. It seems to me that the lamp is not burning well this evening.

THE UNCLE. It wants filling.

THE FATHER. I saw it filled this morning. It has burnt badly since the window was shut.

THE UNCLE. I fancy the chimney is dirty.

THE FATHER. It will burn better presently.

THE DAUGHTER. Grandfather is asleep. He has not slept for three nights.

THE FATHER. He has been so much worried.

THE UNCLE. He always worries too much. At times he will not listen to reason.

THE FATHER. It is quite excusable at his age.

THE UNCLE. God knows what we shall be like at his age!

THE FATHER. He is nearly eighty.

THE UNCLE. Then he has a right to be strange.

THE FATHER. He is like all blind people.

THE UNCLE. They think too much.

THE FATHER. They have too much time to spare.

THE UNCLE. They have nothing else to do.

THE FATHER. And, besides, they have no distractions.

THE UNCLE. That must be terrible.

THE FATHER. Apparently one gets used to it.

THE UNCLE. I cannot imagine it.

THE FATHER. They are certainly to be pitied.

THE UNCLE. Not to know where one is, not to know where one has come

from, not to know whither one is going, not to be able to distinguish midday from midnight, or summer from winter--and always darkness, darkness! I would rather not live. Is it absolutely incurable?

THE FATHER. Apparently so.

THE UNCLE. But he is not absolutely blind?

THE FATHER. He can perceive a strong light.

THE UNCLE. Let us take care of our poor eyes.

THE FATHER. He often has strange ideas.

THE UNCLE. At times he is not at all amusing.

THE FATHER. He says absolutely everything he thinks.

THE UNCLE. But he was not always like this?

THE FATHER. No; once he was as rational as we are; he never said anything extraordinary. I am afraid Ursula encourages him a little too much; she answers all his questions....

THE UNCLE. It would be better not to answer them. It's a mistaken kindness to him.

[_Ten o'clock strikes._]

THE GRANDFATHER [_waking up_]. Am I facing the glass door?

THE DAUGHTER. You have had a nice sleep, grandfather?

THE GRANDFATHER. Am I facing the glass door?

THE DAUGHTER. Yes, grandfather.

THE GRANDFATHER. There is nobody at the glass door?

THE DAUGHTER. No, grandfather; I do not see any one.

THE GRANDFATHER. I thought some one was waiting. No one has come?

THE DAUGHTER. No one, grandfather.

THE GRANDFATHER [_to the Uncle and Father_]. And your sister has not come?

THE UNCLE. It is too late; she will not come now. It is not nice of her.

THE FATHER. I'm beginning to be anxious about her. [A noise, as of some one coming into the house.]

THE UNCLE. She is here! Did you hear?

THE FATHER. Yes; some one has come in at the basement.

THE UNCLE. It must be our sister. I recognized her step.

THE GRANDFATHER. I heard slow footsteps.

THE FATHER. She came in very quietly.

THE UNCLE. She knows there is an invalid.

THE GRANDFATHER. I hear nothing now.

THE UNCLE. She will come up directly; they will tell her we are here.

THE FATHER. I am glad she has come.

THE UNCLE. I was sure she would come this evening.

THE GRANDFATHER. She is a very long time coming up.

THE UNCLE. It must be she.

THE FATHER. We are not expecting any other visitors.

THE GRANDFATHER. I cannot hear any noise in the basement.

THE FATHER. I will call the servant. We shall know how things stand.
[He pulls a bell-rope.]

THE GRANDFATHER. I can hear a noise on the stairs already.

THE FATHER. It is the servant coming up.

THE GRANDFATHER. To me it sounds as if she were not alone.

THE FATHER. She is coming up slowly....

THE GRANDFATHER. I hear your sister's step!

THE FATHER. I can only hear the servant.

THE GRANDFATHER. It is your sister! It is your sister! [There is a knock at the little door.]

THE UNCLE. She is knocking at the door of the back stairs.

THE FATHER. I will go and open it myself. [He opens the little door partly; the Servant remains outside in the opening.] Where are you?

THE SERVANT. Here, sir.

THE GRANDFATHER. Your sister is at the door?

THE UNCLE. I can only see the servant.

THE FATHER. It is only the servant. [To the Servant.] Who was that, that came into the house?

THE SERVANT. Came into the house?

THE FATHER. Yes; some one came in just now?

THE SERVANT. No one came in, sir.

THE GRANDFATHER. Who is it sighing like that?

THE UNCLE. It is the servant; she is out of breath.

THE GRANDFATHER. Is she crying?

THE UNCLE. No; why should she be crying?

THE FATHER [to the Servant]. No one came in just now?

THE SERVANT. No, sir.

THE FATHER. But we heard some one open the door!

THE SERVANT. It was I shutting the door.

THE FATHER. It was open?

THE SERVANT. Yes, sir.

THE FATHER. Why was it open at this time of night?

THE SERVANT. I do not know, sir. I had shut it myself.

THE FATHER. Then who was it that opened it?

THE SERVANT. I do not know, sir. Some one must have gone out after me, sir....

THE FATHER. You must be careful.--Don't push the door; you know what a noise it makes!

THE SERVANT. But, sir, I am not touching the door.

THE FATHER. But you are. You are pushing as if you were trying to get into the room.

THE SERVANT. But, sir, I am three yards away from the door.

THE FATHER. Don't talk so loud....

THE GRANDFATHER. Are they putting out the light?

THE ELDEST DAUGHTER. No, grandfather.

THE GRANDFATHER. It seems to me it has grown pitch dark all at once.

THE FATHER [to the Servant]. You can go down again now; but do not make so much noise on the stairs.

THE SERVANT. I did not make any noise on the stairs.

THE FATHER. I tell you that you did make a noise. Go down quietly; you will wake your mistress. And if any one comes now, say that we are not at home.

THE UNCLE. Yes; say that we are not at home.

THE GRANDFATHER [shuddering]. You must not say that!

THE FATHER. ... Except to my sister and the doctor.

THE UNCLE. When will the doctor come?

THE FATHER. He will not be able to come before midnight. [He shuts the door. A clock is heard striking eleven.]

THE GRANDFATHER. She has come in?

THE FATHER. Who?

THE GRANDFATHER. The servant.

THE FATHER. No, she has gone downstairs.

THE GRANDFATHER. I thought that she was sitting at the table.

THE UNCLE. The servant?

THE GRANDFATHER. Yes.

THE UNCLE. That would complete one's happiness!

THE GRANDFATHER. No one has come into the room?

THE FATHER. No; no one has come in.

THE GRANDFATHER. And your sister is not here?

THE UNCLE. Our sister has not come.

THE GRANDFATHER. You want to deceive me.

THE UNCLE. Deceive you?

THE GRANDFATHER. Ursula, tell me the truth, for the love of God!

THE ELDEST DAUGHTER. Grandfather! Grandfather! what is the matter with you?

THE GRANDFATHER. Something has happened! I am sure my daughter is worse!...

THE UNCLE. Are you dreaming?

THE GRANDFATHER. You do not want to tell me!... I can see quite well there is something....

THE UNCLE. In that case you can see better than we can.

THE GRANDFATHER. Ursula, tell me the truth!

THE DAUGHTER. But we have told you the truth, grandfather!

THE GRANDFATHER. You do not speak in your ordinary voice.

THE FATHER. That is because you frighten her.

THE GRANDFATHER. Your voice is changed, too.

THE FATHER. You are going mad! [He and the Uncle make signs to each other to signify the Grandfather has lost his reason.]

THE GRANDFATHER. I can hear quite well that you are afraid.

THE FATHER. But what should we be afraid of?

THE GRANDFATHER. Why do you want to deceive me?

THE UNCLE. Who is thinking of deceiving you?

THE GRANDFATHER. Why have you put out the light?

THE UNCLE. But the light has not been put out; there is as much light as there was before.

THE DAUGHTER. It seems to me that the lamp has gone down.

THE FATHER. I see as well now as ever.

THE GRANDFATHER. I have millstones on my eyes! Tell me, girls, what is going on here! Tell me, for the love of God, you who can see! I am here, all alone, in darkness without end! I do not know who seats himself beside me! I do not know what is happening a yard from me!... Why were you talking under your breath just now?

THE FATHER. No one was talking under his breath.

THE GRANDFATHER. You did talk in a low voice at the door.

THE FATHER. You heard all I said.

THE GRANDFATHER. You brought some one into the room!...

THE FATHER. But I tell you no one has come in!

THE GRANDFATHER. Is it your sister or a priest?--You should not try to deceive me.--Ursula, who was it that came in?

THE DAUGHTER. No one, grandfather.

THE GRANDFATHER. You must not try to deceive me; I know what I know.--How many of us are there here?

THE DAUGHTER. There are six of us round the table, grandfather.

THE GRANDFATHER. You are all round the table?

THE DAUGHTER. Yes, grandfather.

THE GRANDFATHER. You are there, Paul?

THE FATHER. Yes.

THE GRANDFATHER. You are there, Oliver?

THE UNCLE. Yes, of course I am here, in my usual place. That's not alarming, is it?

THE GRANDFATHER. You are there, Geneviève?

ONE OF THE DAUGHTERS. Yes, grandfather.

THE GRANDFATHER. You are there, Gertrude?

ANOTHER DAUGHTER. Yes, grandfather.

THE GRANDFATHER. You are here, Ursula?

THE ELDEST DAUGHTER. Yes, grandfather; next to you.

THE GRANDFATHER. And who is that sitting there?

THE DAUGHTER. Where do you mean, grandfather?--There is no one.

THE GRANDFATHER. There, there--in the midst of us!

THE DAUGHTER. But there is no one, grandfather!

THE FATHER. We tell you there is no one!

THE GRANDFATHER. But you cannot see--any of you!

THE UNCLE. Pshaw! You are joking.

THE GRANDFATHER. I do not feel inclined for joking, I can assure you.

THE UNCLE. Then believe those who can see.

THE GRANDFATHER [undecidedly]. I thought there was some one.... I believe I shall not live long....

THE UNCLE. Why should we deceive you? What use would there be in that?

THE FATHER. It would be our duty to tell you the truth....

THE UNCLE. What would be the good of deceiving each other?

THE FATHER. You could not live in error long.

THE GRANDFATHER [trying to rise]. I should like to pierce this darkness!...

THE FATHER. Where do you want to go?

THE GRANDFATHER. Over there....

THE FATHER. Don't be so anxious.

THE UNCLE. You are strange this evening.

THE GRANDFATHER. It is all of you who seem to me to be strange!

THE FATHER. Do you want anything?

THE GRANDFATHER. I do not know what ails me.

THE ELDEST DAUGHTER. Grandfather! grandfather! What do you want, grandfather?

THE GRANDFATHER. Give me your little hands, my children.

THE THREE DAUGHTERS. Yes, grandfather.

THE GRANDFATHER. Why are you all three trembling, girls?

THE ELDEST DAUGHTER. We are scarcely trembling at all, grandfather.

THE GRANDFATHER. I fancy you are all three pale.

THE ELDEST DAUGHTER. It is late, grandfather, and we are tired.

THE FATHER. You must go to bed, and grandfather himself would do well to take a little rest.

THE GRANDFATHER. I could not sleep to-night!

THE UNCLE. We will wait for the doctor.

THE GRANDFATHER. Prepare for the truth.

THE UNCLE. But there is no truth!

THE GRANDFATHER. Then I do not know what there is!

THE UNCLE. I tell you there is nothing at all!

THE GRANDFATHER. I wish I could see my poor daughter!

THE FATHER. But you know quite well it is impossible; she must not be awakened unnecessarily.

THE UNCLE. You will see her to-morrow.

THE GRANDFATHER. There is no sound in her room.

THE UNCLE. I should be uneasy if I heard any sound.

THE GRANDFATHER. It is a very long time since I saw my daughter!... I took her hands yesterday evening, but I could not see her!... I do not know what has become of her.... I do not know how she is.... I do not

know what her face is like now.... She must have changed these weeks!... I felt the little bones of her cheeks under my hands.... There is nothing but the darkness between her and me, and the rest of you!... I cannot go on living like this ... this is not living.... You sit there, all of you, looking with open eyes at my dead eyes, and not one of you has pity on me!... I do not know what ails me.... No one tells me what ought to be told me.... And everything is terrifying when one's dreams dwell upon it.... But why are you not speaking?

THE UNCLE. What should we say, since you will not believe us?

THE GRANDFATHER. You are afraid of betraying yourselves!

THE FATHER. Come now, be rational!

THE GRANDFATHER. You have been hiding something from me for a long time!... Something has happened in the house.... But I am beginning to understand now.... You have been deceiving me too long!--You fancy that I shall never know anything?--There are moments when I am less blind than you, you know!... Do you think I have not heard you whispering--for days and days--as if you were in the house of some one who had been hanged--I dare not say what I know this evening.... But I shall know the truth!... I shall wait for you to tell me the truth; but I have known it for a long time, in spite of you!--And now, I feel that you are all paler than the dead!

THE THREE DAUGHTERS. Grandfather! grandfather! What is the matter, grandfather?

THE GRANDFATHER. It is not you that I am speaking of, girls. No; it is not you that I am speaking of.... I know quite well you would tell me the truth--if they were not by!... And besides, I feel sure that they are deceiving you as well.... You will see, children--you will see!... Do not I hear you all sobbing?

THE FATHER. Is my wife really so ill?

THE GRANDFATHER. It is no good trying to deceive me any longer; it is too late now, and I know the truth better than you!...

THE UNCLE. But we are not blind; we are not.

THE FATHER. Would you like to go into your daughter's room? This misunderstanding must be put an end to.--Would you?

THE GRANDFATHER [_becoming suddenly undecided_]. No, no, not now--not yet.

THE UNCLE. You see, you are not reasonable.

THE GRANDFATHER. One never knows how much a man has been unable to express in his life!... Who made that noise?

THE ELDEST DAUGHTER. It is the lamp flickering, grandfather.

THE GRANDFATHER. It seems to me to be very unsteady--very!

THE DAUGHTER. It is the cold wind troubling it....

THE UNCLE. There is no cold wind, the windows are shut.

THE DAUGHTER. I think it is going out.

THE FATHER. There is no more oil.

THE DAUGHTER. It has gone right out.

THE FATHER. We cannot stay like this in the dark.

THE UNCLE. Why not?--I am quite accustomed to it.

THE FATHER. There is a light in my wife's room.

THE UNCLE. We will take it from there presently, when the doctor has been.

THE FATHER. Well, we can see enough here; there is the light from outside.

THE GRANDFATHER. Is it light outside?

THE FATHER. Lighter than here.

THE UNCLE. For my part, I would as soon talk in the dark.

THE FATHER. So would I. [_Silence._]

THE GRANDFATHER. It seems to me the clock makes a great deal of noise....

THE ELDEST DAUGHTER. That is because we are not talking any more, grandfather.

THE GRANDFATHER. But why are you all silent?

THE UNCLE. What do you want us to talk about?--You are really very peculiar to-night.

THE GRANDFATHER. Is it very dark in this room?

THE UNCLE. There is not much light. [_Silence._]

THE GRANDFATHER. I do not feel well, Ursula; open the window a little.

THE FATHER. Yes, child; open the window a little. I begin to feel the want of air myself. [_The girl opens the window._]

THE UNCLE. I really believe we have stayed shut up too long.

THE GRANDFATHER. Is the window open?

THE DAUGHTER. Yes, grandfather; it is wide open.

THE GRANDFATHER. One would not have thought it was open; there was not a sound outside.

THE DAUGHTER. No, grandfather; there is not the slightest sound.

THE FATHER. The silence is extraordinary!

THE DAUGHTER. One could hear an angel tread!

THE UNCLE. That is why I do not like the country.

THE GRANDFATHER. I wish I could hear some sound. What o'clock is it, Ursula?

THE DAUGHTER. It will soon be midnight, grandfather. [_Here the Uncle begins to pace up and down the room._]

THE GRANDFATHER. Who is that walking round us like that?

THE UNCLE. Only I! only I! Do not be frightened! I want to walk about a little. [_Silence._]--But I am going to sit down again;--I cannot see where I am going. [_Silence._]

THE GRANDFATHER. I wish I were out of this place.

THE DAUGHTER. Where would you like to go, grandfather?

THE GRANDFATHER. I do not know where--into another room, no matter where! no matter where!

THE FATHER. Where could we go?

THE UNCLE. It is too late to go anywhere else. [_Silence. They are sitting, motionless, round the table._]

THE GRANDFATHER. What is that I hear, Ursula?

THE DAUGHTER. Nothing, grandfather; it is the leaves falling.--Yes, it is the leaves falling on the terrace.

THE GRANDFATHER. Go and shut the window, Ursula.

THE DAUGHTER. Yes, grandfather. [_She shuts the window, comes back, and sits down._]

THE GRANDFATHER. I am cold. [_Silence. The Three Sisters kiss each other._] What is that I hear now?

THE FATHER. It is the three sisters kissing each other.

THE UNCLE. It seems to me they are very pale this evening. [_Silence._]

THE GRANDFATHER. What is that I hear now, Ursula?

THE DAUGHTER. Nothing, grandfather; it is the clasping of my hands. [_Silence._]

THE GRANDFATHER. And that?...

THE DAUGHTER. I do not know, grandfather ... perhaps my sisters are trembling a little?...

THE GRANDFATHER. I am afraid, too, my children. [_Here a ray of moonlight penetrates through a corner of the stained glass, and throws strange gleams here and there in the room. A clock strikes midnight; at the last stroke there is a very vague sound, as of some one rising in haste._]

THE GRANDFATHER [_shuddering with peculiar horror_]. Who is that who got up?

THE UNCLE. No one got up!

THE FATHER. I did not get up!

THE THREE DAUGHTERS. Nor I!--Nor I!--Nor I!

THE GRANDFATHER. Some one got up from the table!

THE UNCLE. Light the lamp!... [_Cries of terror are suddenly heard from the child's room, on the right; these cries continue, with gradations of horror, until the end of the scene._]

THE FATHER. Listen to the child!

THE UNCLE. He has never cried before!

THE FATHER. Let us go and see him!

THE UNCLE. The light! The light! [At this moment, quick and heavy steps are heard in the room on the left.--Then a deathly silence.--They listen in mute terror, until the door of the room opens slowly; the light from it is cast into the room where they are sitting, and the Sister of Mercy appears on the threshold, in her black garments, and bows as she makes the sign of the cross, to announce the death of the wife. They understand, and, after a moment of hesitation and fright, silently enter the chamber of death, while the Uncle politely steps aside on the threshold to let the three girls pass. The blind man, left alone, gets up, agitated, and feels his way round the table in the darkness._]

THE GRANDFATHER. Where are you going?--Where are you going?--The girls have left me all alone!

[_Curtain._]

THE LAST FOUR INCAS

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Inca Land*, by Hiram Bingham
1922

Readers of Prescott's charming classic, "The Conquest of Peru," will remember that Pizarro, after killing Atahualpa, the Inca who had tried in vain to avoid his fate by filling a room with vessels of gold, decided to establish a native prince on the throne of the Incas to rule in accordance with the dictates of Spain. The young prince, Manco, a son of the great Inca Huayna Capac, named for the first Inca, Manco Ccapac, the founder of the dynasty, was selected as the most acceptable figurehead. He was a young man of ability and spirit. His induction into office in 1534 with appropriate ceremonies, the barbaric splendor of which only made the farce the more pitiful, did little to gratify his natural ambition. As might have been foreseen, he chafed under restraint, escaped as soon as possible from his attentive guardians, and raised an army of faithful Quichuas. There followed the siege of Cuzco, briefly characterized by Don Alonzo Enriques de Guzman, who took part in it, as "the most fearful and cruel war in the world." When in 1536 Cuzco was relieved by Pizarro's comrade, Almagro, and Manco's last chance of regaining the ancient capital of his ancestors failed, the Inca retreated to Ollantaytambo. Here, on the banks of the river Urubamba, Manco made a determined stand, but Ollantaytambo was too easily reached by Pizarro's mounted cavaliers. The Inca's followers, although aroused to their utmost endeavors by the presence of the magnificent stone edifices,

fortresses, granaries, palaces, and hanging gardens of their ancestors, found it necessary to retreat. They fled in a northerly direction and made good their escape over snowy passes to Uiticos in the fastnesses of Uilcapampa, a veritable American Switzerland.

FIGURE

Glaciers Between Cuzco and Uiticos

The Spaniards who attempted to follow Manco found his position practically impregnable. The citadel of Uilcapampa, a gigantic natural fortress defended by Nature in one of her profoundest moods, was only to be reached by fording dangerous torrents, or crossing the mountains by narrow defiles which themselves are higher than the most lofty peaks of Europe. It was hazardous for Hannibal and Napoleon to bring their armies through the comparatively low passes of the Alps. Pizarro found it impossible to follow the Inca Manco over the Pass of Panticalla, itself a snowy wilderness higher than the summit of Mont Blanc. In no part of the Peruvian Andes are there so many beautiful snowy peaks. Near by is the sharp, icy pinnacle of Mt. Veronica (elevation 19,342 ft.). Not far away is another magnificent snow-capped peak, Mt. Salcantay, 20,565 feet above the sea. Near Salcantay is the sharp needle of Mt. Soray (19,435 ft.), while to the west of it are Panta (18,590 ft.) and Soiroccocha (18,197 ft.). On the shoulders of these mountains are unnamed glaciers and little valleys that have scarcely ever been seen except by some hardy prospector or inquisitive explorer. These valleys are to be reached only through passes where the traveler is likely to be waylaid by violent storms of hail and snow. During the rainy season a large part of Uilcapampa is absolutely impenetrable. Even in the dry season the difficulties of transportation are very great. The most sure-footed mule is sometimes unable to use the trails without assistance from man. It was an ideal place for the Inca Manco.

The conquistador, Cieza de Leon, who wrote in 1550 a graphic account of the wars of Peru, says that Manco took with him a "great quantity of treasure, collected from various parts ... and many loads of rich clothing of wool, delicate in texture and very beautiful and showy." The Spaniards were absolutely unable to conceive of the ruler of a country traveling without rich "treasure." It is extremely doubtful whether Manco burdened himself with much gold or silver. Except for ornament there was little use to which he could have put the precious metals and they would have served only to arouse the cupidity of his enemies. His people had never been paid in gold or silver. Their labor was his due, and only such part of it as was needed to raise their own crops and make their own clothing

was allotted to them; in fact, their lives were in his hands and the custom and usage of centuries made them faithful followers of their great chief. That Manco, however, actually did carry off with him beautiful textiles, and anything else which was useful, may be taken for granted. In Uiticos, safe from the armed forces of his enemies, the Inca was also able to enjoy the benefits of a delightful climate, and was in a well-watered region where corn, potatoes, both white and sweet, and the fruits of the temperate and sub-tropical regions easily grow. Using this as a base, he was accustomed to sally forth against the Spaniards frequently and in unexpected directions. His raids were usually successful. It was relatively easy for him, with a handful of followers, to dash out of the mountain fastnesses, cross the Apurimac River either by swimming or on primitive rafts, and reach the great road between Cuzco and Lima, the principal highway of Peru. Officials and merchants whose business led them over this route found it extremely precarious. Manco cheered his followers by making them realize that in these raids they were taking sweet revenge on the Spaniards for what they had done to Peru. It is interesting to note that Cieza de Leon justifies Manco in his attitude, for the Spaniards had indeed "seized his inheritance, forcing him to leave his native land, and to live in banishment."

Manco's success in securing such a place of refuge, and in using it as a base from which he could frequently annoy his enemies, led many of the Orejones of Cuzco to follow him. The Inca chiefs were called Orejones, "big ears," by the Spaniards because the lobes of their ears had been enlarged artificially to receive the great gold earrings which they were fond of wearing. Three years after Manco's retirement to the wilds of Uilcapampa there was born in Cuzco in the year 1539, Garcilasso Inca de la Vega, the son of an Inca princess and one of the conquistadores. As a small child Garcilasso heard of the activities of his royal relative. He left Peru as a boy and spent the rest of his life in Spain. After forty years in Europe he wrote, partly from memory, his "Royal Commentaries," an account of the country of his Indian ancestors. Of the Inca Manco, of whom he must frequently have heard uncomplimentary reports as a child, he speaks apologetically. He says: "In the time of Manco Inca, several robberies were committed on the road by his subjects; but still they had that respect for the Spanish Merchants that they let them go free and never pillaged them of their wares and merchandise, which were in no manner useful to them; howsoever they robbed the Indians of their cattle [llamas and alpacas], bred in the countrey The Inca lived in the Mountains, which afforded no tame Cattel; and only produced Tigers and Lions and Serpents of twenty-five and thirty feet long, with other venomous insects." (I am quoting from Sir Paul Rycaut's translation, published in London in 1688.) Garcilasso says Manco's soldiers took only "such food as they found in the hands of the Indians; which the Inca did usually call his own," saying, "That he who was Master of that whole Empire might lawfully challenge such a proportion thereof as was convenient to supply his necessary

and natural support"--a reasonable apology; and yet personally I doubt whether Manco spared the Spanish merchants and failed to pillage them of their "wares and merchandise." As will be seen later, we found in Manco's palace some metal articles of European origin which might very well have been taken by Manco's raiders. Furthermore, it should be remembered that Garcilasso, although often quoted by Prescott, left Peru when he was sixteen years old and that his ideas were largely colored by his long life in Spain and his natural desire to extol the virtues of his mother's people, a brown race despised by the white Europeans for whom he wrote.

The methods of warfare and the weapons used by Manco and his followers at this time are thus described by Guzman. He says the Indians had no defensive arms such as helmets, shields, and armor, but used "lances, arrows, dubs, axes, halberds, darts, and slings, and another weapon which they call ayllas (the bolas), consisting of three round stones sewn up in leather, and each fastened to a cord a cubit long. They throw these at the horses, and thus bind their legs together; and sometimes they will fasten a man's arms to his sides in the same way. These Indians are so expert in the use of this weapon that they will bring down a deer with it in the chase. Their principal weapon, however, is the sling With it, they will hurl a huge stone with such force that it will kill a horse; in truth, the effect is little less great than that of an arquebus; and I have seen a stone, thus hurled from a sling, break a sword in two pieces which was held in a man's hand at a distance of thirty paces."

Manco's raids finally became so annoying that Pizarro sent a small force from Cuzco under Captain Villadiego to attack the Inca. Captain Villadiego found it impossible to use horses, although he realized that cavalry was the "important arm against these Indians." Confident in his strength and in the efficacy of his firearms, and anxious to enjoy the spoils of a successful raid against a chief reported to be traveling surrounded by his family "and with rich treasure," he pressed eagerly on, up through a lofty valley toward a defile in the mountains, probably the Pass of Panticalla. Here, fatigued and exhausted by their difficult march and suffering from the effects of the altitude (16,000 ft.), his men found themselves ambushed by the Inca, who with a small party, "little more than eighty Indians," "attacked the Christians, who numbered twenty-eight or thirty, and killed Captain Villadiego and all his men except two or three." To any one who has clambered over the passes of the Cordillera Uilcapampa it is not surprising that this military expedition was a failure or that the Inca, warned by keen-sighted Indians posted on appropriate vantage points, could have succeeded in defeating a small force of weary soldiers armed with the heavy blunderbuss of the seventeenth century. In a rocky pass, protected by huge boulders, and surrounded by quantities of natural ammunition for their slings, it must have been relatively simple for eighty Quichuas, who could "hurl a huge stone with such force that it would kill a horse," to have literally

stoned to death Captain Villadiego's little company before they could have prepared their clumsy weapons for firing.

FIGURE

The Urubamba Canyon

A reason for the safety of the Incas in Uilcapampa.

The fugitives returned to Cuzco and reported their misfortune. The importance of the reverse will be better appreciated if one remembers that the size of the force with which Pizarro conquered Peru was less than two hundred, only a few times larger than Captain Villadiego's company which had been wiped out by Manco. Its significance is further increased by the fact that the contemporary Spanish writers, with all their tendency to exaggerate, placed Manco's force at only "a little more than eighty Indians." Probably there were not even that many. The wonder is that the Inca's army was not reported as being several thousand.

Francisco Pizarro himself now hastily set out with a body of soldiers determined to punish this young Inca who had inflicted such a blow on the prestige of Spanish arms, "but this attempt also failed," for the Inca had withdrawn across the rivers and mountains of Uilcapampa to Uiticos, where, according to Cieza de Leon, he cheered his followers with the sight of the heads of his enemies. Unfortunately for accuracy, the custom of displaying on the ends of pikes the heads of one's enemies was European and not Peruvian. To be sure, the savage Indians of some of the Amazonian jungles do sometimes decapitate their enemies, remove the bones of the skull, dry the shrunken scalp and face, and wear the trophy as a mark of prowess just as the North American Indians did the scalps of their enemies. Such customs had no place among the peace-loving Inca agriculturists of central Peru. There were no Spaniards living with Manco at that time to report any such outrage on the bodies of Captain Villadiego's unfortunate men. Probably the conquistadores supposed that Manco did what the Spaniards would have done under similar circumstances.

Following the failure of Francisco Pizarro to penetrate to Uiticos, his brother, Gonzalo, "undertook the pursuit of the Inca and occupied some of his passes and bridges," but was unsuccessful in penetrating the mountain labyrinth. Being less foolhardy than Captain Villadiego, he did not come into actual conflict with Manco. Unable to subdue the young Inca or prevent his raids on travelers from Cuzco to Lima, Francisco Pizarro, "with the assent of the royal officers who were with him," established the city of Ayacucho at a convenient point

on the road, so as to make it secure for travelers. Nevertheless, according to Montesinos, Manco caused the good people of Ayacucho quite a little trouble. Finally, Francisco Pizarro, "having taken one of Manco's wives prisoner with other Indians, stripped and flogged her, and then shot her to death with arrows."

Accounts of what happened in Uiticos under the rule of Manco are not very satisfactory. Father Calancha, who published in 1639 his "Coronica Moralizada," or "pious account of the missionary activities of the Augustinians" in Peru, says that the Inca Manco was obeyed by all the Indians who lived in a region extending "for two hundred leagues and more toward the east and toward the south, where there were innumerable Indians in various provinces." With customary monastic zeal and proper religious fervor, Father Calancha accuses the Inca of compelling the baptized Indians who fled to him from the Spaniards to abandon their new faith, torturing those who would no longer worship the old Inca "idols." This story need not be taken too literally, although undoubtedly the escaped Indians acted as though they had never been baptized.

Besides Indians fleeing from harsh masters, there came to Uilcapampa, in 1542, Gomez Perez, Diego Mendez, and half a dozen other Spanish fugitives, adherents of Almagro, "rascals," says Calancha, "worthy of Manco's favor." Obliged by the civil wars of the conquistadores to flee from the Pizarros, they were glad enough to find a welcome in Uiticos. To while away the time they played games and taught the Inca checkers and chess, as well as bowling-on-the-green and quoits. Montesinos says they also taught him to ride horseback and shoot an arquebus. They took their games very seriously and occasionally violent disputes arose, one of which, as we shall see, was to have fatal consequences. They were kept informed by Manco of what was going on in the viceroyalty. Although "encompassed within craggy and lofty mountains," the Inca was thoroughly cognizant of all those "revolutions" which might be of benefit to him.

Perhaps the most exciting news that reached Uiticos in 1544 was in regard to the arrival of the first Spanish viceroy. He brought the New Laws, a result of the efforts of the good Bishop Las Casas to alleviate the sufferings of the Indians. The New Laws provided, among other things, that all the officers of the crown were to renounce their repartimientos or holdings of Indian serfs, and that compulsory personal service was to be entirely abolished. Repartimientos given to the conquerors were not to pass to their heirs, but were to revert to the king. In other words, the New Laws gave evidence that the Spanish crown wished to be kind to the Indians and did not approve of the Pizarros. This was good news for Manco and highly pleasing to the refugees. They persuaded the Inca to write a letter to the new viceroy, asking permission to appear before him and offer his services to the king. The Spanish refugees told the Inca that by this means he might some day recover his empire, "or at least the

best part of it." Their object in persuading the Inca to send such a message to the viceroy becomes apparent when we learn that they "also wrote as from themselves desiring a pardon for what was past" and permission to return to Spanish dominions.

Gomez Perez, who seems to have been the active leader of the little group, was selected to be the bearer of the letters from the Inca and the refugees. Attended by a dozen Indians whom the Inca instructed to act as his servants and bodyguard, he left Uilcapampa, presented his letters to the viceroy, and gave him "a large relation of the State and Condition of the Inca, and of his true and real designs to doe him service." "The Vice-king joyfully received the news, and granted a full and ample pardon of all crimes, as desired. And as to the Inca, he made many kind expressions of love and respect, truly considering that the Interest of the Inca might be advantageous to him, both in War and Peace. And with this satisfactory answer Gomez Perez returned both to the Inca and to his companions." The refugees were delighted with the news and got ready to return to king and country. Their departure from Uiticos was prevented by a tragic accident, thus described by Garcilasso.

"The Inca, to humour the Spaniards and entertain himself with them, had given directions for making a bowling-green; where playing one day with Gomez Perez, he came to have some quarrel and difference with this Perez about the measure of a Cast, which often happened between them; for this Perez, being a person of a hot and fiery brain, without any judgment or understanding, would take the least occasion in the world to contend with and provoke the Inca Being no longer able to endure his rudeness, the Inca punched him on the breast, and bid him to consider with whom he talked. Perez, not considering in his heat and passion either his own safety or the safety of his Companions, lifted up his hand, and with the bowl struck the Inca so violently on the head, that he knocked him down. [He died three days later.] The Indians hereupon, being enraged by the death of their Prince, joined together against Gomez and the Spaniards, who fled into a house, and with their Swords in their hands defended the door; the Indians set fire to the house, which being too hot for them, they sallied out into the Marketplace, where the Indians assaulted them and shot them with their Arrows until they had killed every man of them; and then afterwards, out of mere rage and fury they designed either to eat them raw as their custome was, or to burn them and cast their ashes into the river, that no sign or appearance might remain of them; but at length, after some consultation, they agreed to cast their bodies into the open fields, to be devoured by vulters and birds of the air, which they supposed to be the highest indignity and dishonour that they could show to their Corps." Garcilasso concludes: "I informed myself very perfectly from those chiefs and nobles who were present and eye-witnesses of the unparalleled piece of madness of that rash and hair-brained fool; and heard them tell this story to my mother and parents with tears in their eyes." There are many versions of

the tragedy. [4] They all agree that a Spaniard murdered the Inca.

Thus, in 1545, the reign of an attractive and vigorous personality was brought to an abrupt close. Manco left three young sons, Sayri Tupac, Titu Cusi, and Tupac Amaru. Sayri Tupac, although he had not yet reached his majority, became Inca in his father's stead, and with the aid of regents reigned for ten years without disturbing his Spanish neighbors or being annoyed by them, unless the reference in Montesinos to a proposed burning of bridges near Abancay, under date of 1555, is correct. By a curious lapse Montesinos ascribes this attempt to the Inca Manco, who had been dead for ten years. In 1555 there came to Lima a new viceroy, who decided that it would be safer if young Sayri Tupac were within reach instead of living in the inaccessible wilds of Uilcapampa. The viceroy wisely undertook to accomplish this difficult matter through the Princess Beatrix Coya, an aunt of the Inca, who was living in Cuzco. She took kindly to the suggestion and dispatched to Uiticos a messenger, of the blood royal, attended by Indian servants. The journey was a dangerous one; bridges were down and the treacherous trails were well-nigh impassable. Sayri Tupac's regents permitted the messenger to enter Uilcapampa and deliver the viceroy's invitation, but were not inclined to believe that it was quite so attractive as appeared on the surface, even though brought to them by a kinsman. Accordingly, they kept the visitor as a hostage and sent a messenger of their own to Cuzco to see if any foul play could be discovered, and also to request that one John Sierra, a more trusted cousin, be sent to treat in this matter. All this took time.

In 1558 the viceroy, becoming impatient, dispatched from Lima Friar Melchior and one John Betanzos, who had married the daughter of the unfortunate Inca Atahualpa and pretended to be very learned in his wife's language. Montesinos says he was a "great linguist." They started off quite confidently for Uiticos, taking with them several pieces of velvet and damask, and two cups of gilded silver as presents. Anxious to secure the honor of being the first to reach the Inca, they traveled as fast as they could to the Chuquichaca bridge, "the key to the valley of Uiticos." Here they were detained by the soldiers of the regents. A day or so later John Sierra, the Inca's cousin from Cuzco, arrived at the bridge and was allowed to proceed, while the friar and Betanzos were still detained. John Sierra was welcomed by the Inca and his nobles, and did his best to encourage Sayri Tupac to accept the viceroy's offer. Finally John Betanzos and the friar were also sent for and admitted to the presence of the Inca, with the presents which the viceroy had sent. Sayri Tupac's first idea was to remain free and independent as he had hitherto done, so he requested the ambassadors to depart immediately with their silver gilt cups. They were sent back by one of the western routes across the Apurimac. A few days later, however, after John Sierra had told him some interesting stories of life in Cuzco, the Inca decided to reconsider the matter. His regents had a long debate, observed the flying of birds and the nature of the weather, but

according to Garcilasso "made no inquiries of the devil." The omens were favorable and the regents finally decided to allow the Inca to accept the invitation of the viceroy.

Sayri Tupac, anxious to see something of the world, went directly to Lima, traveling in a litter made of rich materials, carried by relays chosen from the three hundred Indians who attended him. He was kindly received by the viceroy, and then went to Cuzco, where he lodged in his aunt's house. Here his relatives went to welcome him. "I, myself," says Garcilasso, "went in the name of my Father. I found him then playing a certain game used amongst the Indians I kissed his hands, and delivered my Message; he commanded me to sit down, and presently they brought two gilded cups of that Liquor, made of Mayz [chicha] which scarce contained four ounces of Drink; he took them both, and with his own Hand he gave one of them to me; he drank, and I pledged him, which as we have said, is the custom of Civility amongst them. This Ceremony being past, he asked me, Why I did not meet him at Uillcapampa. I answered him, 'Inca, as I am but a Youngman, the Governors make no account of me, to place me in such Ceremonies as these!' 'How,' replied the Inca, 'I would rather have seen you than all the Friers and Fathers in Town.' As I was going away I made him a submissive bow and reverence, after the manner of the Indians, who are of his Alliance and Kindred, at which he was so much pleased, that he embraced me heartily, and with much affection, as appeared by his Countenance."

Sayri Tupac now received the sacred Red Fringe of Inca sovereignty, was married to a princess of the blood royal, joined her in baptism, and took up his abode in the beautiful valley of Yucay, a day's journey northeast of Cuzco, and never returned to Uiticos. His only daughter finally married a certain Captain Garcia, of whom more anon. Sayri Tupac died in 1560, leaving two brothers; the older, Titu Cusi Yupanqui, illegitimate, and the younger, Tupac Amaru, his rightful successor, an inexperienced youth.

FIGURE

Yucay, Last Home of Sayri Tupac

The throne of Uiticos was seized by Titu Cusi. The new Inca seems to have been suspicious of the untimely death of Sayri Tupac, and to have felt that the Spaniards were capable of more foul play. So with his half-brother he stayed quietly in Uillcapampa. Their first visitor, so far as we know, was Diego Rodriguez de Figueroa, who wrote an interesting account of Uiticos and says he gave the Inca a pair of scissors. He was unsuccessful in his efforts to get Titu Cusi to go

to Cuzco. In time there came an Augustinian missionary, Friar Marcos Garcia, who, six years after the death of Sayri Tupac, entered the rough country of Uilcapampa, "a land of moderate wealth, large rivers, and the usual rains," whose "forested mountains," says Father Calancha, "are magnificent." Friar Marcos had a hard journey. The bridges were down, the roads had been destroyed, and the passes blocked up. The few Indians who did occasionally appear in Cuzco from Uilcapampa said the friar could not get there "unless he should be able to change himself into a bird." However, with that courage and pertinacity which have marked so many missionary enterprises, Friar Marcos finally overcame all difficulties and reached Uiticos.

The missionary chronicler says that Titu Cusi was far from glad to see him and received him angrily. It worried him to find that a Spaniard had succeeded in penetrating his retreat. Besides, the Inca was annoyed to have any one preach against his "idolatries." Titu Cusi's own story, as written down by Friar Marcos, does not agree with Calancha's. Anyhow, Friar Marcos built a little church in a place called Puquiura, where many of the Inca's people were then living. "He planted crosses in the fields and on the mountains, these being the best things to frighten off devils." He "suffered many insults at the hands of the chiefs and principal followers of the Inca. Some of them did it to please the Devil, others to flatter the Inca, and many because they disliked his sermons, in which he scolded them for their vices and abominated among his converts the possession of four or six wives. So they punished him in the matter of food, and forced him to send to Cuzco for victuals. The Convent sent him hard-tack, which was for him a most delicious banquet."

Within a year or so another Augustinian missionary, Friar Diego Ortiz, left Cuzco alone for Uilcapampa. He suffered much on the road, but finally reached the retreat of the Inca and entered his presence in company with Friar Marcos. "Although the Inca was not too happy to see a new preacher, he was willing to grant him an entrance because the Inca ... thought Friar Diego would not vex him nor take the trouble to reprove him. So the Inca gave him a license. They selected the town of Huarancalla, which was populous and well located in the midst of a number of other little towns and villages. There was a distance of two or three days journey from one Convent to the other. Leaving Friar Marcos in Puquiura, Friar Diego went to his new establishment and in a short time built a church, a house for himself, and a hospital,--all poor buildings made in a short time." He also started a school for children, and became very popular as he went about healing and teaching. He had an easier time than Friar Marcos, who, with less tact and no skill as a physician, was located nearer the center of the Inca cult.

The principal shrine of the Inca is described by Father Calancha as follows: "Close to Vitcos [or Uiticos] in a village called Chuquipalpa, is a House of the Sun, and in it a white rock over a spring of water

where the Devil appears as a visible manifestation and was worshipped by those idolators. This was the principal mochadero of those forested mountains. The word 'mochadero' [5] is the common name which the Indians apply to their places of worship. In other words it is the only place where they practice the sacred ceremony of kissing. The origin of this, the principal part of their ceremonial, is that very practice which Job abominates when he solemnly clears himself of all offences before God and says to Him: 'Lord, all these punishments and even greater burdens would I have deserved had I done that which the blind Gentiles do when the sun rises resplendent or the moon shines clear and they exult in their hearts and extend their hands toward the sun and throw kisses to it,' an act of very grave iniquity which is equivalent to denying the true God."

Thus does the ecclesiastical chronicler refer to the practice in Peru of that particular form of worship of the heavenly bodies which was also widely spread in the East, in Arabia, and Palestine and was inveighed against by Mohammed as well as the ancient Hebrew prophets. Apparently this ceremony "of the most profound resignation and reverence" was practiced in Chuquipalpa, close to Uiticos, in the reign of the Inca Titu Cusi.

Calancha goes on to say: "In this white stone of the aforesaid House of the Sun, which is called Yurac Rumi [meaning, in Quichua, a white rock], there attends a Devil who is Captain of a legion. He and his legionaries show great kindness to the Indian idolators, but great terrors to the Catholics. They abuse with hideous cruelties the baptized ones who now no longer worship them with kisses, and many of the Indians have died from the horrible frights these devils have given them."

One day, when the Inca and his mother and their principal chiefs and counselors were away from Uiticos on a visit to some of their outlying estates, Friar Marcos and Friar Diego decided to make a spectacular attack on this particular Devil, who was at the great "white rock over a spring of water." The two monks summoned all their converts to gather at Puquiura, in the church or the neighboring plaza, and asked each to bring a stick of firewood in order that they might burn up this Devil who had tormented them. "An innumerable multitude" came together on the day appointed. The converted Indians were most anxious to get even with this Devil who had slain their friends and inflicted wounds on themselves; the doubters were curious to see the result; the Inca priests were there to see their god defeat the Christians'; while, as may readily be imagined, the rest of the population came to see the excitement. Starting out from Pucyura they marched to "the Temple of the Sun, in the village of Chuquipalpa, close to Uiticos."

Arrived at the sacred palisade, the monks raised the standard of the cross, recited their orisons, surrounded the spring, the white rock and the Temple of the Sun, and piled high the firewood. Then,

having exorcised the locality, they called the Devil by all the vile names they could think of, to show their lack of respect, and finally commanded him never to return to this vicinity. Calling on Christ and the Virgin, they applied fire to the wood. "The poor Devil then fled roaring in a fury, and making the mountains to tremble."

It took remarkable courage on the part of the two lone monks thus to desecrate the chief shrine of the people among whom they were dwelling. It is almost incredible that in this remote valley, separated from their friends and far from the protecting hand of the Spanish viceroy, they should have dared to commit such an insult to the religion of their hosts. Of course, as soon as the Inca Titu Cusi heard of it, he was greatly annoyed. His mother was furious. They returned immediately to Pucyura. The chiefs wished to "slay the monks and tear them into small pieces," and undoubtedly would have done so had it not been for the regard in which Friar Diego was held. His skill in curing disease had so endeared him to the Indians that even the Inca himself dared not punish him for the attack on the Temple of the Sun. Friar Marcos, however, who probably originated the plan, and had done little to gain the good will of the Indians, did not fare so well. Calancha says he was stoned out of the province and the Inca threatened to kill him if he ever should return. Friar Diego, particularly beloved by those Indians who came from the fever-stricken jungles in the lower valleys, was allowed to remain, and finally became a trusted friend and adviser of Titu Cusi.

One day a Spaniard named Romero, an adventurous prospector for gold, was found penetrating the mountain valleys, and succeeded in getting permission from the Inca to see what minerals were there. He was too successful. Both gold and silver were found among the hills and he showed enthusiastic delight at his good fortune. The Inca, fearing that his reports might encourage others to enter Uilcapampa, put the unfortunate prospector to death, notwithstanding the protestations of Friar Diego. Foreigners were not wanted in Uilcapampa.

In the year 1570, ten years after the accession of Titu Cusi to the Inca throne in Uiticos, a new Spanish viceroy came to Cuzco. Unfortunately for the Incas, Don Francisco de Toledo, an indefatigable soldier and administrator, was excessively bigoted, narrow-minded, cruel, and pitiless. Furthermore, Philip II and his Council of the Indies had decided that it would be worth while to make every effort to get the Inca out of Uiticos. For thirty-five years the Spanish conquerors had occupied Cuzco and the major portion of Peru without having been able to secure the submission of the Indians who lived in the province of Uilcapampa. It would be a great feather in the cap of Toledo if he could induce Titu Cusi to come and live where he would always be accessible to Spanish authority.

During the ensuing rainy season, after an unusually lively party, the Inca got soaked, had a chill, and was laid low. In the meantime

the viceroy had picked out a Cuzco soldier, one Tilano de Anaya, who was well liked by the Inca, to try to persuade Titu Cusi to come to Cuzco. Tilano was instructed to go by way of Ollantaytambo and the Chuquichaca bridge. Luck was against him. Titu Cusi's illness was very serious. Friar Diego, his physician, had prescribed the usual remedies. Unfortunately, all the monk's skill was unavailing and his royal patient died. The "remedies" were held by Titu Cusi's mother and her counselors to be responsible. The poor friar had to suffer the penalty of death "for having caused the death of the Inca."

The third son of Manco, Tupac Amaru, brought up as a playfellow of the Virgins of the Sun in the Temple near Uiticos, and now happily married, was selected to rule the little kingdom. His brows were decked with the Scarlet Fringe of Sovereignty, but, thanks to the jealous fear of his powerful illegitimate brother, his training had not been that of a soldier. He was destined to have a brief, unhappy existence. When the young Inca's counselors heard that a messenger was coming from the viceroy, seven warriors were sent to meet him on the road. Tilano was preparing to spend the night at the Chuquichaca bridge when he was attacked and killed.

The viceroy heard of the murder of his ambassador at the same time that he learned of the martyrdom of Friar Diego. A blow had been struck at the very heart of Spanish domination; if the representatives of the Vice-Regent of Heaven and the messengers of the viceroy of Philip II were not inviolable, then who was safe? On Palm Sunday the energetic Toledo, surrounded by his council, determined to make war on the unfortunate young Tupac Amaru and give a reward to the soldier who would effect his capture. The council was of the opinion that "many Insurrections might be raised in that Empire by this young Heir." "Moreover it was alledged," says Garcilasso "That by the Imprisonment of the Inca, all that Treasure might be discovered, which appertained to former kings, together with that Chain of Gold, which Huayna Capac commanded to be made for himself to wear on the great and solemn days of their Festival"! Furthermore, the "Chain of Gold with the remaining Treasure belong'd to his Catholic Majesty by right of Conquest"! Excuses were not wanting. The Incas must be exterminated.

The expedition was divided into two parts. One company was sent by way of Limatambo to Curahuasi, to head off the Inca in case he should cross the Apurimac and try to escape by one of the routes which had formerly been used by his father, Manco, in his marauding expeditions. The other company, under General Martin Hurtado and Captain Garcia, marched from Cuzco by way of Yucay and Ollantaytambo. They were more fortunate than Captain Villadiego whose force, thirty-five years before, had been met and destroyed at the pass of Panticalla. That was in the days of the active Inca Manco. Now there was no force defending this important pass. They descended the Lucumayo to its junction with the Urubamba and came to the bridge of Chuquichaca.

The narrow suspension bridge, built of native fibers, sagged deeply in the middle and swayed so threateningly over the gorge of the Urubamba that only one man could pass it at a time. The rapid river was too deep to be forded. There were no canoes. It would have been a difficult matter to have constructed rafts, for most of the trees that grow here are of hard wood and do not float. On the other side of the Urubamba was young Tupac Amaru, surrounded by his councilors, chiefs, and soldiers. The first hostile forces which in Pizarro's time had endeavored to fight their way into Uilcapampa had never been allowed by Manco to get as far as this. His youngest son, Tupac Amaru, had had no experience in these matters. The chiefs and nobles had failed to defend the pass; and they now failed to destroy the Chuquichaca bridge, apparently relying on their ability to take care of one Spanish soldier at a time and prevent the Spaniards from crossing the narrow, swaying structure. General Hurtado was not taking any such chances. He had brought with him one or two light mountain field pieces, with which the raw troops of the Inca were little acquainted. The sides of the valley at this point rise steeply from the river and the reverberations caused by gun fire would be fairly terrifying to those who had never heard anything like it before. A few volleys from the guns and the arquebuses, and the Indians fled pellmell in every direction, leaving the bridge undefended.

Captain Garcia, who had married the daughter of Sayri Tupac, was sent in pursuit of the Inca. His men found the road "narrow in the ascent, with forest on the right, and on the left a ravine of great depth." It was only a footpath, barely wide enough for two men to pass. Garcia, with customary Spanish bravery, marched at the head of his company. Suddenly out of the thick forest an Inca chieftain named Hualpa, endeavoring to protect the flight of Tupac Amaru, sprang on Garcia, held him so that he could not get at his sword and endeavored to hurl him over the cliff. The captain's life was saved by a faithful Indian servant who was following immediately behind him, carrying his sword. Drawing it from the scabbard "with much dexterity and animation," the Indian killed Hualpa and saved his master's life.

Garcia fought several battles, took some forts and succeeded in capturing many prisoners. From them it was learned that the Inca had "gone inland toward the valley of Simaponte; and that he was flying to the country of the Maæaries Indians, a warlike tribe and his friends, where balsas and canoes were posted to save him and enable him to escape." Nothing daunted by the dangers of the jungle nor the rapids of the river, Garcia finally managed to construct five rafts, on which he put some of his soldiers. Accompanying them himself, he descended the rapids, escaping death many times by swimming, and finally arrived at a place called Momori, only to find that the Inca, learning of their approach, had gone farther into the woods. Garcia followed hard after, although he and his men were by this time barefooted and suffering from want of food. They finally captured the Inca. Garcilasso says that Tupac Amaru, "considering that he had not People to make

resistance, and that he was not conscious to himself of any Crime, or disturbance he had done or raised, suffered himself to be taken; choosing rather to entrust himself in the hands of the Spaniards, than to perish in those Mountains with Famine, or be drowned in those great Rivers The Spaniards in this manner seizing on the Inca, and on all the Indian Men and Women, who were in Company with him, amongst which was his Wife, two Sons, and a Daughter, returned with them in Triumph to Cuzco; to which place the Vice-King went, so soon as he was informed of the imprisonment of the poor Prince." A mock trial was held. The captured chiefs were tortured to death with fiendish brutality. Tupac Amaru's wife was mangled before his eyes. His own head was cut off and placed on a pole in the Cuzco Plaza. His little boys did not long survive. So perished the last of the Incas, descendants of the wisest Indian rulers America has ever seen.

Brief Summary of the Last Four Incas

1534. The Inca Manco ascends the throne of his fathers.

1536. Manco flees from Cuzco to Uiticos and Uilcapampa.

1542. Promulgation of the "New Laws."

1545. Murder of Manco and accession of his son Sayri Tupac.

1555. Sayri Tupac goes to Cuzco and Yucay.

1560. Death of Sayri Tupac. His half brother Titu Cusi becomes Inca.

1566. Friar Marcos reaches Uiticos. Settles in Puquiura.

1566. Friar Diego joins him.

1568-9 (?). They burn the House of the Sun at Yurac Rumi in Chuquipalpa.

1571. Titu Cusi dies. Friar Diego suffers martyrdom. Tupac Amaru becomes Inca.

1572. Expedition of General Martin Hurtado and Captain Garcia de Loyola. Execution of Tupac Amaru.

THE MIDLAND GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY OF IRELAND

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Fifty Years of Railway Life in England, Scotland and Ireland*, by Joseph Tatlow

I had now completed one half of my active railway life; reached the age of 39; and, no longer a rolling stone, was settled in the service of a company with which I was destined to remain for the rest of my railway career. That my aspirations were satisfied I do not pretend, for ambition forbade any settled feeling of rest or content. Happily, my nature inclined to the sunny side and disappointments never spoiled my enjoyment of life or marred the pleasure I found in my daily work. My friend, Edward John Cotton, who, like myself, was an imported Englishman, had, like me, indulged in dreams of going back to England to fill some great railway post, but he had reached his sixties and his dreams were over. Often, when we talked familiarly together, he would say: "Joseph, if you aspire to be a general manager in England you ought never to have come to Ireland. They don't think much on the other side of Irish railways or Irish railway men." This, I daresay, was true, though he, well known, liked and admired as he was, ought to have been considered an exception, and why no British railway company, when posts were going, ever snapped him up is hard to say. Later on, even I, once or twice narrowly escaped obtaining a good thing on the English side of the Channel, but it never quite came off, and so I was left to make myself as happy as I could in Ireland.

Perhaps it was as well. Railway life in Ireland, though not highly remunerated, had its compensations as most situations in life have. There the pressure of work was less constant and severe than in England. A railway manager was not confined to crowded cities, and enjoyed more breathing space. When he travelled on his line he came in contact with bucolic interests instead of the whirring wheels of trade. Time moved more slowly, greater leisure prevailed, the climate was softer, the country greener, manners easier, and more wit and humour abounded. Yes, on the whole, I was more fortunate than had my ambitious hopes been realised to the full. At least I think so now; and, as Hamlet says, "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

One immediate advantage I gained by entering the Midland Great Western service. Until then I had no chance of joining a superannuation fund. The Glasgow and South-Western had none, neither had the County Down; but the Midland Great Western was a party to the Clearing House Superannuation Corporation, and of it I became a member.

The Midland Great Western, as I have said, is the third largest railway in Ireland. It stretches from the Liffey to the Atlantic, serves the plains of Meath, the wilds of Connaught, and traverses large expanses of bog. Galway, Sligo, Westport, Athlone and Mullingar are the principal towns on its system.

When I became its manager, Sir Ralph Cusack had been chairman of the railway for nearly a quarter of a century and was in his sixty-ninth year. He attended daily in his office, devoting much time to the company's affairs. Although my position was not all I could have wished in the matter of that wide authority I coveted, and which, in my humble opinion, every railway manager should possess, it was in many respects very satisfactory, and every lot in life has its crumpled rose leaf. Sir Ralph regarded me as an expert, which, notwithstanding all his long experience as chairman, he did not himself pretend to be, and railway experts he held in high esteem. He supported me consistently, permitting no one but himself to interfere with anything I thought it right to do. I did not, to be sure, always get my own way, but I accomplished much, and, what I cared for most, was able to do good work for the company. Enthusiasm for one's work is a splendid thing, and so is loyalty to one's employers. I make no boast of possessing these, for they were common property; they permeated the railway service and inspired the youngest clerk as well as his chief. Sometimes in these latter days I imagine such things are changed, though I would like to think it is only an old man's fancy, as it was in the case of the dear old Dubliner, who in his time had been a beaux and had reached his eightieth year. One sunny forenoon when airing himself in a fashionable street of the city, he was met by another old crony, who accosted him with:--

"Well, old friend, how are you this morning?"

"Oh, very well, thanks, quite well, only--" he responded.

"Only what?" asked his friend.

"Only the pavements are harder and the girls are not so pretty as they used to be," he replied with a whimsical look of regret in his face and a twinkle in his still bright eye.

Sir Ralph was a man of striking appearance, tall and imposing in figure. His head was massive and fine. His full beard was snowy white, as white as his abundant hair which was of a beautifully soft silky texture, with a sheen like satin. His voice was low and at times not very distinct. This was disappointing as his conversation was always interesting, not only for its intrinsic value, but also by reason of his charmingly varied and copious vocabulary, and his perfectly balanced phrases. Naturally and without the least effort the aptest words sprang to his lips in perfect order and sequence. His letters, too, were always exceedingly well expressed. He wrote a neat, sloping, rather flowing and somewhat old-fashioned hand, which greatly resembled the writing of Beau Brummell, and, like the illustrious Beau's, his numerals, which is rare nowadays, were very clearly and very beautifully formed. The Prince of Beaux was fastidious in his penmanship as in everything else. Sir Ralph's half-yearly speeches to the shareholders, though delivered extempore, were models of perspicuity. He used the scantiest notes, mere headings of

subjects, and a few scraps of paper containing figures which he usually remembered without their aid. Of his memory he was proud. One day, at a meeting of the Board, after recalling particulars of some old transaction which no one else could in the least recollect, he turned to me and said: "Well, Tatlow, you see I sometimes remember something." I rejoined: "Well, Sir Ralph, my only complaint is that you never forget anything." The little compliment pleased him. Never in his whole life, he said, had he written out a speech, and hoped he never would, but he lived to do so once. As he advanced in years his voice grew weaker, and on the last occasion on which he presided at a meeting of shareholders, he wrote his speech, or partly wrote it and, at his request, I read it to the meeting. Reported verbatim his addresses read as though they had been composed and written with the utmost care, so precise and correct was the language and so consecutive the matter. Though few could hope to do so well as he, I have always thought that in addressing shareholders, railway chairmen might trust less to formally prepared speeches and more to their powers of extemporaneous exposition. Some chairmen do this I know, but others still read from manuscript. However able the matter, the reading, in my judgment, is much less effective than the spontaneous expression of the speaker. The atmosphere created by the meeting, often a valuable adjunct, cannot be taken advantage of when the speech is read, nor can the chance of improvising a telling point, of enforcing an argument, or of seizing a passing mood of the audience or some fleeting incident of the moment.

Sir Ralph was made a Director of the Midland Great Western Company in 1864, and a year later was elected chairman, a position he occupied for the long period of 39 years. In 1864 the railway was in a very bad condition, wretchedly run down, and woefully mismanaged. Indeed, according to an official report at the time, worse than mismanagement existed. It was stated: "There were grave charges of official corruption which necessitated the retirement of one of the leading officers from the company's service." This was very exceptional in railway history, for British and Irish railways possess a record that has rarely been sullied. In my long career I only remember two other instances--one, the famous Redpath fraud (a name not inappropriate for one whose destiny it was to tread a road that led to his ruin) on the Great Northern in 1856, which Sir Henry (then Mr.) Oakley greatly assisted in discovering, and which, I believe, led to his first substantial advancement; the other on the Belfast and Northern Counties in 1886. This was in Edward John Cotton's time, but it would be superfluous to say that he was clear of blame for he was integrity itself. That the occurrence could have happened during his management distressed him greatly I know.

[Sir Ralph Cusack: cusack.jpg]

When he was elected to the office of Chairman, Sir Ralph, it is said, accepted the position on the understanding that he should have autocratic power. In the task he undertook this was very likely desirable, and once acquired he was not the man to let such power slip from his grasp. His

strong hands would firmly retain whatever they wished to hold.

In 1865 no less than 15 directors _adorned_ the Midland Great Western Board, twice too many no doubt the chairman thought for a railway of 344 miles. In 1867 they were reduced to 8; in 1877 to 7; since when they have never numbered more. During the long period of Sir Ralph's occupancy of the chair no deputy chairman existed. The chairman reigned alone. That he was an autocratic chairman, his brother directors, were they now living, would I am sure attest. But though a strong, it was a beneficent sway that he exercised. He could be hard at times, but his nature was essentially kind and generous and his friendships numerous and lasting. He prided himself on his knowledge of the railway staff, down to the humblest member. He had strong likes and dislikes, and those who came under his displeasure had sometimes cause to fear him; but they were amongst the few, and the many remember him with nothing but the kindest feelings. To me he was always a warm and sincere friend, and between us existed, without interruption, the greatest frankness and confidence.

How wonderfully adaptable a creature is man. I had not been a fortnight in my new position when I felt myself quite at home, as though Dublin and the West of Ireland had been my natural habitat. Belfast and the County Down receded into the past; and shall I confess it? much as I had liked the north, much as I admired the industry, manliness and energy of its people, much as I had enjoyed my life there, and highly as I esteemed the friends I had made, something I found in my new surroundings--easier manners, more of gaiety, and an admixture of pleasure with work--that added to life a charm I had hitherto missed, not only in the North of Ireland but in Glasgow and Derby as well.

The Secretary of the Midland Great Western Railway, George William Greene, and Martin Atock, the locomotive engineer, were good fellows, and warm friends of each other. I became and remained the sincere friend of both until death took them hence. My principal assistant, called Assistant Manager, was John P. Hornsby, now in his 85th year and living in New Zealand. Robert Morrison, whom I stole for his good sense, manly worth, and excellent railway ability, from the Belfast and Northern Counties in October, 1891, succeeded Hornsby as my assistant. Afterwards he became goods manager at the time Thomas Elliot was appointed superintendent of the line, two appointments which relieved me of much detailed work.

"The battle of Newcomen Junction" was raging at the time I joined the "Midland," as for shortness we dubbed the Midland Great Western and which, for the same reason, I shall continue to dub it, as convenience may require, during the continuance of my story. If I have occasion to again speak of my alma mater, the Midland of England, it shall, for the sake of clearness, be so designated. "The battle of Newcomen Junction." What of it? In railway circles, not only in Ireland but in England and Scotland too, it caused some talk at the time and no little amusement. Like many another conflict, 'twere better it had never been fought, for

it left for long afterwards angry feelings where peace and amity should have existed, and it gained nothing that discussion and compromise could not have effected. The City of Dublin Junction Railway, a small line, a little over a mile in length (worked by the Dublin and South-Eastern Company) was formed to link up the Dublin railways and to provide through routes in connection with the Holyhead and Kingstown Royal Mail steamers and the steamers of the London and North-Western Company. A junction was authorised to be made at Newcomen with the Midland Great Western system. Parliament had sanctioned a junction, but not such a junction, the Midland said, as it was proposed to make. It would be unsafe and unworkable they contended, and they refused to allow it. The promoters insisted, the Midland were obdurate; the promoters invaded the Midland premises, knocked down a wall and entered on Midland land; the Midland gathered their forces, drove back the attacking party, and restored the wall; again the attack was made and repulsed and again the wall was demolished and re-built, and so the warfare continued, until at length an armistice was declared and the *casus belli* referred for settlement to the Railway Commissioners. Soon I had to prepare the Midland case for the Commissioners' Court and give evidence before them. They decided against us and I am sure they were right, though of course I swore, as I was bound to do, that our opposition to the junction was natural and proper and our opponents were an unreasonable set of people. The Railway Commissioners sat in Dublin to hear the case; it was my first appearance before them, and I was sorry that appearance was not in a better cause.

My first few years in Dublin were as busy as could be. Much was astir in the Irish railway world and particularly on the Midland, which had their share (a larger share than the other companies) of the "Balfour" extension lines in hand. The proceedings under the *Railway and Canal Traffic Act* were also in full swing, involving frequent meetings at the Irish Clearing House, and many journeys to London. Hard upon all this came the work of preparing for a Parliamentary fight. This I thought a joyful thing, and I was eager for the fray. I had helped to prepare my old chief, Mr. Wainwright, for such contests but had never been in one myself, had never even been inside a committee room. In 1891 the Midland gave public notice of their intention to acquire by Act of Parliament the Athenry and Ennis Railway, and lodged a Bill for the purpose, which was vigorously opposed. It was with great zest that I made my preparations, arranged for witnesses, drafted briefs, consulted with lawyers and counsel, and compiled my evidence, not neglecting the important matter of visiting the district served by the railway we sought to acquire, making friends and working up local feeling in our favour. How the Bill proceeded, and what was its fate, will be set forth in another chapter.

Very soon after I settled in Dublin I was able to carry out a long cherished wish. Ever since I first arrived in Ireland I had hoped to be able to establish an Irish branch of the Railway Benevolent Institution, such as Mr. Wainwright and I had succeeded in forming in Scotland in the year 1880, but whilst I remained in Belfast my efforts were of no avail. When, however, I moved to Dublin and became manager of one of the

principal railways, the difficulties disappeared, and The History of the Railway Benevolent Institution, its Rise and Progress from 1858 to 1897, by Mr. W. F. Mills, its late Secretary, contains the following:--

"In February, 1891, Mr. Joseph Tatlow proposed to establish a Committee in Ireland, where supporters were few and far between, and in the report presented at the annual meeting in June, it was stated that 'The Board have great pleasure in announcing the appointment of a Committee in Dublin, presided over by Mr. Tatlow, the manager of the Midland Great-Western, and the founder of the successful Branch in Scotland.'"

Edward John Cotton warmly seconded my efforts, for his heart was in the work, and he was proud of telling us that he was one of the few surviving members of the first Board of Management of the parent Institution, which had its first meeting in London in May, 1858. He was then the newly-appointed manager of the Belfast and Northern Counties Railway, and was only twenty-eight years of age. The Irish Branch, like the Scotch, has been a great success. Its Committee of Management consists of the principal officers of the Irish railways, and they have brought home to the rank and file of the railway service a knowledge of the society and the solid benefits that membership confers. Year by year the membership has increased, and year by year the number of old and needy railway servants, and their widows, who have been pensioned from the funds, and the orphans who have been clothed, educated and maintained, have grown greater and greater. The Irish railway companies, the directors, the officers, and the public in Ireland, generously contribute to the funds of the institution. I filled the office of chairman of the Irish branch for 21 years, until in fact I retired from active railway work, since when the chairmanship has been an annual honour conferred upon the chairman for the year of the Irish Railway Managers' Conference. To quote again from Mr. Mills' book on the Institution:--

"Mr. Joseph Tatlow, at the Dinner in aid of the Institution held in Dublin on October 23rd, 1902, said: 'It is now 30 years since I first became a collector for this Institution, and when I look back on the past, if there is one matter in my life which contains no grain of regret, it is my connection with the Institution, as in regard to it I can feel nothing but honest pride and gratification.'"

I am still a member of the Irish Committee, as well as of the London Board of Management, and those words, spoken sixteen years ago, express my feelings to-day.

Whilst writing the final words of this chapter the news reaches me of the death of Mr. Mills, at the fine old age of eighty-seven. He had a long and useful life, and the railway service owes him much. He it was whose zeal and enthusiasm firmly established the Railway Benevolent as a great institution. When, in 1861, he became its secretary, the income was only 1,500 pounds, and on his retirement in 1897, at the age of sixty-five, it

had grown to 53,000 pounds. His mantle fell upon his son, Mr. A. E. Mills, who inherits his father's enthusiasm and carries on the good work with great success, as attested by the fact that for the year 1917 the income reached 106,000 pounds. The invested funds of the society to-day amount to upwards of a million, and in 1897 they were 476,000 pounds.

Mr. Mills senior I knew for forty years; and I often thought that, search the world over, it would be hard to find his equal for the work to which his life was devoted, and for which his talents were so specially adapted.

Japara, 25 May, 1899. [1]

Project Gutenberg's *Letters of a Javanese Princess*, by Raden Adjeng Kartini

I have longed to make the acquaintance of a "modern girl," that proud, independent girl who has all my sympathy! She who, happy and self-reliant, lightly and alertly steps on her way through life, full of enthusiasm and warm feeling; working not only for her own well-being and happiness, but for the greater good of humanity as a whole.

I glow with enthusiasm toward the new time which has come, and can truly say that in my thoughts and sympathies I do not belong to the Indian world, but to that of my pale sisters who are struggling forward in the distant West.

If the laws of my land permitted it, there is nothing that I had rather do than give myself wholly to the working and striving of the new woman in Europe; but age-long traditions that cannot be broken hold us fast cloistered in their unyielding arms. Some day those arms will loosen and let us go, but that time lies as yet far from us, infinitely far. It will come, that I know; it may be three, four generations after us. Oh, you do not know what it is to love this young, this new age with heart and soul, and yet to be bound hand and foot, chained by all the laws, customs, and conventions of one's land. All our institutions are directly opposed to the progress for which I so long for the sake of our people. Day and night I wonder by what means our ancient traditions could be overcome. For myself, I could find a way to shake them off, to break them, were it not that another bond, stronger than any age-old tradition could ever be, binds me to my world; and that is the love which I bear for those to whom I owe my life, and whom I must thank for everything. Have I the right to break the hearts of those who have given me nothing but love and kindness my whole life long, and who have surrounded me with the tenderest care?

But it was not the voices alone which reached me from that distant, that

bright, that new-born Europe, which made me long for a change in existing conditions. Even in my childhood, the word "emancipation" enchanted my ears; it had a significance that nothing else had, a meaning that was far beyond my comprehension, and awakened in me an evergrowing longing for freedom and independence--a longing to stand alone. Conditions both in my own surroundings and in those of others around me broke my heart, and made me long with a nameless sorrow for the awakening of my country.

Then the voices which penetrated from distant lands grew clearer and clearer, till they reached me, and to the satisfaction of some who loved me, but to the deep grief of others, brought seed which entered my heart, took root, and grew strong and vigorous.

And now I must tell you something of myself so that you can make my acquaintance.

I am the eldest of the three unmarried daughters of the Regent of Japara, and have six brothers and sisters. What a world, eh? My grandfather, Pangiran Ario Tjondronegoro of Demak, was a great leader in the progressive movement of his day, and the first regent of middle Java to unlatch his door to that guest from over the sea--Western civilization. All of his children had European educations; all of them have, or had (several of them are now dead), a love of progress inherited from their father; and these gave to their children the same upbringing which they themselves had received. Many of my cousins and all my older brothers have gone through the Hoogere Burger School--the highest institution of learning that we have here in India; and the youngest of my three older brothers has been studying for three years in the Netherlands, and two others are in the service of that country. We girls, so far as education goes, fettered by our ancient traditions and conventions, have profited but little by these advantages. It was a great crime against the customs of our land that we should be taught at all, and especially that we should leave the house every day to go to school. For the custom of our country forbade girls in the strongest manner ever to go outside of the house. We were never allowed to go anywhere, however, save to the school, and the only place of instruction of which our city could boast, which was open to us, was a free grammar school for Europeans.

When I reached the age of twelve, I was kept at home--I must go into the "box." I was locked up, and cut off from all communication with the outside world, toward which I might never turn again save at the side of a bridegroom, a stranger, an unknown man whom my parents would choose for me, and to whom I should be betrothed without my own knowledge. European friends--this I heard later--had tried in every possible way to dissuade my parents from this cruel course toward me, a young and life-loving child; but they were able to do nothing. My parents were inexorable; I went into my prison. Four long years I spent between thick walls, without once seeing the outside world.

How I passed through that time, I do not know. I only know that it was terrible. But there was one great happiness left me: the reading of Dutch books and correspondence with Dutch friends was not forbidden. This--the only gleam of light in that empty, sombre time, was my all, without which, I should have fallen, perhaps, into a still more pitiable state. My life, my soul even, would have been starved. But then came my friend and my deliverer--the Spirit of the Age; his footsteps echoed everywhere. Proud, solid ancient structures tottered to their foundation at his approach. Strongly barricaded doors sprang open, some as of themselves, others only painfully half way, but nevertheless they opened, and let in the unwelcome guest.

At last in my sixteenth year, I saw the outside world again. Thank God! Thank God! I could leave my prison as a free human being and not chained to an unwelcome bridegroom. Then events followed quickly that gave back to us girls more and more of our lost freedom.

In the following year, at the time of the investiture of our young Princess,[2] our parents presented us "officially" with our freedom. For the first time in our lives we were allowed to leave our native town, and to go to the city where the festivities were held in honour of the occasion. What a great and priceless victory it was! That young girls of our position should show themselves in public was here an unheard-of occurrence. The "world" stood aghast; tongues were set wagging at the unprecedented crime. Our European friends rejoiced, and as for ourselves, no queen was so rich as we. But I am far from satisfied. I would go still further, always further. I do not desire to go out to feasts, and little frivolous amusements. That has never been the cause of my longing for freedom. I long to be free, to be able to stand alone, to study, not to be subject to any one, and, above all, never, never to be obliged to marry.

But we must marry, must, must. Not to marry is the greatest sin which the Mohammedan woman can commit; it is the greatest disgrace which a native girl can bring to her family.

And marriage among us--Miserable is too feeble an expression for it. How can it be otherwise, when the laws have made everything for the man and nothing for the woman? When law and convention both are for the man; when everything is allowed to him?

Love! what do we know here of love? How can we love a man whom we have never known? And how could he love us? That in itself would not be possible. Young girls and men must be kept rigidly apart, and are never allowed to meet.

* * * *

I am anxious to know of your occupations. It is all very interesting to

me. I wish to know about your studies, I would know something of your Toynbee evenings, and of the society for total abstinence of which you are so zealous a member.

Among our Indian people, we have not the drink demon to fight, thank God!--but I fear, I fear that when once--forgive me--your Western civilization shall have obtained a foothold among us, we shall have that evil to contend with too. Civilization is a blessing, but it has its dark side as well. The tendency to imitate is inborn, I believe. The masses imitate the upper classes, who in turn imitate those of higher rank, and these again follow the Europeans.

Among us there is no marriage feast without drinking. And at the festivals of the natives, where they are not of strong religious convictions, (and usually they are Mohammedans only because their fathers, grandfathers and remote ancestors were Mohammedans--in reality, they are little better than heathen), large square bottles are always kept standing, and they are not sparing in the use of these.

But an evil greater than alcohol is here and that is opium. Oh! the misery, the inexpressible horror it has brought to my country! Opium is the pest of Java. Yes, opium is far worse than the pest. The pest does not remain for ever; sooner or later, it goes away, but the evil of opium, once established, grows. It spreads more and more, and will never leave us, never grow less--for to speak plainly--it is protected by the Government! The more general the use of opium in Java, the fuller the treasury.

The opium tax is one of the richest sources of income of the Government--what matter if it go well or ill with the people?--the Government prospers. This curse of the people fills the treasury of the Dutch Indian Government with thousands--nay, with millions. Many say that the use of opium is no evil, but those who say that have never known India, or else they are blind.

What are our daily murders, incendiary fires, robberies, but the direct result of the use of opium? True, the desire for opium is not so great an evil as long as one can get it--when one has money to buy the poison; but when one cannot obtain it--when one has no money with which to buy it, and is a confirmed user of it? Then one is dangerous, then one is lost. Hunger will make a man a thief, but the hunger for opium will make him a murderer. There is a saying here--"At first you eat opium, but in the end it will devour you."

It is terrible to see so much evil and to be powerless to fight against it.

That splendid book by Mevrouw Goekoop I know. I have read it three times. I could never grow tired of it. What would I not give to be able to live in Hilda's environment. Oh, that we in India had gone so far,

that a book could cause such violent controversy among us, as "Hilda van Suylenburg" has in your country. I shall never rest till H.v.S. appears in my own language to do good as well as harm to our Indian world. It is a matter of indifference whether good or harm, if it but makes an impression, for that shows that one is no longer sleeping, and Java is still in deep slumber. And how will her people ever be awakened, when those who should serve as examples, themselves love sleep so much. The greater number of European women in India care little or nothing for the work of their sisters in the Fatherland.

Will you not tell me something of the labours, the struggles, the sentiments, of the woman of today in the Netherlands? We take deep interest in all that concerns the Woman's Movement.

I do not know the modern languages. Alas! We girls are not allowed by our law to learn languages; it was a great innovation for us to learn Dutch. I long to know languages, not so much to be able to speak them, as for the far greater joy of being able to read the many beautiful works of foreign authors in their own tongue. Is it not true that never mind how good a translation may be, it is never so fine as the original? That is always stronger--more charming.

We have much time for reading, and reading is our greatest pleasure--we, that is, the younger sisters and I. We three have had the same bringing up, and are much with one another. We differ in age, each from the other, but one year. Among us three there is the greatest harmony. Naturally we sometimes have little differences of opinion, but that does not weaken the tie that binds us together. Our little quarrels are splendid, I find them so: I love the reconciliations which follow. It is the greatest of all lies--do you not think so too?--that any two human beings can think alike in everything. That cannot be; people who say that must be hypocrites.

I have not yet told you how old I am. I was just twenty last month. Strange, that when I was sixteen I felt so frightfully old, and had so many melancholy moods! Now that I can put two crosses behind me, I feel young and full of the joy of life, and the struggle of life, too.

Call me simply Kartini; that is my name. We Javanese have no family names. Kartini is my given name and my family name, both at the same time. As far as "Raden Adjeng" is concerned, those two words are the title. I told Mevrouw van Wermeskerken, when I gave her my address, not to put Kartini alone--that would hardly reach me from Holland, and as for writing mejuffrouw, or something of that kind, I have no right to it; I am only a Javanese.

Now, for the present, you know enough about me--is it not so? Another time I shall tell you of our Indian life.

If there is any light that you would like thrown upon any of our Indian

affairs, please ask me. I am ready to tell you all that I know about my country and my people.

[1] Mejuffrouw Zeehandelaar.

[2] Queen Wilhelmina.

To L. LUCCEIUS ARPINUM (APRIL)

The Project Gutenberg Etext *Letters of Marcus Tullius Cicero*

I HAVE often tried to say to you personally what I am about to write, but was prevented by a kind of almost clownish bashfulness. Now that I am not in your presence I shall speak out more boldly: a letter does not blush. I am inflamed with an inconceivably ardent desire, and one, as I think, of which I have no reason to be ashamed, that in a history written by you my name should be conspicuous and frequently mentioned with praise. And though you have often shewn me that you meant to do so, yet I hope you will pardon my impatience. For the style of your composition, though I had always entertained the highest expectations of it, has yet surpassed my hopes, and has taken such a hold upon me, or rather has so fired my imagination, that I was eager to have my achievements as quickly as possible put on record in your history. For it is not only the thought of being spoken of by future ages that makes me snatch at what seems a hope of immortality, but it is also the desire of fully enjoying in my lifetime an authoritative expression of your judgment, or a token of your kindness for me, or the charm of your genius. Not, however, that while thus writing I am unaware under what heavy burdens you are labouring in the portion of history you have undertaken, and by this time have begun to write. But because I saw that your history of the Italian and Civil Wars was now all but finished, and because also you told me that you were already embarking upon the remaining portions of your work, I determined not to lose my chance for the want of suggesting to you to consider whether you preferred to weave your account of me into the main context of your history, or whether, as many Greek writers have done--Callisthenes, the Phocian War; Timeus, the war of Pyrrhus; Polybius, that of Numantia; all of whom separated the wars I have named from their main narratives--you would, like them, separate the civil conspiracy from public and external wars. For my part, I do not see that it matters much to my reputation, but it does somewhat concern my impatience, that you should not wait till you come to the proper

place, but should at once anticipate the discussion of that question as a whole and the history of that epoch. And at the same time, if your whole thoughts are engaged on one incident and one person, I can see in imagination how much fuller your material will be, and how much more elaborately worked out. I am quite aware, however, what little modesty I display, first, in imposing on you so heavy a burden (for your engagements may well prevent your compliance with my request), and in the second place, in asking you to shew me off to advantage. What if those transactions are not in your judgment so very deserving of commendation? Yet, after all, a man who has once passed the border-line of modesty had better put a bold face on it and be frankly impudent. And so I again and again ask you outright, both to praise those actions of mine in warmer terms than you perhaps feel, and in that respect to neglect the laws of history. I ask you, too, in regard to the personal predilection, on which you wrote in a certain introductory chapter in the most gratifying and explicit terms--and by which you shew that you were as incapable of being diverted as Xenophon's Hercules by Pleasure--not to go against it, but to yield to your affection for me a little more than truth shall justify. But if I can induce you to undertake this, you will have, I am persuaded, matter worthy of your genius and your wealth of language. For from the beginning of the conspiracy to my return from exile it appears to me that a moderate-sized monograph might be composed, in which you will, on the one hand, be able to utilize your special knowledge of civil disturbances, either in unravelling the causes of the revolution or in proposing remedies for evils, blaming meanwhile what you think deserves denunciation, and establishing the righteousness of what you approve by explaining the principles on which they rest: and on the other hand, if you think it right to be more outspoken (as you generally do), you will bring out the perfidy, intrigues, and treachery of many people towards me. For my vicissitudes will supply you in your composition with much variety, which has in itself a kind of charm, capable of taking a strong hold on the imagination of readers, when you are the writer. For nothing is better fitted to interest a reader than variety of circumstance and vicissitudes of fortune, which, though the reverse of welcome to us in actual experience, will make very pleasant reading: for the untroubled recollection of a past sorrow has a charm of its own. To the rest of the world, indeed, who have had no trouble themselves, and who look upon the misfortunes of others without any suffering of their own, the feeling of pity is itself a source of pleasure. For what man of us is not delighted, though feeling a certain compassion too, with the death-scene of Epaminondas at Mantinea? He, you know, did not allow the dart to be drawn from his body until he had been told, in answer to his question, that his shield was safe, so that in spite of the agony of his wound he died calmly and with glory. Whose interest is not roused and sustained by the banishment and return of Themistocles? Truly the mere chronological record of the annals

has very little charm for us--little more than the entries in the fasti: but the doubtful and varied fortunes of a man, frequently of eminent character, involve feelings of wonder, suspense, joy, sorrow, hope, fear: if these fortunes are crowned with a glorious death, the imagination is satisfied with the most fascinating delight which reading can give. Therefore it will be more in accordance with my wishes if you come to the resolution to separate from the main body of your narrative, in which you embrace a continuance history of events, what I may call the drama of my actions and fortunes: for it includes varied acts, and shifting scenes both of policy and circumstance. Nor am I afraid of appearing to lay snares for your favour by flattering suggestions, when I declare that I desire to be complimented and mentioned with praise by you above all other writers. For you are not the man to be ignorant of your own powers, or not to be sure that those who withhold their admiration of you are more to be accounted jealous, than those who praise you flatterers. Nor, again, am I so senseless as to wish to be consecrated to an eternity of fame by one who, in so consecrating me, does not also gain for himself the glory which rightfully belongs to genius. For the famous Alexander himself did not wish to be painted by Apelles, and to have his statue made by Lysippus above all others, merely from personal favour to them, but because he thought that their art would be a glory at once to them and to himself. And, indeed, those artists used to make images of the person known to strangers: but if such had never existed, illustrious men would yet be no less illustrious. The Spartan Agesilaus, who would not allow a portrait of himself to be painted or a statue made, deserves to be quoted as an example quite as much as those who have taken trouble about such representations: for a single pamphlet of Xenophon's in praise of that king has proved much more effective than all the portraits and statues of them all. And, moreover, it will more redound to my present exultation and the honour of my memory to have found my way into your history, than if I had done so into that of others, in this, that I shall profit not only by the genius of the writer--as Timoleon did by that of Timaeus, Themistocles by that of Herodotus--but also by the authority of a man of a most illustrious and well-established character, and one well known and of the first repute for his conduct in the most important and weighty matters of state; so that I shall seem to have gained not only the fame which Alexander on his visit to Sigeum said had been bestowed on Achilles by Homer, but also the weighty testimony of a great and illustrious man. For I like that saying of Hector in Naevius, who not only rejoices that he is "praised," but adds, "and by one who has himself been praised." But if I fail to obtain my request from you, which is equivalent to saying, if you are by some means prevented--for I hold it to be out of the question that you would refuse a request of mine--I shall perhaps be forced to do what certain persons have often found fault with, write my own panegyric, a thing, after all, which has a precedent of many

illustrious men. But it will not escape your notice that there are the following drawbacks in a composition of that sort: men are bound, when writing of themselves, both to speak with greater reserve of what is praiseworthy, and to omit what calls for blame. Added to which such writing carries less conviction, less weight; many people, in fine, carp at it, and say that the heralds at the public games are more modest, far after having placed garlands on the other recipients and proclaimed their names in a loud voice, when their own turn comes to be presented with a garland before the games break up, they call in the services of another herald, that they may not declare themselves victors with their own voice. I wish to avoid all this, and, if you undertake my cause, I shall avoid it: and, accordingly, I ask you this favour. But why, you may well ask, when you have already often assured me that you intended to record in your book with the utmost minuteness the policy and events of my consulship, do I now make this request to you with such earnestness and in so many words? The reason is to be found in that burning desire, of which I spoke at the beginning of my letter, for something prompt: because I am in a flutter of impatience, both that men should learn what I am from your book, while I am still alive, and that I may myself in my lifetime have the full enjoyment of my little bit of glory. What you intend doing on this subject I should like you to write me word, if not troublesome to you. For if you do undertake the subject, I will put together sonic notes of all occurrences: but if you put me off to some future time, I will talk the matter over with you. Meanwhile, do not relax your efforts, and thoroughly polish what you have already on the stocks, and--continue to love me.

INTRA-KUOMINTANG POLITICS

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *The China of Chiang Kai-Shek*, by Paul Myron Anthony Linebarger

The years which saw the rise of the Kuomintang to power, and its subsequent period of authority, showed a diminution of the disparateness of Party fractions. For a long time the adherents of Wang Ch'ing-wei stood formally Left; those of Hu Han-min, formally Right; while various older Party alignments preserved their outlines more or less clearly (e.g., the Kuomintang Western Hills Group). With the consistent rise of Chiang K'ai-shek to Party and national leadership, and the steady influx of non-Party or merely nominal Party men into the government, Party distinctions lost their cogency in practical affairs.

In terms of influence, patronage, and effective policy-making, the Kuomintang is a conglomeration of innumerable personal leaderships knit together by a common outlook, a common interest in the maintenance of

the National Government and formal Party power, and a common loyalty to the Party Chief. The clearest groups are those which are out of the current political stream; most notable among these is the Wang schism, and a few scattered irreconcilables of half-forgotten Party struggles. Within the regime, Kuomintang groups tend to coalesce as the leaders meet, negotiate, and govern together in the councils of state.

So completely in the ascendant that they have lost their general character as groups are the Erh Ch'ü (literally "the two Ch'üis"; also termed "C.C. group" by English-speaking Chinese), led by the brothers, Ch'ü Li-fu, Minister of Education, and Ch'ü Kuo-fu, head of the Central Political Institute, and the Huangpu (Whampoa Academy) groups, led by the Generalissimo himself. The Ch'ü brothers have been close adherents of Chiang throughout his career. Brilliant, vigorous, sharp in the retention of power, they have made themselves anathema to the Left. They are effective reorganizers of the Kuomintang, keenly aware of its position as monopoly Party, and their protégés and trainees are omnipresent through government and Party. Their military counterpart is the Huangpu group. It includes officers either trained by Chiang himself or under his close supervision. With the passage of each year, the proportion of Whampoa (or daughter-institution) graduates in the national armies rises. The officers include a high proportion of technically qualified men, whose capabilities and interests are chiefly military. Builders of the new army, they look to the Generalissimo and the Party for dicta on social, economic, and political policy; they provide China with the unpolitical army which has been an American ideal, although rejected by Soviet and South American practice. The officers are not encouraged to assume decisive roles in local politics, but to refer such things back to Headquarters. In consequence, although the danger of a new tuch nism has almost disappeared, the army staff does not readily adapt itself to a levée en masse, or to the problems of a social-revolutionary army. The very factors which make of the army a tool and not a practice-ground of government also make it somewhat rigid in dealing with guerrilla situations.

Both the C. C. and Whampoa groups are instilled with notions of Party and military discipline which trace back in the first place to the instruction given by Russians from the Soviet Union. While they follow Sun and Chiang in accepting the promises of democracy, their notion of democracy is as different from that of the Left as Washington's was from the Jacobins'. They are interested in sound, disciplined, powerful national government, representative, republican, and stable; they see the revolution as largely complete in the power-destroying phase, and are beginning to think in the reconstruction phase. After ten years of strain and terror in fighting the Communists, they look with suspicion on political changes which would open the nation to opportunist Communist agitation, or make Chungking the helpless diplomatic dependency of the Narkomindel. The bitterness of internecine conflict has made them deeply suspicious of sudden or radical reform, although they themselves profess a genuine interest in social welfare. The actual

reforms which have been accomplished are, in the scale of political reality, already stupendous: opium eradication, tax collection, diffusion of national authority, communications, industrialization, military advance, etc. To the Kuomintang center, a demand for sharp or shocking change is suspect. They desire to amplify what they have, and to let changes wait on the ability of trained personnel--not entrusting progress to the vagaries of mass movements with incalculable force and direction.

While the National Government was at Nanking, there was a Fu-hsing Shé (Regeneration Club), organized by a few hot-headed members of the Kuomintang center. Its activities in support of the Generalissimo and the government, under the further sobriquet of Bluejacket or Blue Shirt group, earned it the reputation of a Chinese Schutzstaffel. The comparison was at best fanciful, but any comparison at all was heartily desired by the Europocentric Chinese Left and by the world press.

Magnified beyond recognition, the Club was identified with almost every agency in the government and Party, not excluding the New Life Movement. As applied, the name Blue Shirt covered a wide scattering of unrelated agencies which had the common features of a Kuomintang-center position, an inclination to effective action (including violence) and some secrecy. Effective political-police work is led by one T'ai Li, whose name is whispered by dissidents; but counter-espionage and supervision of suspects is also performed through Party agents, the regular military, and governmental agencies.

Around the Kuomintang center there are other groups, some closely related to Chiang, some remote. The Political Scientists (Chég-hs eh Hsi) owe their name to a society which once existed in Nanking. They include many of the administrators, men with American training who are interested in industrial and fiscal development. The clarity of this group has faded by its absorption into the governing center. The Cantonese are represented by two levels of politics: those who based their power on Canton province and those who remained within the government. President Sun K'uo of the Legislative Y an has been outstanding in his willingness to cooperate with the Communists and Left, and is on cordial terms with relatively independent progressives, such as Mme. Sun Yat-sen. Further groups within the Kuomintang are constituted by the loyalist followers of Wang Ch'ing-wei, who now attach themselves to other leaders, and by other personal or regional followings (e.g., the Tungpei followers of Chang Hs eh-liang, ex-tuch n of Manchuria and ex-Vice-Commander-in-Chief, still "retired" as a result of the Sian kidnapping). Finally, a number of elder Party leaders remain because of their seniority or connection with Sun Yat-sen; they do not need to attach themselves to any particular clique in order to retain their position. These include such men as the venerable Secretary-General of the Party, Yeh Ch'u-tsang; the President of the National Government, Lin Shé; and the President of the Control Y an, Y Yu-jé.

What has been said about the groups in the People's Political Council (see p. 76 ff.) applies to these. It is possible, as in American congressional or administrative circles, to distinguish blocs of leaders with differing interests or policy; but clarity fades upon scrutiny. The orientation, even by the participants, is subjective. Lacking continuous institutional form, clustering of leaders is transient, shifting with political events.

It is difficult to appraise the role of the Kuomintang without at the same time assessing the position of the government. The two are inescapably connected. Although the Communists profess recognition of the government, and pledge its loyalty, they offer only comradeship--on their own terms--to the Kuomintang. This arrangement may last for a considerable length of time, but the National Government is a Kuomintang creation; short of violent revolution, Party control will scarcely break in war time. Upon the Party, therefore, depends much of the efficacy of the Government.

Many well-known Leftist writers on China--such as Edgar Snow--make the comment that whereas the National Government is deserving as a government, and worthy of support, the Kuomintang is hopelessly corrupt, a creature of landlords and capitalists, or, of even worse, "feudal elements." Such a distinction, based on strong moral urges and a desire to achieve historical parallels, is untenable in practice. Kuomintang power has weathered more than a decade of adversities. The Generalissimo depends upon it. Analysis of the Kuomintang as the party of the Chinese national bourgeoisie, and ascription of a mass character to the Communists alone, is a fallacy, comparable to a consideration of Earl Browder as the real leader of the American working class.

In point of fact, neither the Kuomintang nor the Communist Party in China is a mass party. Neither ever has been, although each sought mass character in the Great Revolution. Still largely apolitical, the Chinese masses are organized socially, culturally, and economically into a village and guild system which functions through most of the country. The Kuomintang includes a very high proportion of shopkeepers, returned overseas-Chinese, Chinese still resident overseas, Christians, landlords, and Western-returned students. The class composition of the Kuomintang is largely incidental to its functional character. Since the Kuomintang was the party of Westernization, it gathered in revolutionary days Chinese of all classes who were sufficiently modernized to be interested. Naturally the poorest peasants and the coastal proletariat did not constitute a large proportion of such membership. The men who entered did so as Christians, as travellers, as temperamental rebels, rather than as representatives of the bourgeoisie. When the Communists, whom a recent writer[8] with unconscious humor calls the party of the Chinese proletariat, came on the scene, the same social elements contributed to its membership. Once the Communist Party abandoned the Trotskyist line of urban revolt for the leadership of endemic peasant rebellions, its composition changed somewhat, although the Communist

leaders of today are socially much like their Kuomintang equivalents. The men who are class-conscious are, like Lenin, historically, philosophically, and morally so; it is a matter of literary necessity, not of fact.

[Footnote 8: For a Marxian analysis of the Kuomintang, carefully stripped of frank Marxian verbiage, see "Wei-Meng-pu," "The Kuomintang in China: Its Fabric and Future" in *Pacific Affairs*, Vol. XIII, No.

1 (March 1940), p. 30-44. The author *a priori* defines the Kuomintang as the party of the national bourgeoisie in China, in effect exhorting it to fulfill its historic mission of completing the national democratic revolution, whereupon socialism [i.e., Stalinism] may historically follow. Nevertheless, its comment on personalities is informing in terms of practical politics.]

The Kuomintang is in power; the Communist and Left parties are not. As the governing group, the Kuomintang naturally attracts those persons who would seek to enter any government. Since it has not and does not promote rural class warfare, pre-existing class relationships continue. The Party and the Government have sought, not always efficiently or faithfully to the *n*th degree, to carry out the programs of land reform, democratization, etc., to which they have been committed. The Kuomintang has tolerated widespread sharecropping, land destitution, usury, and rural despotism--because it found these in existence, and was preoccupied with building a national government, a modern army, adequate finance, and with eradicating some of the worst evils, such as opium, bandits, and Communists (who, whatever their ideals, nevertheless helped to impoverish a poor nation by merciless civil war).

If the Kuomintang were out, it too could point to existing evils. Whoever controls government bears the responsibility. A class element is to a certain degree inescapable in any government; illiterate, unqualified persons do not assume leadership even in the Soviet Union until they have escaped their handicaps through training. But to make of the Kuomintang the party of the Chinese landlords and merchants alone is as fallacious as to make the Republicans or Democrats solely the instruments of American capitalism. A comment such as this would be unnecessary in the case of the United States; but persons who are not Marxian with respect to the analysis of current American events often assume a Left approach to China because of impatience with evils which they see but cannot understand.

The final appraisal of the Kuomintang must be based on the practical work of the government and the Party. In 1940, their effective control was wider and deeper than ever before. The Chinese state was more nearly in existence. The armies were undefeated. The growth of China in the past ten years, and the stand made by China at war, has been made under the unrelaxed control of the Kuomintang monopoly of constitutional power, together with its clear primacy in more tangible power--schools, finance, armies, and police.

IN A COMMON LODGING-HOUSE

Project Gutenberg's *The Mysteries of Modern London*, by George R. Sims

A superior place--Class distinctions--The men who have fallen--The family outcast--The shabby minister--A strange disappearance--The common kitchen

|IT is eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, and the church bells have just ceased ringing. Along the broad thoroughfare which is one of the main arteries of London a few belated worshippers are wending their way, prayer-book in hand. But from the side streets come the roar and clamour of a busy market at its height. The hoarse shrieks of the hawkers and the cheap Jacks rise above the murmur of the mob, which elbows its way, a black stream of humanity, between two banks of barrows and open shops.

At the corner of one of the side streets--the corner at which the clamour of the market ends and the quiet of the English Sabbath begins--there is a huge, well-ordered, common lodging-house.

The whole neighbourhood is Jewish, the area is given up now almost entirely to the alien immigrant; but in this vast lodging-house the guests are not Jews but Gentiles.

In the entrance hall there is a case in which the letters awaiting the arrival of guests are exposed. There are letters from abroad, letters with American and colonial stamps on them; envelopes directed in a clerkly hand, envelopes directed in handwriting which tells of culture and refinement, and there are envelopes with a scrawled, ill-spelt address upon them.

For this Hotel of the Poor, where the prices range from five-pence to sixpence a night, has a reputation for comfort, good order, and good management, and attracts a superior order of men to that found in the fourpenny lodging-houses in the locality which are largely patronized by the criminal and the vagabond class.

On Sunday morning the clients of the doss-house lie later. It is a privilege accorded by custom. On ordinary days the guests are expected to be out of bed and downstairs by ten at the latest, but on Sunday, if you go over the dormitories and cubicles, even as late as twelve o'clock, you will find plenty of beds still occupied by slumbering--sometimes by snoring--citizens.

But by noon the majority of the patrons of the Poor Man's Hotel have

"descended." Some are lounging against the wall in the street, taking the air. Many are in the vast underground apartment which serves the purpose of a common kitchen, and breakfast is in the course of preparation or consumption. Hard by this apartment is another, which is fitted up with every arrangement for as much ablution as the client of the house may care to indulge in. He can have a bath, or he can wash his face and hands. He can, if he is so minded, brush his hat, and there is a bit of looking-glass, in front of which he can arrange his collar--if he has one--and his necktie.

Fivepence carries you considerably further on the road to comfort here than fourpence does in most of the smaller establishments.

I know the doss-houses of most parts of London. I have spent mornings and evenings round the coke fire of the common kitchen with all sorts and conditions of male and female dossers, and I have always been struck by the note of classification which distinguishes them. Even the poorest of the poor have their sympathies, and, if I may use the word, their "aloofnesses."

The thieves do not care to mix with the honest folks; the tramps and vagabonds look down upon the workers, and the men of the working-class look askance at the wreckage of the black coat brigade. So each class has its own particular doss-houses. Even the begging-letter writers have their favourite haunts; in one house the clients are nearly all begging-letter writers, and sometimes pool the receipts.

The "screever," who is practically a public writer at the service of anyone willing to pay for a well-concocted story and a touching appeal, is not so particular. He puts up at any house where he is likely to find clients.

The lodging-house we are visiting this Sunday morning is so huge, and its accommodation is so vast, that it is patronized by the poor of every class. The poor working man is there, and the poor clerk; the wreckage of the superior class is there also, but there are no professional tramps. The professional tramp would find the society slow, and there would be no one with whom he could compare notes and yarn about the bad times that had come to the road. He prefers the more genial and instructive society of the street beggar, the itinerant musicians, and the "dodgers."

You will rarely see any work being done in a tramps' lodging-house.

The nearest approach to it is when one or two of the company patch their rags or take a needle and thread and collect their rents--those in their garments.

But in the lodging-house we are visiting you will find a number of the occupants hard at work, even on Sunday morning.

Beyond the common kitchen is a room with a long, wide table. Every seat at this table is occupied by men who are writing as diligently as if they were in an office.

Most of the men are of the broken-down clerk class. Many are young; only one or two are middle-aged. But all are lean and dilapidated and hungry-looking.

These poor fellows are addressing envelopes at so much a thousand, or filling in circulars, or doing copying work. On the table is a Post Office Directory for the use of the envelope-directors, and there is a good supply of inkstands.

Some of the men have been at work since nine, and, with a short interval, will work away till late in the afternoon, perhaps till the evening. They are earning the price of the next night's bed.

These men belong to the shabby-genteel brigade of the common lodging-house. Many of them have still the traces of refinement on their features, though their clothes are threadbare and their bowler hats weather-beaten and greasy-brimmed.

Who are they? What stroke of evil fortune brought them to this last ditch in the fight with Fate?

Many of them are mysteries. They do not, like the tramps and the vagabonds, wear their heart upon their sleeve. There is no confidence between them and the other occupants of the "writing-room" in the poor man's hotel.

Some of them have held good positions in mercantile offices and lost them. One or two are lawyers' clerks with whom the world has gone wrong. A fair percentage have come to envelope-directing in a common lodging-house through drink, others through an act that has caused them to forfeit the character essential for a re-engagement. Some of them owe their downfall to the turf. One or two have a conviction standing against them, and that is the sort of thing that stands against you till the last. All have wandered or stumbled into the slough from which few ever emerge to gain a foothold again upon firm ground.

In this room, in which a score of well-educated men are writing hard all Sunday long to get a few coppers, the stragglers of a doomed legion are really making the last stand. They may fight desperately, and hold their ground for a time, but they will yield eventually, and the hospital or the workhouse will claim them.

Yet some of them have homes they have forfeited, wives and children from whom by their own act they have separated themselves for ever.

Among the men I have met in a common lodging-house is one who, every now and then, is interviewed in the common kitchen by his family solicitor.

He is a trustee to a marriage settlement, and his signature is occasionally necessary to deeds and transfers. A little while back he had to put his signature to a cheque for £72,000. Why, under these circumstances, is there no home for him--no position open to him in which at least he could earn the rent of a private lodging?

That is a mystery the solution of which is known only to himself, his relatives, and the family solicitor. He has a wife and sons and daughters, and they live in a pretty villa and keep servants, entertain, and visit their neighbours.

But many a night since the thing happened that made it impossible for him ever again to be seen with his own people he has been too poor even to afford the few pence for a doss-house bed, and has had to seek shelter in one of the night refuges for the utterly destitute or sleep under a railway arch.

If we were to stand at the entrance of a lodging-house such as this for a night and watch the guests as they come in--some of them so late that on the outside lamp is the reassuring notice, "A Night Porter kept"--we should see a strange procession of human documents.

If we knew the story of each we should have the details of life romances far more dramatic and haunting than those which are the stock-in-trade of fictionists who sit at home at ease and imagine things.

Look at this man, for instance, who is limping in and cringing to the deputy. If you are in the kitchen to-morrow morning you will see him do the same to a sturdy fellow who enters jauntily. You will see him take a teapot from the hob, where he has been keeping it hot, and put it on the table before the new arrival. The one man is the valet of the other. For a copper or two a week he cleans the other man's boots and gets his breakfast ready.

The man who employs a valet is a professional beggar. He can pitch a good tale, and his features suggest better days, and so he does exceedingly well in certain neighbourhoods. The valet is a mystery. No one knows how he earns his living. Occasionally he leaves the lodging-house for some weeks, saying that he has come into a little money. But he drifts back again, and is generally--if possible--more dilapidated than when he left.

If we were to go to one of the fashionable churches of London to listen to a preacher whose name is a household word, we should be struck with the likeness of that distinguished divine to the lodging-house valet. The likeness is accounted for by the fact that they are brothers. Both were at Harrow, both were at Oxford. But one this Sunday morning is preaching to a wealthy West End congregation, and is on the straight

road to a bishopric, while the other is "valeting" a beggar in a common lodging-house.

Clergymen themselves come here sometimes. There is one who comes constantly--generally late at night. He has a cubicle, for which he pays sixpence. However late he may come in, he generally leaves early, before most of the lodgers are about.

He never enters the common kitchen. Sometimes he is shabby and down at heel. Sometimes he appears to have had a little luck, and his appearance is neater. Why a clergyman reduced to using a common lodging-house should retain the distinguished marks of clerical attire it is difficult to say. The deputy is the only person who has had an opportunity of studying him closely. The deputy, who is an excellent judge of character, thinks that the clerical get-up is a dodge; that the man is an impostor. But the proprietor, who, on two occasions, has spoken with his guest, is certain that there is no imposture--that the man is a Clerk in Holy Orders who has come upon evil times. He has been using the lodging-house off and on for the past five years.

Once in the rack at the door there was a letter for him. The envelope had a black border, and was addressed simply "Mr. William Venn."

Letters at the lodging-house are not given to the first person who claims them. Unless a guest is thoroughly well known he is expected to give some proof that he is the person named on the envelope.

In this instance Mr. Venn produced a couple of letters from his pocket. Both were addressed to the Rev. William Venn--I am not giving the correct name--at the General Post Office, "to be called for."

When he came to the lodging-house again there was a black band round the dilapidated high hat he always wore.

He only came back once after he was in mourning. No one at the lodging-house saw him again for some time. Shortly afterwards a solicitor's clerk came to make inquiries. His firm were particularly anxious to find the Rev. William Venn, who was entitled to a considerable sum of money by the death of a relative. The last known address of the reverend gentleman was this lodging-house, to which a relative had sent him the news of his wife's death in a lunatic asylum.

The proprietor took the address of the solicitors, and promised to communicate with them should the clergyman come again.

A year afterwards the clergyman did come--more wretched-looking, more woe-begone than ever.

When he applied for a bed, the deputy at once communicated the good news to him. "There's been somebody here asking for you," he said; "some

solicitors. We were to communicate with them if we saw you again. They want you for---"

Before the deputy could finish the sentence the clergyman had fled.

The proprietor of the lodging-house, interested in the case, made several inquiries of the solicitors; but from that night the Rev. William Venn was never seen again.

There is a street in the East End which, owing to the character of its fourpenny lodging-houses, has become notorious. You may see standing at the doors of these houses men and women whose appearance, even in the broad daylight, would make a stranger doubtful as to the advisability of passing near them.

Night after night these houses are crowded with vagabonds, male and female, of the most dangerous type. In one of these, three murders took place in one year.

Nearly every woman who comes out of them has a black eye or some facial disfigurement due to male violence. The younger men have "ruffian" writ large upon their features, while the older men are of the ragged, weather-beaten tramp order.

To spend an evening in the common kitchens is to get an idea of humanity which revolts rather than saddens. Horrifying as the ordinary language of the company is, their callous viciousness and criminality are more horrifying still. There are men here who have taken human life--taken it brutally on dark nights in country lanes and by the waterside, sometimes to rob their victim, sometimes to get rid of a man or woman who knows too much or who wants too much.

Some of the men and women sitting together and indulging in drunken chaff or maudlin reminiscences are old acquaintances. They have met in more than one lodging-house in London, and have tramped together to fairs and race-meetings. And the mildest form of "ragging" among them is to remind each other of the robbery or the outrage, it may be the murder, with which the gossip of the doss-houses credits them.

The one offence which among these people is considered discreditable, and which makes them unfit for the society of their fellows, is to give information to the police, or to give evidence which assists the police in obtaining a conviction.

The man who is suspected of having murdered his wife or his companion is rather looked up to. But the man who has assisted in bringing a murderer to justice is despised, and if he were to return to one of these doss-houses at a time that anyone was present who knew of his conduct, he would have a poor chance of getting out again with a whole skin.

But these people, ragged, dirty, wretched as their appearance generally is, are not always without means. I have been in one of the lowest of these houses on a Sunday morning, when the place was packed, and seen the tramps and beggars enjoying a breakfast that seldom falls to the lot of a poor working family.

Look in at one of the kitchens to-day. Tea with bread and butter, bacon, haddock, bloaters, and cold fried fish are among the breakfast "relishes" on the table, and in a frying-pan on the fire one stalwart tramp is cooking himself a pork chop.

The man's wallet stowed away on a shelf in the kitchen contains nothing but a few old rags and bits of rubbish picked up by the wayside. But he makes enough somehow to pay for his night's lodging and a good meat breakfast, and you will see him, as soon as the public-house at the corner opens, investing more money in the purchase of a stimulant to assist the digestion of the pork chop. There is always a public-house near a doss-house, and it is liberally patronized by the lodgers.

With all their apparent poverty they find money to visit the gin-palace two or three times in the course of as many hours.

I have seen the same group of women from a notorious doss-house go into a public-house four times in an hour. Two of them were miserably clad, and limped painfully in boots that scarcely held together.

If it is astonishing that men and women who have so much money to spend in drink can put up with the shelter of the lowest of the common lodging-houses in London, it is still more astonishing that men, and sometimes women, of wealth should habitually resort to them.

Yet in a doss-house in Bangor Street, Notting Dale, a woman lodged regularly, who, at the time of her death, had standing to her credit at a local bank several hundred pounds. In a fourpenny lodging-house in Great Peter Street, Westminster, a man who was taken ill and removed to a hospital was found to have upon him a money-belt which contained bank-notes to the value of sixty pounds. In a lodging-house in the Mint—one of a better kind, run in connection with a temperance mission, the lodging-house, in fact, in the kitchen of which the first free meals provided by the "Referee" Children's Dinner Fund were prepared—a man died who was supposed to be almost destitute; so poor and miserable was he, that his bed was paid for every week by a kindly clergyman interested in the mission.

This old fellow used to go to Covent Garden in the morning, pick up vegetable refuse, and bring it back with him and make soup of it. He picked up something one day that made him seriously ill. He was taken to the hospital, and died there, and in the battered old box which he left behind him at the lodging-house were discovered securities for a very large sum of money, and a banker's pass-book with all the entries on the

credit side, and not a single one on the debit side.

The mysteries of the common lodging-houses of London are not always the mysteries of Poverty and Crime.

I Was A Stranger, and Ye Took Me In.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Story of an African Farm*, by
(AKA Ralph Iron) Olive Schreiner

As the two girls rounded the side of the kopje, an unusual scene presented itself. A large group was gathered at the back door of the homestead.

On the doorstep stood the Boer-woman, a hand on each hip, her face red and fiery, her head nodding fiercely. At her feet sat the yellow Hottentot maid, her satellite, and around stood the black Kaffer maids, with blankets twisted round their half-naked figures. Two, who stamped mealies in a wooden block, held the great stampers in their hands, and stared stupidly at the object of attraction. It certainly was not to look at the old German overseer, who stood in the centre of the group, that they had all gathered together. His salt-and-pepper suit, grizzly black beard, and grey eyes were as familiar to every one on the farm as the red gables of the homestead itself; but beside him stood the stranger, and on him all eyes were fixed. Ever and anon the newcomer cast a glance over his pendulous red nose to the spot where the Boer-woman stood, and smiled faintly.

"I'm not a child," cried the Boer-woman, in low Cape Dutch, "and I wasn't born yesterday. No, by the Lord, no! You can't take me in! My mother didn't wean me on Monday. One wink of my eye and I see the whole thing. I'll have no tramps sleeping on my farm," cried Tant Sannie blowing. "No, by the devil, no! not though he had sixty-times-six red noses."

There the German overseer mildly interposed that the man was not a tramp, but a highly respectable individual, whose horse had died by an accident three days before.

"Don't tell me," cried the Boer-woman; "the man isn't born that can take me in. If he'd had money, wouldn't he have bought a horse? Men who walk are thieves, liars, murderers, Rome's priests, seducers! I see the devil in his nose!" cried Tant Sannie shaking her fist at him; "and to come walking into the house of this Boer's child and shaking hands as though he came on horseback! Oh, no, no!"

The stranger took off his hat, a tall, battered chimneypot, and disclosed a bald head, at the back of which was a little fringe of curled white hair, and he bowed to Tant Sannie.

"What does she remark, my friend?" he inquired, turning his crosswise-looking eyes on the old German.

The German rubbed his old hands and hesitated.

"Ah--well--ah--the--Dutch--you know--do not like people who walk--in this country--ah!"

"My dear friend," said the stranger, laying his hand on the German's arm, "I should have bought myself another horse, but crossing, five days ago, a full river, I lost my purse--a purse with five hundred pounds in it. I spent five days on the bank of the river trying to find it--couldn't. Paid a Kaffer nine pounds to go in and look for it at the risk of his life--couldn't find it."

The German would have translated this information, but the Boer-woman gave no ear.

"No, no; he goes tonight. See how he looks at me--a poor unprotected female! If he wrongs me, who is to do me right?" cried Tant Sannie.

"I think," said the German in an undertone, "if you didn't look at her quite so much it might be advisable. She--ah--she--might--imagine that you liked her too well,--in fact--ah--"

"Certainly, my dear friend, certainly," said the stranger. "I shall not look at her."

Saying this, he turned his nose full upon a small Kaffer of two years old. That small naked son of Ham became instantly so terrified that he fled to his mother's blanket for protection, howling horribly.

Upon this the newcomer fixed his eyes pensively on the stamp-block, folding his hands on the head of his cane. His boots were broken, but he still had the cane of a gentleman.

"You vagabonds se Engelschman!" said Tant Sannie, looking straight at him.

This was a near approach to plain English; but the man contemplated the block abstractedly, wholly unconscious that any antagonism was being displayed toward him.

"You might not be a Scotchman or anything of that kind, might you?" suggested the German. "It is the English that she hates."

"My dear friend," said the stranger, "I am Irish every inch of me--father Irish, mother Irish. I've not a drop of English blood in my veins."

"And you might not be married, might you?" persisted the German. "If you had a wife and children, now? Dutch people do not like those who are not married."

"Ah," said the stranger, looking tenderly at the block, "I have a dear wife and three sweet little children--two lovely girls and a noble boy."

This information having been conveyed to the Boer-woman, she, after some further conversation, appeared slightly mollified; but remained firm to her conviction that the man's designs were evil.

"For, dear Lord!" she cried; "all Englishmen are ugly; but was there ever such a red-rag-nosed thing with broken boots and crooked eyes before? Take him to your room," she cried to the German; "but all the sin he does I lay at your door."

The German having told him how matters were arranged, the stranger made a profound bow to Tant Sannie and followed his host, who led the way to his own little room.

"I thought she would come to her better self soon," the German said joyously. "Tant Sannie is not wholly bad, far from it, far." Then seeing his companion cast a furtive glance at him, which he mistook for one of surprise, he added quickly, "Ah, yes, yes; we are all a primitive people here--not very lofty. We deal not in titles. Every one is Tante and Oom--aunt and uncle. This may be my room," he said, opening the door. "It is rough, the room is rough; not a palace--not quite. But it may be better than the fields, a little better!" he said, glancing round at his companion. "Come in, come in. There is something to eat--a mouthful: not the fare of emperors or kings; but we do not starve, not yet," he said, rubbing his hands together and looking round with a pleased, half-nervous smile on his old face.

"My friend, my dear friend," said the stranger, seizing him by the hand, "may the Lord bless you, the Lord bless and reward you--the God of the fatherless and the stranger. But for you I would this night have slept in the fields, with the dews of heaven upon my head."

Late that evening Lyndall came down to the cabin with the German's rations. Through the tiny square window the light streamed forth, and without knocking she raised the latch and entered. There was a fire burning on the hearth, and it cast its ruddy glow over the little dingy room, with its worm-eaten rafters and mud floor, and broken whitewashed walls. A curious little place, filled with all manner of articles. Next to the fire was a great toolbox; beyond that the little bookshelf with

its well-worn books; beyond that, in the corner, a heap of filled and empty grain-bags. From the rafters hung down straps, riems, old boots, bits of harness, and a string of onions. The bed was in another corner, covered by a patchwork quilt of faded red lions, and divided from the rest of the room by a blue curtain, now drawn back. On the mantelshelf was an endless assortment of little bags and stones; and on the wall hung a map of South Germany, with a red line drawn through it to show where the German had wandered. This place was the one home the girls had known for many a year. The house where Tant Sannie lived and ruled was a place to sleep in, to eat in, not to be happy in. It was in vain she told them they were grown too old to go there; every morning and evening found them there. Were there not too many golden memories hanging about the old place for them to leave it?

Long winter nights, when they had sat round the fire and roasted potatoes, and asked riddles, and the old man had told of the little German village, where, fifty years before, a little German boy had played at snowballs, and had carried home the knitted stockings of a little girl who afterward became Waldo's mother; did they not seem to see the German peasant girls walking about with their wooden shoes and yellow, braided hair, and the little children eating their suppers out of little wooden bowls when the good mothers called them in to have their milk and potatoes?

And were there not yet better times than these? Moonlight nights, when they romped about the door, with the old man, yet more a child than any of them, and laughed, till the old roof of the wagon-house rang?

Or, best of all, were there not warm, dark, starlight nights, when they sat together on the doorstep, holding each other's hands, singing German hymns, their voices rising clear in the still night air--till the German would draw away his hand suddenly to wipe quickly a tear the children must not see? Would they not sit looking up at the stars and talking of them--of the dear Southern Cross, red, fiery Mars, Orion, with his belt, and the Seven Mysterious Sisters--and fall to speculating over them? How old are they? Who dwelt in them? And the old German would say that perhaps the souls we loved lived in them; there, in that little twinkling point was perhaps the little girl whose stockings he had carried home; and the children would look up at it lovingly, and call it "Uncle Otto's star." Then they would fall to deeper speculations--of the times and seasons wherein the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, and the stars shall fall as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs, and there shall be time no longer: "When the Son of man shall come in His glory, and all His holy angels with Him." In lower and lower tones they would talk, till at last they fell into whispers; then they would wish good night softly, and walk home hushed and quiet.

Tonight, when Lyndall looked in, Waldo sat before the fire watching a pot which simmered there, with his slate and pencil in his hand; his father sat at the table buried in the columns of a three-weeks-old

newspaper; and the stranger lay stretched on the bed in the corner, fast asleep, his mouth open, his great limbs stretched out loosely, betokening much weariness. The girl put the rations down upon the table, snuffed the candle, and stood looking at the figure on the bed.

"Uncle Otto," she said presently, laying her hand down on the newspaper, and causing the old German to look up over his glasses, "how long did that man say he had been walking?"

"Since this morning, poor fellow! A gentleman--not accustomed to walking--horse died--poor fellow!" said the German, pushing out his lip and glancing commiseratingly over his spectacles in the direction of the bed where the stranger lay, with his flabby double chin, and broken boots through which the flesh shone.

"And do you believe him, Uncle Otto?"

"Believe him? why of course I do. He himself told me the story three times distinctly."

"If," said the girl slowly, "he had walked for only one day his boots would not have looked so; and if--"

"If!" said the German starting up in his chair, irritated that any one should doubt such irrefragable evidence--"if! Why, he told me himself! Look how he lies there," added the German pathetically, "worn out--poor fellow! We have something for him though," pointing with his forefinger over his shoulder to the saucepan that stood on the fire. "We are not cooks--not French cooks, not quite; but it's drinkable, drinkable, I think; better than nothing, I think," he added, nodding his head in a jocund manner that evinced his high estimation of the contents of the saucepan and his profound satisfaction therein. "Bish! bish! my chicken," he said, as Lyndall tapped her little foot up and down upon the floor. "Bish! bish! my chicken, you will wake him."

He moved the candle so that his own head might intervene between it and the sleeper's face; and, smoothing his newspaper, he adjusted his spectacles to read.

The child's grey-black eyes rested on the figure on the bed, then turned to the German, then rested on the figure again.

"I think he is a liar. Good night, Uncle Otto," she said slowly, turning to the door.

Long after she had gone the German folded his paper up methodically, and put it in his pocket.

The stranger had not awakened to partake of the soup, and his son had fallen asleep on the ground. Taking two white sheepskins from the heap

of sacks in the corner, the old man doubled them up, and lifting the boy's head gently from the slate on which it rested, placed the skins beneath it.

"Poor lambie, poor lambie!" he said, tenderly patting the great rough bear-like head; "tired is he!"

He threw an overcoat across the boy's feet, and lifted the saucepan from the fire. There was no place where the old man could comfortably lie down himself, so he resumed his seat. Opening a much-worn Bible, he began to read, and as he read pleasant thoughts and visions thronged on him.

"I was a stranger, and ye took me in," he read.

He turned again to the bed where the sleeper lay.

"I was a stranger."

Very tenderly the old man looked at him. He saw not the bloated body nor the evil face of the man; but, as it were, under deep disguise and fleshly concealment, the form that long years of dreaming had made very real to him. "Jesus, lover, and is it given to us, weak and sinful, frail and erring, to serve Thee, to take Thee in!" he said softly, as he rose from his seat. Full of joy, he began to pace the little room. Now and again as he walked he sang the lines of a German hymn, or muttered broken words of prayer. The little room was full of light. It appeared to the German that Christ was very near him, and that at almost any moment the thin mist of earthly darkness that clouded his human eyes might be withdrawn, and that made manifest of which the friends at Emmaus, beholding it, said, "It is the Lord!"

Again, and yet again, through the long hours of that night, as the old man walked he looked up to the roof of his little room, with its blackened rafters, and yet saw them not. His rough bearded face was illuminated with a radiant gladness; and the night was not shorter to the dreaming sleepers than to him whose waking dreams brought heaven near.

So quickly the night fled, that he looked up with surprise when at four o'clock the first grey streaks of summer dawn showed themselves through the little window. Then the old man turned to rake together the few coals that lay under the ashes, and his son, turning on the sheepskins, muttered sleepily to know if it were time to rise.

"Lie still, lie still! I would only make a fire," said the old man.

"Have you been up all night?" asked the boy.

"Yes; but it has been short, very short. Sleep again, my chicken; it is

yet early."

And he went out to fetch more fuel.

INDIAN CURRY

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Allied Cookery*, by Grace Glergue Harrison and Gertrude Clergue

Most of the curry powder or paste to be found in this part of the world is a mixture of 1/4 of dried chilli, 1/4 coriander, 1/2 dagatafolum; but the native curry cook uses a much larger variety of spices and likes to grind them himself fresh daily between two stones. The spices commonly used are:

Red chilli (roasted)
Coriander seed (roasted)
" " (fresh)
Cinnamon
Nutmeg
Baked garlic
Scraped cocoanut
Dagatafolum
Caraway seed
Yellow pimentos
Red pimentos
Cardamon seeds
Curcuma (saffron root)

A SIMPLER INDIAN CURRY

One lb. of beef, mutton, fish, or vegetables, as desired. One tablespoon of curry powder, 1 heaping tablespoon of butter, 1 onion, 1/2 fresh cocoanut, juice of half a lemon, salt to taste. Curry powder to be mixed in 2 ozs. of water. Onion to be finely chopped. Cocoanut to be scraped and soaked in a teacup of boiling water, then squeezed, and the milk (or the liquid) to be put in the curry. First cook the butter till it bubbles, put in the onion and let it brown, add the curry powder, and let that cook a few minutes; if it becomes too dry and sticks to the pan add a little hot water. Then put in the meat (raw), cut in small pieces, fish, or vegetables, and fry them, add salt, and if dry, add a little more water, let all simmer till meat is thoroughly done; when about half done, add the cocoanut milk and the lemon-juice.

If not convenient to use the cocoanut milk, ordinary milk can be used, and the mixture thickened with a little flour. Cocoanut milk thickens

without flour. When the butter separates and shows itself in the gravy, the curry is ready for serving. Curry should be served with plain boiled rice. Pass rice first, then curry.

If Indian chutney is served with curry it is a great addition. A banana may be cut up in pieces about half-inch thick, and added to the curry mixture while cooking, and is a pleasant addition to the flavour.

Recipes from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Book of American Baking*, by Various

Ice Cream Cones.

Eight oz. flour, 4 oz sugar, 1 pint whipped cream, 8 eggs, 1 gill curacao, pinch of salt, vanilla. These ice cream cones are made in special irons, which are greased and filled with the above batter from a handbag. They are baked on the gas machine. This recipe is for very fine goods, and can be cheapened considerably.

Icing.

Water Icing is made with ordinary Sugar and Water, colored and flavored as desired.

* * * *

Ornamental Icing is composed of plain Sugar beat up well with Egg Whites and a few drops of Lemon Juice. The usual proportion is to use ... lb. sugar to every white of an egg used.

* * * *

Icing for cake is usually made thinner than ornamenting icing. For a cheap icing Gelatine is used in place of the eggs. Use 2 oz. Gelatine to every pint of water (warm). Beat up well with the sugar.

* * * *

Chocolate Icing is made with 1 lb. of Chocolate to every quart of water and the necessary amount of sugar. A cheaper Chocolate Icing is made with Cocoa and Cocoa Butter. Boiled Chocolate Icing is made by boiling the chocolate, sugar and water for about 10 minutes.

* * * *

Transparent Icing is made by boiling Pulverized Sugar and water together in proportions of about 2 lbs. of Sugar to each pint of water.

When it becomes like rich cream it is poured hot on the cake top. Care should be taken to rub the sugar thoroughly against the sides of the vessel while boiling in order to mix thoroughly.

* * * *

Soft Icing consists of Powdered Sugar sifted very fine and boiling water and Fruit Juice mixed. Use 1 lb of Sugar to 2 tablespoonfuls of boiling water and 2 tablespoonfuls of Fruit Juice. This is colored in any way desired. Spread on while the cake is warm. This icing is especially good for sponge cake, etc.

INDIAN CURRY OF VEGETABLES.

Project Gutenberg's *The Golden Age Cook Book*, by Henrietta Latham Dwight

Equal quantities of cauliflower and potatoes, raw. The cauliflower cut into flowerettes and the potatoes into dice. Put them into a spider with a heaping tablespoonful of butter, a rounded teaspoonful of curry powder, and let them simmer for a few minutes without taking color. Then add two tablespoonfuls of tomatoes, an even teaspoonful of grated onion and one of chopped green pepper, fill up the spider with boiling water, and set it back on the stove where it will stew gently until the vegetables are tender and the water has been reduced to one-third the quantity. It should be as thick as ordinary gravy; if not, add a scant teaspoonful of flour. Just before it is done stir in a heaping tablespoonful of butter. Turn it into a shallow vegetable dish and serve very hot. The spider should be kept covered while the curry is cooking. It is very good without the green pepper. This may be warmed over, and is better the second day than the first.

Recipes from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Vegetarian Cook Book*, by E. G. Fulton

IMPROMPTU SOUP NO. 1

Onion, 1.

Slice into heated saucepan with

Savory or green herbs, 1 pinch.
Butter, 1 tablespoonful.

Let brown two or three minutes, then add

Nut butter, 1 tablespoonful.

Brown a little longer, then add

Stewed tomatoes, 1 cup.

Hot water, 3 cups.

Let all boil together and thicken with gluten; salt, strain, and serve.

IMPROPTU SOUP NO. 2

Malted nuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup.

Browned flour, 1 tablespoonful.

Flour, 1 tablespoonful.

Mix, and dissolve in a little milk, then add

Milk, 3 cups

and heat to boiling point, stirring often to prevent scorching; set back far enough to keep from boiling, then whip into the broth

Eggs well beaten, 4.

Salt, and serve.

IMPERIAL NUT ROAST

Pea pulp, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups.

Chopped walnuts, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups.

Bread crumbs, 1 cup.

Sage.

Lentil pulp, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups.

Egg, 1.

Salt.

Milk to moisten.

Mix the peas, lentils, and walnuts with salt to taste. Put a layer in a deep bread-pan, then put a layer made of the crumbs, eggs, milk, sage, and salt. This should be just stiff enough to spread easily. Cover with the remaining pea and lentil mixture. Baste with cream, put in the oven, and brown.

INVALID COOKERY.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Mrs. Beeton's Dictionary of Every-Day Cookery*, by Isabella Mary Beeton

A few Rules to be observed in Cooking for Invalids.

Let all the kitchen utensils used in the preparation of invalids cookery be delicately and scrupulously clean; if this is not the case, a disagreeable flavour may be imparted to the preparation, which flavour may disgust, and prevent the patient from partaking of the refreshment when brought to him or her.

For invalids, never make a large quantity of one thing, as they seldom require much at a time; and it is desirable that variety be provided for them.

Always have something in readiness; a little beef tea, nicely made and nicely skimmed, a few spoonfuls of jelly, &c., &c., that it may be administered as soon almost as the invalid wishes for it. If obliged to wait a long time, the patient loses the desire to eat, and often turns against the food when brought to him or her.

In sending dishes or preparations up to invalids, let everything look as tempting as possible. Have a clean tray-cloth laid smoothly over the tray; let the spoons, tumblers, cups and saucers, &c., be very clean and bright. Gruel served in a tumbler is more appetizing than when served in a basin or cup and saucer.

As milk is an important article of food for the sick, in warm weather let it be kept on ice, to prevent its turning sour. Many other delicacies may also be preserved good in the same manner for some little time.

If the patient be allowed to eat vegetables, never send them up undercooked, or half raw; and let a small quantity only be temptingly arranged on a dish. This rule will apply to every preparation, as an invalid is much more likely to enjoy his food if small delicate pieces are served to him.

Never leave food about a sick-room; if the patient cannot eat it when brought to him, take it away, and bring it to him in an hour or two s time. Miss Nightingale says, To leave the patient s untasted food by his side from meal to meal, in hopes that he will eat it in the interval, is simply to prevent him from taking any food at all. She says, I have known patients literally incapacitated from taking one article of food after another by this piece of ignorance. Let the food come at the right time, and be taken away, eaten or uneaten, at the right time, but never let a patient have something always standing by him, if you don t wish to disgust him of everything.

Never serve beef tea or broth with the smallest particle of fat or grease on the surface. It is better, after making either of these, to allow them to get perfectly cold, when all the fat may be easily removed; then warm up as much as may be required. Two or three pieces of clean whity-brown paper laid on the broth will absorb any greasy particles that may be floating at the top, as the grease will cling to the paper.

Roast mutton, chickens, rabbits, calves feet or head, game, fish (simply dressed), and simple puddings, are all light food, and easily digested. Of course, these things are only partaken of supposing the patient is recovering.

A mutton chop, nicely cut, trimmed, and broiled to a turn, is a dish to be recommended for invalids; but it must not be served with all the fat at the end, nor must it be too thickly cut. Let it be cooked over a fire free from smoke, and sent up with the gravy in it, between two very hot plates. Nothing is more disagreeable to an invalid than smoked food.

In making toast-and-water, never blacken the bread, but toast it only a nice brown. Never leave toast-and-water to make until the moment it is required, as it cannot then be properly prepared, at least the patient will be obliged to drink it warm, which is anything but agreeable.

In boiling eggs for invalids, let the white be just set; if boiled hard, they will be likely to disagree with the patient.

In Miss Nightingale's admirable Notes on Nursing, a book that no mother or nurse should be without, she says, You cannot be too careful as to quality in sick-diet. A nurse should never put before a patient milk that is sour, meat or soup that is turned, an egg that is bad, or vegetables underdone. Yet often, she says, she has seen these things brought in to the sick, in a state perfectly perceptible to every nose or eye except the nurse's. It is here that the clever nurse appears, she will not bring in the peccant article; but, not to disappoint the patient, she will whip up something else in a few minutes. Remember, that sick-cookery should half do the work of your poor patient's weak digestion.

She goes on to caution nurses, by saying, Take care not to spill into your patient's saucer; in other words, take care that the outside bottom rim of his cup shall be quite dry and clean. If, every time he lifts his cup to his lips, he has to carry the saucer with it, or else to drop the liquid upon and to soil his sheet, or bedgown, or pillow, or, if he is sitting up, his dress, you have no idea what a difference this minute want of care on your part makes to his comfort, and even to his willingness for food.

INVALID S CUTLET.

Ingredients. 1 nice cutlet from a loin or neck of mutton; 2 teacupfuls of water; 1 very small stick of celery; pepper and salt to taste. _Mode._ Have the cutlet cut from a very nice loin or neck of mutton, take off all the fat, put it into a stewpan with the other ingredients; stew very gently indeed for nearly 2 hours, and skim off every particle of fat that may rise to the surface from time to time. The celery should be cut into thin slices before it is added to the meat, and care must be taken not to put in too much of this, or the dish will not be good. If the water is allowed to boil fast, the cutlet will be hard. _Time._ 2 hours very gentle stewing. _Average cost_, 6_d._ _Sufficient_ for one person. _Seasonable._ Whenever celery may be had.

INVALID S JELLY.

Ingredients. 12 shanks of mutton, 3 quarts of water, a bunch of sweet herbs, pepper and salt to taste, 3 blades of mace, 1 onion, 1 lb. of lean beef, a crust of bread toasted brown. _Mode._ Soak the shanks in plenty of water for some hours, and scrub them well; put them, with the beef and other ingredients, into a saucepan with the water, and let them simmer very gently for 5 hours. Strain the broth, and, when cold, take off all the fat. It may be eaten either warmed up or cold as a jelly. _Time._ 5 hours. _Average cost_, 1_s._ _Sufficient_ to make from 1% to 2 pints of jelly. _Seasonable_ at any time.

INVALIDS, Lemonade for.

Ingredients. %demon, lump sugar to taste, 1 pint of boiling water. _Mode._ Pare off the rind of the lemon thinly; cut the lemon into 2 or 3 thick slices, and remove as much as possible of the white outside pith, and all the pips. Put the slices of lemon, the peel, and lump sugar into a jug; pour over the boiling water; cover it closely, and in 2 hours it will be fit to drink. It should either be strained or poured off from the sediment. _Time._ 2 hours. _Average cost_, 2_d._ _Sufficient_ to make 1 pint of lemonade. _Seasonable_ at any time.

Definitions from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Devil's Dictionary*, by Ambrose Bierce

ILLUMINATI, n. A sect of Spanish heretics of the latter part of the sixteenth century; so called because they were light weights--
cunctationes illuminati.

ILLUSTRIOUS, adj. Suitably placed for the shafts of malice, envy and detraction.

IMAGINATION, n. A warehouse of facts, with poet and liar in joint ownership.

IMBECILITY, n. A kind of divine inspiration, or sacred fire affecting censorious critics of this dictionary.

IMMIGRANT, n. An unenlightened person who thinks one country better than another.

IMMODEST, adj. Having a strong sense of one's own merit, coupled with a feeble conception of worth in others.

There was once a man in Ispahan
 Ever and ever so long ago,
And he had a head, the phrenologists said,
 That fitted him for a show.

For his modesty's bump was so large a lump
 (Nature, they said, had taken a freak)
That its summit stood far above the wood
 Of his hair, like a mountain peak.

So modest a man in all Ispahan,
 Over and over again they swore--
So humble and meek, you would vainly seek;
 None ever was found before.

Meantime the hump of that awful bump
 Into the heavens contrived to get
To so great a height that they called the wight
 The man with the minaret.

There wasn't a man in all Ispahan
 Prouder, or louder in praise of his chump:
With a tireless tongue and a brazen lung
 He bragged of that beautiful bump

Till the Shah in a rage sent a trusty page
 Bearing a sack and a bow-string too,
And that gentle child explained as he smiled:

"A little present for you."

The saddest man in all Ispahan,
Sniffed at the gift, yet accepted the same.
"If I'd lived," said he, "my humility
Had given me deathless fame!"

Sukker Uffro

IMMORAL, adj. Inexpedient. Whatever in the long run and with regard to the greater number of instances men find to be generally inexpedient comes to be considered wrong, wicked, immoral. If man's notions of right and wrong have any other basis than this of expediency; if they originated, or could have originated, in any other way; if actions have in themselves a moral character apart from, and nowise dependent on, their consequences--then all philosophy is a lie and reason a disorder of the mind.

IMMORTALITY, n.

A toy which people cry for,
And on their knees apply for,
Dispute, contend and lie for,
And if allowed
Would be right proud
Eternally to die for.

G.J.

IMPALE, v.t. In popular usage to pierce with any weapon which remains fixed in the wound. This, however, is inaccurate; to impale is, properly, to put to death by thrusting an upright sharp stake into the body, the victim being left in a sitting position. This was a common mode of punishment among many of the nations of antiquity, and is still in high favor in China and other parts of Asia. Down to the beginning of the fifteenth century it was widely employed in "churching" heretics and schismatics. Wolecraft calls it the "stool of repentyng," and among the common people it was jocularly known as "riding the one legged horse." Ludwig Salzmann informs us that in Thibet impalement is considered the most appropriate punishment for crimes against religion; and although in China it is sometimes awarded for secular offences, it is most frequently adjudged in cases of sacrilege. To the person in actual experience of impalement it must be a matter of minor importance by what kind of civil or religious dissent he was made acquainted with its discomforts; but doubtless he would feel a certain satisfaction if able to contemplate himself in the character of a weather-cock on the spire of the True Church.

IMPARTIAL, adj. Unable to perceive any promise of personal advantage from espousing either side of a controversy or adopting either of two conflicting opinions.

IMPENITENCE, n. A state of mind intermediate in point of time between sin and punishment.

IMPIETY, n. Your irreverence toward my deity.

IMPOSITION, n. The act of blessing or consecrating by the laying on of hands--a ceremony common to many ecclesiastical systems, but performed with the frankest sincerity by the sect known as Thieves.

"Lo! by the laying on of hands,"
 Say parson, priest and dervise,
"We consecrate your cash and lands
 To ecclesiastical service.
No doubt you'll swear till all is blue
At such an imposition. Do."

Pollo Doncas

IMPOSTOR n. A rival aspirant to public honors.

IMPROBABILITY, n.

His tale he told with a solemn face
And a tender, melancholy grace.
 Improbable 'twas, no doubt,
 When you came to think it out,
 But the fascinated crowd
 Their deep surprise avowed
And all with a single voice averred
'Twas the most amazing thing they'd heard--
All save one who spake never a word,
 But sat as mum
 As if deaf and dumb,
Serene, indifferent and unstirred.
 Then all the others turned to him
 And scrutinized him limb from limb--
 Scanned him alive;
 But he seemed to thrive
 And tranquiler grow each minute,
 As if there were nothing in it.
"What! what!" cried one, "are you not amazed
At what our friend has told?" He raised
Soberly then his eyes and gazed
 In a natural way
 And proceeded to say,

As he crossed his feet on the mantel-shelf:
"O no--not at all; I'm a liar myself."

IMPROVIDENCE, n. Provision for the needs of to-day from the revenues of to-morrow.

IMPUNITY, n. Wealth.

INADMISSIBLE, adj. Not competent to be considered. Said of certain kinds of testimony which juries are supposed to be unfit to be entrusted with, and which judges, therefore, rule out, even of proceedings before themselves alone. Hearsay evidence is inadmissible because the person quoted was unsworn and is not before the court for examination; yet most momentous actions, military, political, commercial and of every other kind, are daily undertaken on hearsay evidence. There is no religion in the world that has any other basis than hearsay evidence. Revelation is hearsay evidence; that the Scriptures are the word of God we have only the testimony of men long dead whose identity is not clearly established and who are not known to have been sworn in any sense. Under the rules of evidence as they now exist in this country, no single assertion in the Bible has in its support any evidence admissible in a court of law. It cannot be proved that the battle of Blenheim ever was fought, that there was such a person as Julius Caesar, such an empire as Assyria.

But as records of courts of justice are admissible, it can easily be proved that powerful and malevolent magicians once existed and were a scourge to mankind. The evidence (including confession) upon which certain women were convicted of witchcraft and executed was without a flaw; it is still unimpeachable. The judges' decisions based on it were sound in logic and in law. Nothing in any existing court was ever more thoroughly proved than the charges of witchcraft and sorcery for which so many suffered death. If there were no witches, human testimony and human reason are alike destitute of value.

INAUSPICIOUSLY, adv. In an unpromising manner, the auspices being unfavorable. Among the Romans it was customary before undertaking any important action or enterprise to obtain from the augurs, or state prophets, some hint of its probable outcome; and one of their favorite and most trustworthy modes of divination consisted in observing the flight of birds--the omens thence derived being called auspices. Newspaper reporters and certain miscreant lexicographers have decided that the word--always in the plural--shall mean "patronage" or "management"; as, "The festivities were under the auspices of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Body-Snatchers"; or, "The hilarities were auspicated by the Knights of Hunger."

A Roman slave appeared one day
Before the Augur. "Tell me, pray,
If--" here the Augur, smiling, made

A checking gesture and displayed
His open palm, which plainly itched,
For visibly its surface twitched.
A denarius (the Latin nickel)
Successfully allayed the tickle,
And then the slave proceeded: "Please
Inform me whether Fate decrees
Success or failure in what I
To-night (if it be dark) shall try.
Its nature? Never mind--I think
"Tis writ on this"--and with a wink
Which darkened half the earth, he drew
Another denarius to view,
Its shining face attentive scanned,
Then slipped it into the good man's hand,
Who with great gravity said: "Wait
While I retire to question Fate."
That holy person then withdrew
His scared clay and, passing through
The temple's rearward gate, cried "Shoo!"
Waving his robe of office. Straight
Each sacred peacock and its mate
(Maintained for Juno's favor) fled
With clamor from the trees o'erhead,
Where they were perching for the night.
The temple's roof received their flight,
For thither they would always go,
When danger threatened them below.
Back to the slave the Augur went:
"My son, forecasting the event
By flight of birds, I must confess
The auspices deny success."
That slave retired, a sadder man,
Abandoning his secret plan--
Which was (as well the craft seer
Had from the first divined) to clear
The wall and fraudulently seize
On Juno's poultry in the trees.

G.J.

CAUSE OF THE BREAKING UP OF THE ICE IN THE MISSOURI RIVER IN SPRINGTIME

The Project Gutenberg EBook of Prairie Smoke (Second Edition, Revised), by Melvin Randolph Gilmore

A Myth of the Dakota Nation

It is said that in the long ago there was a mysterious being within the stream of the Missouri River. It was seldom seen by human beings, and was most dreadful to see. It is said that sometimes it was seen within the water in the middle of the stream, causing a redness shining like the redness of fire as it passed up the stream against the current with a terrific roaring sound.

And they say that if this dreadful being was seen by anyone in the daytime anyone who thus saw it soon after became crazy and continued restless and writhing as though in pain until he was relieved by death. And it is said that one time not a very great many years ago this frightful being was seen by a man, and he told how it appeared. He said that it was of strange form and covered all over with hair like a buffalo, but red in color; that it had only one eye in the middle of its forehead, and above that a single horn. Its backbone stood out notched and jagged like an enormous saw. As soon as the man beheld the awful sight everything became dark to him, he said. He was just able to reach home, but he lost his reason and soon after that he died.

It is said this mysterious "Miniwashitu" (water monster) still lives in the Missouri River, and that in springtime, as it moves up-stream against the current it breaks up the ice of the river. This water monster was held in awe and dread by the people.

THE ITALIAN RACE AS MUSICIANS AND AUDITORS

From Hector Berlioz's Autobiography

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Library Of The World's Best Literature, Ancient And Modern, Vol 4*, by Charles Dudley Warner

It appears, however,--so at least I am assured,--that the Italians do occasionally listen. But at any rate, music to the Milanese, no less than to the Neapolitans, Romans, Florentines, and Genoese, means nothing but an air, a duet, or a trio, well sung. For anything beyond this they feel simply aversion or indifference. Perhaps these antipathies are mainly due to the wretched performance of their choruses and orchestras, which effectually prevents their knowing anything good outside the beaten track they have so long followed. Possibly, too, they may to a certain extent understand the flights of men of genius, if these latter

are careful not to give too rude a shock to their rooted predilections. The great success of 'Guillaume Tell' at Florence supports this opinion, and even Spontini's sublime 'Vestale' obtained a series of brilliant representations at Naples some twenty-five years ago. Moreover, in those towns which are under the Austrian rule, you will see the people rush after a military band, and listen with avidity to the beautiful German melodies, so unlike their usual insipid cavatinas. Nevertheless, in general it is impossible to disguise the fact that the Italians as a nation really appreciate only the material effects of music, and distinguish nothing but its exterior forms.

Indeed, I am much inclined to regard them as more inaccessible to the poetical side of art, and to any conceptions at all above the common, than any other European nation. To the Italians music is a sensual pleasure, and nothing more. For this most beautiful form of expression they have scarcely more respect than for the culinary art. In fact, they like music which they can take in at first hearing, without reflection or attention, just as they would do with a plate of macaroni.

Now, we French, mean and contemptible musicians as we are, although we are no better than the Italians when we furiously applaud a trill or a chromatic scale by the last new singer, and miss altogether the beauty of some grand recitative or animated chorus, yet at least we can listen, and if we do not take in a composer's ideas it is not our fault. Beyond the Alps, on the contrary, people behave in a manner so humiliating both to art and to artists, whenever any representation is going on, that I confess I would as soon sell pepper and spice at a grocer's in the Rue St. Denis as write an opera for the Italians--nay, I would sooner do it.

Added to this, they are slaves to routine and to fanaticism to a degree one hardly sees nowadays, even at the Academy. The slightest unforeseen innovation, whether in melody, harmony, rhythm, or instrumentation, puts them into a perfect fury; so much so, that the dilettanti of Rome, on the appearance of Rossini's 'Barbiere di Seviglia' (which is Italian enough in all conscience), were ready to kill the young maestro for having the insolence to do anything unlike Paisiello.

But what renders all hope of improvement quite chimerical, and tempts one to believe that the musical feeling of the Italians is a mere necessary result of their organization,--the opinion both of Gall and Spurzheim,--is their love for all that is dancing, brilliant, glittering, and gay, to the utter neglect of the various passions by which the characters are animated, and the confusion of time and place--in a word, of good sense itself. Their music is always laughing; and if by chance the composer in the course of the drama permits himself for one moment not to be absurd, he at once hastens back to his prescribed style, his melodious roulades and grupetti, his trills and contemptible frivolities, either for voice or orchestra; and these, succeeding so abruptly to something true to life, have an unreal effect,

and give the _opera seria_ all the appearance of a parody or caricature.

I could quote plenty of examples from famous works; but speaking generally of these artistic questions, is it not from Italy that we get those stereotyped conventional forms adopted by so many French composers, resisted by Cherubim and Spontini alone among the Italians, though rejected entirely by the Germans? What well-organized person with any sense of musical expression could listen to a quartet in which four characters, animated by totally conflicting passions, should successively employ the same melodious phrase to express such different words as these: "O, toi que j'adore!" "Quelle terreur me glace!" "Mon coeur bat de plaisir!" "La fureur me transporte!" To suppose that music is a language so vague that the natural inflections of fury will serve equally well for fear, joy, and love, only proves the absence of that sense which to others makes the varieties of expression in music as incontestable a reality as the existence of the sun.... I regard the course taken by Italian composers as the inevitable result of the instincts of the public, which react more or less on the composers themselves.

THE INDIAN SANDS

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Water Wizardry*, by Arthur Ainslie

In its simplest form this trick consists in putting some silver sand into a bowl of water and taking it out--perfectly dry. But the trick in that form is hardly worth doing and certainly not worth the trouble involved in its preparation.

An important additional effect is produced by using sands of three colours--red, white, and blue. The white sand is not really white, but the natural colour of the sand. In this case, not only does the conjurer take out the sand perfectly dry, but he takes out the sand of the colour named by the audience.

This is a trick which depends largely for its effect upon the showmanship of the performer, for unless the audience are thoroughly convinced that the bowl of water is what the conjurer says it is and nothing more--an ordinary bowl nearly filled with ordinary water--and unless the audience are further convinced of the fact that the sands of different colours are poured into the bowl and are thoroughly stirred up into the water they will not be properly surprised when the conjurer comes to the climax of the trick.

Therefore, the conjurer should lead off by giving the bowl out for examination. The bowl can be either of glass, metal, or china. The trick is most effective, I think, when a glass bowl is used; it should be a

large flat bowl.

The different sands should be placed in bags, the red sand being in a red bag, and so on.

If the conjurer uses a glass bowl he should have the water in a large glass jug. He leads off by holding up the bowl for inspection; then he gives it out for examination. If he is performing in a room he should have a box or some kind of stand on the table, so that everyone can see the bowl during the whole of the performance.

Having received the bowl back again the conjurer pours in the water, and he should take note beforehand of the actual quantity required. If there is too much water some of it may get splashed over the brim during the performance of the trick, and if there is too little the trick is not sufficiently effective; besides, with a little water the trick is more difficult.

The conjurer then picks up the red bag and pours out the sand, a little at a time, on to his other hand; he should take care to let the audience see that he has nothing concealed in his hand at the beginning of the trick, and in pouring out the sand he should work slowly so that the audience see that he pours out nothing else but sand. While he is doing this he should hold his hand over the bowl, because some of the sand will drop off his hand into the water. There will naturally be quite a little mound of sand on his hand when the bag is empty. He then tips the sand into the bowl and stirs it slightly. The dye will colour the water.

He proceeds to empty the other two bags in the same way, taking great care to let the audience see that the bags contain nothing but sand and that he places nothing else in the water. At the end of these proceedings the water will be thoroughly coloured.

The conjurer, having turned up his sleeves, dips his right hand into the water, and stirs it up. Then, displaying his empty hand to the audience, he dips it into the water and takes out a handful of the wet sands and holds it up so that the audience can see it. He returns the "mud" to the bowl and washes off any sand from his hands.

Once more he dips his hand into the bowl and takes it out closed. Picking up a glass goblet with his other hand, he holds it under his right hand from which dry red sand slowly trickles. When the hand is empty he opens it, shows it to the audience, and puts the goblet down. Then he washes his hands in the bowl, and repeats the performance with the white sand and the blue, so that at the end of the trick the audience can see the sands in the three goblets. At the conclusion of the trick he can pour all the water with the sand "mud" into another vessel and thus show once more that the bowl is not prepared in any way for the trick.

This splendid effect is brought about by very simple means. Most conjurers hold the opinion that the best tricks are simple; this one is both simple and easy.

The principal secret consists in the preparation of small quantities of the different sands. First of all a quantity of sand is dyed red and a similar quantity is dyed blue, and both are left to dry. While they are drying the conjurer can prepare the white sand.

[Illustration:

{bag of loose sand, with compressed sand of different colours in different shapes}

Loose sand

Faked sand

METHOD OF LOADING BAGS OF SAND WITH SAND BLOCKS.

KEY SHAPES FOR FINDING COLOURS BY TOUCH.

Fig. 11]

Place a small quantity in an old frying-pan and put it over the fire until it is thoroughly hot. Then drop in a small piece of tallow candle. When the grease melts stir it well into the sand, so that every grain is covered. Then take the sand off the fire and press it down into little moulds.

As sands of three different colours are to be used in the trick it follows that the prepared sands must be put in moulds of three different shapes, because the conjurer merely has to feel in the water for the particular blocks of sand that he requires at each dip. The white sand can be put into little round, flat moulds, about as large as four halfpennies stuck together. When these little round blocks of prepared sand are cool they will be perfectly hard and waterproof.

The red sand can be placed in small square moulds and the blue sand in oval or round moulds; the shapes are immaterial so long as the conjurer remembers them.

The bags can be of paper. To prepare for the trick, turn one of the bags upside down and push the bottom of it inwards. Then place two or three of the blocks of sand of the right colour in the cavity at the bottom of the bag. Then turn the bag over and fill it with ordinary sand of the same colour.

Prepare the other two bags in the same way. In picking up each bag from the table, when you are going to do the trick, begin by lifting it about an inch from the table with the left hand; then grasp it round the

middle with the right hand and hold the little finger under the bottom of the bag to prevent the blocks of sand from falling away. The paper of which the bags are made should be fairly stiff.

When all the sand from one of the bags has been poured out on to the hand--naturally a good deal of it will fall into the bowl--the conjurer turns his hand over and lets the sand drop into the bowl; at the same time he merely has to take his right little finger away from the bottom of the bag and the blocks fall into the water. They drop behind the falling sand, and being of the same colour they are not noticed by the audience.

If the conjurer does not care for this method of getting the prepared blocks into the water he can have larger bags and have the prepared blocks in them with the sand. In that case he dips his hand into a bag, takes out a handful of sand, and lets it trickle back into the bag. He does this once or twice; then he takes out a handful of sand and lets it fall into the water, taking care to let the audience see that he puts in nothing but sand. He repeats the action. Then, in taking another handful of sand, he gets two or three of the blocks with it, lets some of the sand fall into the water, brings his hand down close to the water, releases the "blocks," brings his hand up again and releases the rest of the sand from it. He can continue in this way until the bag is empty.

If the performer is on a stage there is very little likelihood of the audience seeing the blocks even if they are dropped from a height with the sand, but in a room, with the audience close to the table, it is as well to take every precaution against the discovery of the secret.

As for the rest of the trick, the effect is produced entirely by showmanship. In the hands of a capable performer the trick will cause a sensation, but if it is presented in a slipshod careless way, so that the audience are not thoroughly convinced at each stage of the trick that there has been "no deception," then the trick will go for nothing. For example, if the conjurer neglects to take out a handful of the wet sand and show it to the audience, he misses a point. Of course, all that the conjurer really has to do is to feel in the bowl for the particular blocks of sand he requires. It is as well to have one or two more blocks than are actually necessary. When the conjurer has taken out a handful of the blocks he requires he merely has to crush them in his hand and they fall in a shower of dry sand.

A hint to the drawing-room performer. After the performance see that the water is poured away at once; otherwise, if some of the younger and more inquisitive members of your audience come round behind your screen at the close of the performance they will be sure to want to know how this trick was done, and if they get a glimpse of the water they may possibly notice grease floating on the surface!

Various other methods have been invented for keeping certain portions of

sand dry when other sand of similar colour is placed in water. Some conjurers have done the sand up in little packets of grease-proof paper. I have also heard of tiny air balloons being filled with sand. The great drawback of any of these other methods is that when the conjurer is letting the dry sand trickle away from his hand into the goblet he cannot immediately let the audience see that he has nothing concealed in his hand. He has to go at once to the bowl for the next handful and leave the "fake," whatever it may be, in the bottom of the bowl. By using the method I have described the conjurer gets the most convincing effect, and if he prepares a large quantity of the different blocks of sand at the same time the trick is really not troublesome. The exact quantity of tallow required must be determined by experiment; it will depend, of course, on the amount of sand which is being prepared.

The object of using goblets for the display of the dry sands is to enable the members of the audience in the front rows of seats to see the sands. When one is performing to an audience composed chiefly of children the first two or three rows of seats are usually occupied by very small children, and from their positions they cannot see the top of the table. Raise the object which you are going to place on the table and you bring it within the view of everyone.

A LOG OF INCIDENTS

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Samurai Trails*, by Lucian Swift Kirtland

It was dark and threatening the next morning but we decided to be on our way. We bought a couple of paper umbrellas. We soon found that when we needed them at all that day we needed a roof much more. Hori was off on his bicycle and we arranged to overtake him at the village of Fujimi. We were hardly out of Kama-Suwa before we had to make our first dash for shelter to escape drowning in the open road. The thatched house which we besieged for shelter would probably have been most picturesque on a sunny day but it was exceedingly primitive for a storm. Our hostess was a very old woman, diminutive and smiling. The rain pounded against her hut and discovered every possible chance to force its way in. She tried to start a fire from damp sticks and charcoal and succeeded after a long effort. The fire was to heat the water for our tea. It was useless to protest. No guests might leave her house unhonoured by a cup of tea.

[Illustration: WE BOUGHT PAPER UMBRELLAS]

Japan never seems so remote from the West as when seen through the rain. Fishermen, in straw raincoats, were wading in the creeks with hand nets. The children in the villages were wading in the gutters.

The towns seemed self-sufficient and prosperous. They had captured the mountain streams and had led them away from their channels to run in deep, wide canals through the streets. Innumerable waterwheels drew upon this energy for the miniature factories. We were walking through one of these towns--the sun was shining brightly at the moment--when there was a sprinkling of giant drops. We knew that that meant another cloudburst and we turned in at the first door. It was a barber's shop. We asked permission for standing room, but the men who had been sitting around a large brazier lifted it away and insisted upon giving us their places on the matting.

The chairs, the mirrors, the shampoo bowls, the razors, and all the rest of the elaborate paraphernalia looked so immaculate and usable that I expected O-Ovre-san to decide that it would be discourteous for him to waste such an opportunity of having his beard trimmed. He surprised me by suggesting that we toss up to see which one should make the experiment of the complete surrender to all the inventions. Perhaps he was tactfully suggesting that my unkemptness showed the greater necessity, but the turn of the coin made him the adventurer.

The rain was now falling so that it swept the streets in a flood. The thunder was shaking the hills. A thunderstorm, for me, is the most soporific inducer in the world and my eyes began to waver and soon I was many times asleep. When I awoke, under O-Ovre-san's urge, the sun was out again. My joints were stiff, I was sleepy, and I was old, but the world seemed very new after its scrubbing, and nothing less than jauntiness could express the state of transformation, brought about by clippers, shears, hot towels, and everything that went with the treatment, in the appearance of my companion. The barber and his two assistants, with their huge palm fans, were bowing and smiling with an air of complete satisfaction. I was out of sympathy both with refurnished nature and the revamped man. I remarked irritably that his pursuit of beauty would be the ruination of our joint purse.

Yes, he said, and the fees equalled the bill. I had to pay some rent for your taking up the entire floor for your siesta.

The bill had been five sen and the fees had been five sen, so that altogether we had squandered five cents of our money.

Fujimi is little more than a hamlet. It is tucked away in a fold of the hills off the main paths of the trail. Its days are probably as ancient as the worship of Fuji. The view of the sacred mountain from Fujimi is a paradox of the beautiful. The sudden sight of the blue outline of the mountain against the sky comes crushingly into one's consciousness as an extraordinary awakening and quickening, and yet the emotion is deep, reverent, and silent. Maybe it was our undue imagination but the peasants of the valley seemed marked by quietude. While Fuji-yama was cloud hidden that first day, on the long walk of the next we found the

lonely labourers of the isolated farm terraces often staying their work for a moment, their consciousness lost in passionate gaze toward the sacred slope.

It was only by much questioning of the peasants whom we met on the road that we were able to find the hamlet. Once when we were unable to understand the answer, with a quick smile to disarm our protests, the questioned one turned back his steps until he could point out the path. We had been swinging along at our best pace in the hours between torrents and it was not long after mid-day when we found Hori's bicycle outside an inn. O-Owre-san declared that our sixteen or so miles had not aroused him from the sluggishness brought on by a full day's rest at Kama-Suwa and he was for going on, but as the rain was now falling again, this time in a settled drizzle, he had to be a martyr to enduring a roof over his head or else to seek his own drenching.

The inn was the most meagre in ordinary equipment of any that we had found. It was not much more than a rest-house, although it had evidently at one time been of more pretence. The fear expressed by our host that his house was unworthy had the ardour of conviction. In order to know better what to borrow from his neighbours for the entertainment of the *seijo-jins* he suggested a scale of three prices. We chose the middle quotation of one *yen*, twenty *sen* (sixty cents). The fire was then started in the kitchen.

Japanese architecture is said to be in direct line of descent from the nomadic tent of Central Asia. Just as the roof and the four corner posts are the essentials of the tent, in the building of a Japanese house, the corner posts are first set up and the roof is built next. Our inn might have served this theory of descent as an admirable example. The roof was the chief reason for its existence. There were no wings. The stairway was on the outside, coming up through the balconies which ran completely around the two upper floors. In winter days when wooden shutters enclose and darken the rooms the bare simplicity may grow dreary. The wind is then the father of shivering draughts which creep over the floor, but for the days of summer, when the green valley of Fujimi lies in the shelter of the great granite ranges, the memory of the stifling cave-like rooms of our Western architecture seemed barbarous and of dull imagination in comparison. The philosophy of Japan's housebuilding appears to be that it is better fully to live with nature in nature's season of wakefulness than to invent a compromise shelter equally reserved against nature through the revolution of the year.

O-Owre-san had gone exploring to find the bath. A few minutes later our host excitedly came up the stairs to warn us that the bearded foreigner was tempting destruction. Rumour that foreigners have experimented with cold baths and have discovered reactions within themselves to endure such rigour had not reached Fujimi. When the impatient foreigner had learned that the hot bath was not ready, he filled the tub with

the icy water that came spouting through a bamboo pipe. In the midst of our efforts to calm our host, O-Owre-san, himself, appeared, red and beaming. Nevertheless, neither his rossness nor his exhilaration could allure Hori and me into following his recommendation to go and do likewise. We decided, instead, to take the host's advice. He sent us to the public baths. Armed with towels, and in borrowed kimonos and borrowed wooden geta, we set forth. My kimono came to my knees, no lower, and it was restricted in other dimensions. For the women and children sitting in the doorways our progress through the street may have brought some interest into a rainy and perhaps otherwise dull afternoon.

The baths, housed in a low, small, ramshackle building, were famous for leagues about. The keeper of the baths was a herbist. He went out into the mountains--on stealthy and secret excursions which the cleverest tracker had never followed--and brought back sweet-scented hay which his wife sewed into bags and threw into the hot water.

Everything about the discovery, she said, was their own secret.

Whatever was the secret of the herbs, the natural, delicate perfume was pleasing. The two tubs for the men were fairly large tanks. They had been freshly filled with heated spring water just before we entered.

It was not yet the men's hour, but a half-dozen women were in their half of the building, either busily pouring water over themselves on the scrubbing platform or sitting placidly up to their chins in the hot water. The mistress was most energetic. She had a pair of large scrubbing brushes which she was applying to their backs. Back scrubbing in Japan is an ancient institution and the practice may have some real physiological merit. At least the vigorous scrubbing up and down the vertebrae produces a soothing and restful reaction.

A phrase that I had come across in my dictionary had stuck in my memory. Translated, it was: Will you kindly honour me by scrubbing my back? I asked Hori whether my remembrance and pronunciation of the Japanese words were correct.

Pretty good, said he, and then I saw a slumbering twinkle in his black eyes. But why do you practise on me? Why don't you say it to the mistress to see whether she will understand?

Stop! I spluttered. But it was too late. He had called out to the busy mistress to ask the foreigner to ask to have his back scrubbed. Until that moment we had been inconspicuous in our dark end of the room, but now everybody looked up and edged along for the entertainment of hearing a foreigner speak Japanese. I was responding, but my phrases were directed at Hori and had nothing to do with back scrubbing.

There are exigencies of fate which come down upon one like an avalanche. The revenue to the busy mistress from the use of her scrubbing brush was three sen from each person, which was a full sen more than for the bath itself, and thus business was business and

a serious matter with her. She descended upon me with her three-legged stool and scrubbing brushes and proceeded to earn the extra *sen*. I was completely cowed by her determination.

We sat parboiling ourselves in the tub for some time. All the customers had now either been scrubbed or had not asked to be scrubbed, and the mistress could sit down for a moment to rest and to talk. Particularly did she talk. She talked on and on, exploiting the merits of the local advantages of Fujimi. Ah, where could one go to find Fujimi's equal? Such views! And we must promise to visit the tea-house. It was unfair to refuse that to Fujimi. The maids, it was true, were not *geishas*, but they were every whit as talented as any *geisha* of Tokyo, and sang and played and danced far better than provincial *geishas*.

Back in our inn the extra twenty *sen* apiece above the minimum rate had wrought marvels in the kitchen. We were hungry. We were always hungry. And we had learned always to expect the inn dinners to satisfy our demands. That night we truly had marvellous dishes. The bamboo shoots were as tender as bamboo shoots can be. Whether supreme genius or chance was responsible for the sauce for the chicken, the result was perfection. Dinner was very early. After the meal I found a longer *kimono* and, as the rain had stopped for an interval, Hori and I walked to a hill to see the sunset. On our way back we passed the tea-house which had been so enthusiastically recommended by the mistress of the baths. We went in. Green peaches were brought to us to nibble at, and tea and warm beer to sip.

The house was indeed gorgeous with its gold screens and polished wood. The decorations almost kept within traditional taste, and simplicity had not been too grievously erred against; but the atmosphere of proportion and rhythm had been missed by that narrow margin which perversely is more irritating inversely to the width of the escape. We may possibly have had the added impulse to this critical judgment by the insidious predilection of the mosquitoes for us rather than for the two maids who were paring the peaches. One of them explained that the mosquitoes of Fujimi are famous for preferring outsiders.

Two of the rooms were crowded with supper parties, of wine, women, and song, but compared to the revelries of bucolic bloods in other lands, something might be said in praise of such restraint as prevailed in the Fujimi tea-house. It may be no honour nor compliment to the spirit of refinement to wish vice as well as virtue clothed in some modicum of grace and retirement, but it does make the world easier to live in.

The soft rain stopped dripping from the eaves some time in the night and the sky was clear when the sun leaped above the mountain ridge, as if impatient to find the radiance of the glorious, virginal day. The green of the valley was a glowing emerald and the mountains were sharp and grey with no shielding haze.

Our host sent his daughter to lead us through a short cut in the hills to the main road. Hori, with his bicycle, had to take the conventional path. The little *_musume_* trotted along at our side with a full sense of responsibility, her feet twinkling down the rocky pitches, her *_kimono_* sleeves fluttering out like wings. Suddenly she pointed the way and then, before we could thank her, ran back. Skipping and dancing she ran, reaching out her hands to the leaves on the bushes or waving them to the flying insects.

The rain clouds had hidden Fuji-san the day before. On this morning as we came through the sharp cut in the rocks which led to the main road, outlined against the sky we saw the long purple slope. We climbed to a terrace on the side of a granite block and sat with our feet dangling and our chins in our hands. There was one white cloud, no bigger than a man's hand. It floated slowly toward the crater and then hesitated above the snow ribs on the sides. Then came another cloud across the sky, then another and another, until the summit was hidden by the glowing veils. We slid down from our rock and walked on toward the mountain.

From the day that we left the plains and turned into the hills our tramping had been long climbs but now the road again dropped away toward the lowlands. We had easily forgotten the hours of dancing heat waves, but, with a start, I began to remember Nagoya, of the rice plains, of those stifling nights and brazen days. The memory had also grown dim of my once rhapsodical joy in finding shaved ice to slake my dusty thirst. If I had never known anything but the quiet, velvet smoothness of water from wells and springs and the knowledge of the grind of ice particles against my tongue had been denied me, then I might well have mistaken affection for passion. There was no spring nor stream to be found. The lower path of the widening valley was growing into a road but we were following a trail higher up on the ridge. Down under the leaves of the trees we thought we saw a thatched roof. If there was a house there, there would be water. We found a path downward by making it, and we were rewarded by seeing a house under the trees.

An old woman was reeling silk from the cocoons which she had floating in a bowl of hot water. She glanced up casually when she heard our step, but when she saw what she saw her mouth and eyes opened and the cocoons dropped from her fingers. It was the purity of absolute surprise without admixed fear or any other diluting emotion. I began to doubt that she would ever have another emotion but at last the need for breath racked her, and the resulting gasp freed her from the spell of silence which, indeed, was a most unusual state. She assailed us with a deluge of questions. With every possible variation of the query she demanded to know if we were really foreigners. I was repeating, *_Hei, hei, seiyo-jin_* as best I could when I heard coming through the valley the welcome rattle of the demon bicycle.

I turned over my task to Hori and he took up the assurance to the

old woman that she was actually in the presence of flesh and blood foreigners. With his every reiteration the wider became the smile of her satisfaction. She stood on one foot and then the other and clapped her hands and finally ran across the road to another house. She called into the door and a young woman came out. The girl was the wife of her grandson and the explanations had to be made over again for her. Then we sat down on the floor and she brought tea and cold water and red peaches. The questions still came. Our wrinkled hostess was a delighted child. She stared at one of us and then turned to stare at the other. At last she settled a continuing gaze upon me. She was enduring some restraint but it could be humanly endured no longer. She walked over to me and na vely unbuttoned the top buttons of my flannel shirt.

It is so, she said to her granddaughter-in-law, they are white all over.

When we got up to go I asked permission to take her picture. We all stepped into the road together. When the camera clicked and was again in my rucksack, she dramatically raised her eyes to the mountain tops and gave us her vale.

I am eighty years old. I have never seen a foreigner. I have wanted all my life to see a foreigner. Now that I have seen foreigners I can die happy.

We gave her one of our paper umbrellas as a remembrance so that if she should wake up the next morning with a doubt that it had all really happened there would be that visible evidence standing in the corner. The testimony of our visitation in the shape of a fifteen-cent umbrella was evidently appreciated. She took it cherishingly in her arms as if it were newborn and of flickering life.

It is fourteen miles by railroad from Fujimi to Hinoharu. The railroad would be the shortest distance for a crow, but even that bird might find himself the blacker if he should essay the long, sooted tunnels. We found many extra miles by exploring the up-and-down paths for the changing views of Fuji, but nevertheless it was early in the afternoon when we reached Hinoharu. I then discovered two shaved ice shops, one after the other, and the intoxication pitched my mood to full ebulliency. For one day O-Owre-san could have as much walking as he could digest as far as I was concerned. We shouldered our rucksacks and Hori coasted off down the hill with the promise of a welcome of shaved ice and a hot bath at the best inn in Nirasaki.

Some distance out of Hinoharu and well into the country we discovered two brothers of the road. They were trying to manufacture a cup out of a piece of bamboo to reach into the recesses of the rocks to get at the water of a trickling spring. We offered them the aid of our aluminum cup. Japan may affirm, as she does, the non-existence of any variety of native hobo, but I am sure that either of our new friends would have

answered to the call of Hello, Jack! After salutations and thanks were passed, O-Owre-san and I climbed up the bank to the plot of grass in front of a wayside temple and sat down for a contemplative rest in the shade. We always tempted calamity, it seemed, when we tried to rest under the shadow of a temple. The two Jacks came tumbling after and shared our cigarettes with Oriental appreciation. They were rather picturesque individuals. Their cotton clothes were not only in tatters but were imaginatively patched. In a land where there is nudity and not nakedness patches do seem an affectation of the imagination.

I was sleepy from the sun and I dropped back in a natural couch between the roots of a tree and pulled my cork helmet down over my face to keep off the flies, leaving to O-Owre-san the study of the habits and customs of the Nipponese tramp. As I lay there in drowsy half-sleep one of those companions, so I judged from the sounds which crept under my hat into my ears, was suffering from a mood of restlessness. Also he was afflicted with a strange, gasping wheeze. I had just reached the point of being interested enough to look out from under my hat when a panting breath was expulsed over my neck, and my hat arose from no effort of mine. I was left lying between the roots to look into a pair of pitiless, yellow eyes.

It took me a frigid moment to discover that my vis- -vis was a horse. The animal stood over me, holding my hat in his teeth just beyond any sudden swing of my hand. After he had had sufficiency of staring he tossed his head, still holding fast to the hat, and ambled off towards the road. I jumped to my feet and followed. As soon as the bony, ill-kempt creature stepped out of the temple grounds his malevolence vanished. He dropped the hat into the gutter and jogged away to find a more conventional pasture. We could now add animals to the list of uncanny powers that from time to time had driven us from resting in temple grounds. I had no temper left for facing the laughter of the two Japanese tramps. I called back to O-Owre-san that I was on my way and he kindly brought my rucksack.

Instead of the usual sharp differentiation between city and country, Nirasaki has an indefinite beginning of straggling houses. The town lies along the shore of the Kamanashigawa river, which has cut its way through the granite rocks of the valley, a strong current flowing a thick, whitish grey colour. As we were entering the outskirts we heard the shrill whistle of the reed pipe of a pedlar and a moment later we saw him coming out of a gate carrying his swinging boxes of trays hung from a yoke across his shoulders. He was so abnormally tall for a Japanese that we quickened our step to have a look at him. He dropped the reed from his lips to sing-song his wares--odds and ends of shining trumpery. The words were Japanese but the intoning called us back to China, and when we saw his face we were sure that he was a Manchu. He knew the last ingratiating artifice that has ever been accredited either to pedlar or Celestial. We delayed to appreciate his technic, to see him approach the women of the open-sided houses, and to

fascinate them by the intensity of his will to please, and also by his ingratiating gallantry.

Take care! we felt like saying oracularly to all Japan. Take care that you never attempt the conquest of China. China may be conquered but never the Chinese. They will rise up and slay you not by arms but by serving you better than you can serve yourselves.

We found Hori resting in an ice shop. He had judged truly that the easiest way to find us was to let us find him, trusting that as long as I had a _sen_ I would never pass a _kori_ flag. The very pretty maid had her _kimono_ sleeves tied back from her graceful arms. I do not know what story Kenjiro Hori had concocted to tell her but after she had handed me my cupful of snow she watched me steadily with the air that she expected black magic at any moment. I caught a glimpse of Hori's twinkle. I was filled with suspicion. Finally the maid turned upon Hori in exasperation and said many things. Some strange tale told about foreigners must have been one of Hori's best creations, but in some way we had failed to live up to our heralding. She was exceedingly pretty and a pretty girl in a pretty tempest is just as interesting and bewitching in Nirasaki as in any other spot in the world. However, any translation of his tale to her Hori refused absolutely.

IF THE PHILARMONIA HAD NOT GIVEN CONCERTS AT VICENZA

The Project Gutenberg eBook, The Ifs of History, by Joseph Edgar Chamberlin

For the sake of variety, perhaps of diversion, in the midst of more serious speculations, let us have an "if" of musical history--and one which, no doubt, musicians may regard as purely fanciful, totally absurd. It should be stated at the start that this chapter is written by one who has no knowledge of music, but is capable of a very keen enjoyment of it, and has in his time heard much professional music--many concerts, operas and oratorios--and also much of the spontaneous untrained music of the people, including old New England ballads now forgotten; the songs of German peasants at the fireside and spinning wheel; the native corn songs, "wails" and "shouts" of Southern negroes on the plantations; and the medicine songs, scalp songs, ceremonial chants and love ditties of the American Indians.

The contingency which will be presented here is this: If a certain group of unprofessional singers and musicians in the highly cultivated Italian town of Vicenza, about midway of the sixteenth century, had not banded themselves together in a society called the Philharmonia, and for the first time in Europe given musical entertainments to which the public were admitted, the musical institution called the concert might never

have existed, and music in that case would have remained a spontaneous expression of human emotion, untainted with what is now called virtuosity--that is, the strife and strain after technical mastery, which affects the whole character of music, and diverts it from its original purpose of pleasing the sense and comforting the heart.

Expert professional music was a thing of very slow growth. The old chapelmasters or choirmasters were, of course, in a sense professional, since they lived upon the church. But they had also a sacerdotal character. At the beginning they were always priests. To make a class of professional musicians, vying with one another for mere mastery, the public concert, with paid musicians, had to be developed.

Though the Philharmonia gave public concerts at Vicenza, as we have said, in the middle of the sixteenth century, concert music and opera music had no general existence for as much as a century afterward. The first opera ever represented was Peri's "Eurydice," written about 1600. Even that was merely the expression of a group of enthusiasts, a sort of private attempt to embody a theory of their own about what music should be. It was not until the year 1672 that the first concert, with a price for admission, was given in London. The price then charged was a shilling, and the concert was in a private house.

By that time the start had been made. Other concerts were given soon afterward. They became popular. There was a demand for skilled musicians and soloists. Performers began practicing for the sake of excelling in technical achievement. By swift and sudden steps a premium was put upon mechanical perfection in the handling of instruments. The old spontaneous methods of expression gradually became discredited.

As a consequence of the new development, two sorts of music grew up in the world. On the one side stood concert music, professional music, virtuoso music. This was difficult and complicated, and it was impossible for ordinary people to sing it or play it. On the other side was the popular music--folk music, the music of the street, the nursery, the stable-shed and the taproom. As popular music was regularly deserted now for the concert school by those who possessed the greatest musical talent, it began to degenerate until it reached at last the degradation of "Grandfather's Clock," "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," "Waiting at the Church" and the graphophone.

On the other hand, concert music moved farther and farther away from the hearts and the comprehension of the people, until it has become a thing apart from their lives, to be enjoyed almost as much with the eye as with the ear, the interest lying chiefly in the production, in succession, of individual masters, each of whom visibly surpasses the mechanical achievements of his immediate predecessor.

If those first concerts had not been given by the Philharmonia at Vicenza, and the idea had not slowly rippled outward thence, like

spreading circles from a stone thrown into the water, until it reached Vienna, Paris and London, what would have been the state of music to-day?

Manifestly the development of church music would have gone on. The people, no doubt, would have been taking part in magnificent chorals. The masses of the Catholic Church would have their correspondent feature in the anthems and hymns sung in the Protestant churches by the congregations. Every instrument that existed in the sixteenth century would have been perfected, but not one would have taken on the intricate development which musical mechanism exacts.

In other words, the harpsichord would never have become a piano, and the electrical church organ would not have been heard of. We should all play some such instrument as the harp, the violin, the viol, the flute, the pipe or the dulcimer. All might have been composers, as the negroes and Indians are to-day, but on a higher plane.

What popular music might be now but for that unlucky Philharmonia discovery is suggested by an extract from the writings of Thomas Morley, an Englishman who became a great amateur and introducer of Italian madrigals in his own country. In the year 1597 he wrote that, on a certain evening, in England,--

supper being ended, and musicke-booke, according to the
custome, being brought to the table, the mistresse of the house
presented mee with a part, earnestly requesting mee to sing.
But when, after manie excuses, I protested unfainedly that I
could not, euerie one began to wonder. Yea, some whispered unto
others, demanding how I was brought up. So that, upon shame of
mine ignorance, I go now to seek out mine old friende master
Gnorimus, to make myselfe his schollar.

In those days a person who could not sing, and sing well, was regarded as a freak, and was required to fit himself to join in the universal diversion. If we had not turned over our music making to professionals it would be so now. Instead of going to the concert or the opera after the evening meal, or playing bridge or talking scandal, people would have participated in the singing of madrigals, glees or whatever other sort of popular spontaneous music had been developed, and all would have been sustained and uplifted by the exalted joy that comes from joining with others in the production of good music.

The people would have been joyously and heartily musical. Their taste would not have been degraded to the point where it is gratified, as in the graphophone, with a complicated succession of flat and strident sounds unmusical in themselves.

THE LAKE REGION OF ITALY.

By Robert A McLeod.

Project Gutenberg's *With the World's Great Travellers, Volume IV*, by Various

[The lakes of northern Italy have a world-wide fame, alike for their natural beauty and for the charms of architecture and scenic art which surround them. We give here a brief description of these renowned places of pilgrimage for lovers of the beautiful.]

It was towards the end of last October that I strolled away from my occupations in the French capital to spend a fortnight on the Italian lakes. Of the many routes which from time immemorial have served for the invasion of Italy by the barbarian and the tourist, I chose on this occasion the Brenner. Apart from the pleasing views it offers, this Alpine pass is interesting as being the first over which the Romans ventured to lead their legions, and the first upon which a railway was constructed. I halted at Trent, and it was several days before I could free myself from the charm of the Etruscan city and plan my departure.

One afternoon I was making inquiries at the office of the diligence which runs to Riva on the Lake of Garda, when a newly-married German couple offered to share with me a private carriage which they had just hired for the same journey. I accepted at once, and in an hour we were off. The sober gray suit trimmed with green in which Hans was attired contrasted oddly with the brilliant purple travelling-dress of his fair-haired Gretchen. I wondered at first that they should have been willing to embarrass themselves with a stranger, until I perceived that my presence was no hinderance at all to their demonstrations of affection. We climbed up by a steep and winding road to a narrow defile which the impetuous Vella almost fills. One day, when St. Vigilius was too much pressed for time to walk over the mountain, he wrenched it apart and made this passage. The imprint of his holy hand is still to be seen on the rock. Passing under the cyclopean eyes of scores of Austrian cannon which now defend this important military position, we began to descend the valley of the Sarca. It is a wild region, where every hamlet has a ruined castle and a legend of knight or robber, saint or fairy. The picturesque remains of the Madruzzo Castle bring to mind the celebrated portraits which Titian painted of members of this noble family. The artist's colors have survived the last of a long line, and will doubtless outlive as well the crumbling stones of their stronghold. As we skirted the little Lake of Dobling its still waters reflected rocks and trees, sky and mountain, in an enchanting manner.

"Lovely!" I exclaimed.

"Lovely!" echoed Gretchen, without taking her eyes off Hans.

"Lovely!" answered Hans, still watching the beautiful things reflected in her eyes.

After crossing the rapid Sarca and traversing a desolate tract where rocks of every size, fallen from the overhanging mountain, lie strewn about in chaotic confusion, we reached Arco. This sunny village nestles at the foot of an immense detached boulder whose dizzy summit is crowned by medi val battlements and towers. Home fit only for birds of prey, this castle was long the nest of a family of robbers. Scarcely had we lost in the distance this greatest wonder of the valley when a sharp turn of the road brought Riva and the Lake of Garda full in view. It was a prospect of singular beauty. The sun had already set except on the highest peaks, and a part of the lake was wrapped in purple shadows. Another part, however, was as clear and light as the sky above it, and all aglow with the images of crimson and orange-tinted clouds. A shrill cry--of delight, I thought--burst from Gretchen's lips. I was mistaken. Hans had pulled off too rudely a ring from her finger, and the fair one was in tears....

[Illustration: ST. GOTTHARD RAILWAY (VIADUCT AND TUNNEL)]

In the afternoon I take the famous walk to the Ponale waterfall. The road thither ascends continually. It has been skilfully led along the ledges of a precipitous cliff which borders the lake to the west of Riva, and occasionally pierces the mountain by short tunnels. After passing through the third tunnel I come to a wooden bridge, under which the Ponale dashes just before taking its final leap into the lake. The frail structure on which I stand trembles and is wet with spray, and the air is full of the roar and gurgle of the waters. But for me the main charm of the walk is not the sight of this noisy torrent, but the superb view of Riva that I get on my way back upon issuing from one of the tunnels. The eye, accustomed for a moment to the darkness, is all the more sensitive to the rich soft light which bathes the mountains and the town. A gentle breeze ripples the lake, and the brightly-painted houses that fringe the beach are seen indistinctly in the water, where they look like a line of waving banners. Half a dozen steeples and bell-towers rise gracefully from among the roofs, and their presence explains the surprising frequency with which the hours of the night are struck. From this height I can distinguish the low walls which surround the town and compress its four thousand inhabitants into the area of a small quadrilateral. But Riva, though still fortified, has a thorough look of peaceful commercial prosperity, and has quite laid aside the warlike air she wore in the Middle Ages. In those troubled times this town saw countless wars and sustained many sieges; belonged now to Venice, now to Milan, now to Austria; and at times was independent and able to defy even a bull of the pope or a rescript of the emperor....

Long before daybreak the next morning the great red and green eyes of two small steamers are looking around for passengers, and their whistles screeching that it is time to get up. I have chosen the boat which skirts the western bank. It starts an hour later than the other,

but it is not yet sunrise when we push off. The after-deck is thinly peopled, chiefly by tourists, but the fore-deck, where the seats are cheaper, is crowded. We pass by the tumbling and roaring Ponale, and before many minutes we cross the invisible boundary-line between Austria and Italy. The motion of the boat is hardly felt, for we are sailing with a strong current. The high peaks to the north have already caught the first rays of the sun: masses of white vapor which have been sleeping in the mountain-hollows are roused up and put on a rosy tint. The sky is without a cloud, the lake without a ripple: we seem to be floating in mid-air.

Limone, the first stopping-place, is quite given up to the culture of the fruit from which it takes its name. A row of cypresses gives a gloomy air to the village and awakens a melancholy recollection. It was here that, in 1810, Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolese patriot, was arrested by order of Napoleon. A boat conveyed him to the prison of Peschiera, and he was soon afterwards shot in the citadel of Mantua.

We next stop before Tremosine, a village perched high up on a rock, and to which no visible road leads. On the other side of the lake, which is here narrow, the white houses of Malcesine cluster around the base of an imposing castle. This stronghold of the Middle Ages, one of the few in this neighborhood which Time has not been suffered to destroy, was built by Charlemagne, and was formerly the boundary between Austria and the Venetian territory; but it is chiefly interesting from an adventure which here befell Goethe. He had sat down in the court-yard, and was sketching one of the quaint old towers, when the crowd that had gathered around him, taking him for a spy, fell on him, tore his drawings to pieces and sent for the authorities to arrest him. Fortunately, there was in the village a man who had worked in Frankfort and knew the poet by sight, and through his influence Goethe was set free.

[From Lake Garda the traveller proceeded to the more famous Lake Como, passing localities where songful Catullus dwelt, and Virgil and Dante loved to visit.]

On the map the Lake of Como looks like an inverted and somewhat irregular =Y=, or, still more, like a child's first attempt to draw a man, who without arms and with unequal legs is running off to the left. Just at the moment his picture is taken he has one foot on Lecco and the other on the town of Como. The hilly district between the two southern branches of the lake is known as the Brianza, and is noted for its bracing air, its fertile soil, and the coolness of its springs.

The Brianza ends at the middle of the lake in a dolomite promontory several hundred feet high, on whose western slope lies the village of Bellaggio. This point commands the finest views in every direction: it is near the most interesting of those villas which are open to the public, and it abounds in good hotels. To visit Bellaggio is therefore the aim of every tourist who passes this way. My journey thither it is

best to pass over in silence, for I see nothing, and what I feel is indescribable. I am shut up during a furious storm of wind and rain in the cabin of a little steamer which is as nervous and uneasy as if on the Atlantic. I am told, however, that in this part of the lake the banks are lofty and steep, and frequently barren, and that there are marble-quarries to be seen, and cascades and houses and villages crowning the cliffs.

On arriving at Bellaggio, I take lodging in the Villa Serbelloni, one of the many magnificent residences which poverty has induced the Italian nobles to put into the hands of hotel-keepers. The house stands high up on the very end of the promontory, and adjoining it is an extensive park, on which the ruins of a robber's castle look down. The panorama which on a fine day spreads itself out before one who walks in these grounds is of singular beauty. The northern arm of the lake, wider and more regular than the others, opens up a long vista of headlands and bays and red-roofed villages as far as where Domaso peeps out from a grove of giant elms. Beyond, the view is bounded by the snow-covered Alps. Close at hand, near Varenna, the Fiume di Latte, a milk-white waterfall, leaps down from a height of a thousand feet. Towards Lecco huge walls of barren rock arise and wrap everything near them in sombre shadows. Towards Como the tranquil water is shut in by hills and low mountains, whose flowing lines blend gracefully together. Some of these slopes are dark with pines, some are gray with the olive, some are garlanded with vines which hang from tree to tree, while others are clothed in a rich green foliage, amid which glistens the golden fruit of the orange and the lemon. The banks are lined with bright gardens and noble parks and villas, whose lawns run down to the water's edge and are adorned with fountains, statues, masses of brilliant flowers and clumps of tall trees. Above is a sky of Italian blue, and below is a crystal mirror in which every charm of the landscape is repeated. The impression made by all this loveliness is increased by the air of happiness that pervades the spot. It is the haunt of the rich, the gay, the newly-married: music and song, laughter and mirthful talk, are the most familiar sounds. The smile of Nature seems here to warm men's hearts and drive away the cares they have brought with them.

It is on this site that Pliny the Younger is believed to have had the villa which he called Cothurnus or "Tragedy." The present building is several centuries old. Tradition relates that a certain countess, one of its first occupants, had a habit of throwing her lovers down the cliff when she was tired of them. Making this delightful abode my head-quarters, I spend a week, partly in agreeable sight-seeing and partly in still more agreeable idleness. I visit villas, towers, fossil-beds, and waterfalls,--in short, everything interesting and accessible,--now going on foot, now borne from point to point in one of the sharp-prowed row-boats which are in use here, and now taking the steamer up to Colico or down to Como and back....

Across the lake from here is the Villa Carlotta, called after its former owner, the princess Charlotte of Prussia. Stepping out of his boat, the visitor ascends the marble stairs which lead up from the shore. After a few steps across the garden he reaches the villa, passes through a porch fragrant with jasmine, and is at once ushered into a small room where are some of the finest works of modern sculpture. Canova's Mars and Venus and Palamedes are here, and they are most admirable, but they are surpassed in charm by the famous group in which Psyche is reclining and Cupid bending fondly over her. The best piece of the collection is the frieze that runs round the room. It is from the chisel of Thorwaldsen, and represents Alexander the Great's triumphal entry into Babylon. Full of the beauty of youth, the conqueror advances in his chariot; Victory comes to meet him; vanquished nations bring presents; while behind him follow his brave Greeks on horse and on foot, dragging along with them the prisoners and the booty. The subject was suggested by Napoleon, who intended the work for the Quirinal. It is in high relief, and in general effect resembles strongly the frieze with which Phidias encircled the Parthenon. It is a pity that these masterpieces are shown first, for after seeing them one does not fully enjoy the statues and paintings in the other rooms.

Two hours may be delightfully spent in making the journey by steamboat from Bellaggio to Como. Here the lake is so narrow and winding that it seems to be a river. At every moment bold mountain-spurs project into the water appearing to bar all passage, and one's curiosity is continually excited to find the outlet. The views shift and change with surprising quickness, for the boat stops at a dozen little towns on the way, and for this purpose keeps crossing and recrossing from shore to shore.

[Passing next to Lake Maggiore, the traveller takes a row-boat down the latter in preference to waiting for the steamer.]

The four islands that we have passed on the way are known as the Borromean Islands, because they belong for the most part to the rich and powerful Borromeo family. The rare beauty of one of them makes it the wonder of the lake. It was towards the middle of the seventeenth century that Count Vitaliano Borromeo, finding himself the possessor of almost the whole of this island, which was then a barren rock, resolved to make it his residence, and to surround himself with gardens that should rival those of Armida. For more than twenty years architects, gardeners, sculptors, and painters labored to give material form to the count's fancies. A spacious palace was erected on one end of the island; on the other ten lofty terraces rose one above the other, like the hanging-gardens of Babylon. The rock was covered with good soil, and the choicest trees and shrubs were brought from every land. Only evergreens, however, were admitted into this Eden, for the count would have about him no sign of winter or death. In 1671 the work was finished. The island was called Isabella, after the count's mother,--a name which has since, by a happy corruption, become changed to Isola

Bella.

It is on a sunny afternoon that I direct my bark towards the "Beautiful Island." I look on the landing-place with respect, for it is worn by the footsteps of six generations of travellers. The interior of the palace, which I visit first, is fitted up with princely magnificence and is rich in art-treasures. Mementos of kings and queens who accepted hospitality here are shown, and a bed in which Bonaparte once slept. There is a chapel where a priest daily says mass; a throne-room, as in the palaces of the Spanish grandes; and a gallery with numerous paintings. A whole suite of rooms is given up to the works of Peter Molyn, a Dutch artist, fitly nicknamed "Sir Tempest." This erratic man, having killed his wife to marry another woman, was condemned to death. He escaped from prison, however, found an asylum here, and in return for the protection of the Borromeo of that day he adorned his walls with more than fifty landscapes and pastoral scenes.

The garden betrays the epoch at which it was laid out. Prim parterres, where masses of brilliant flowers bloom all the year round, are enclosed by walks along which orange-trees and myrtles have been bent and trimmed into whimsical patterns. There are dark and winding alleys of cedars where at every turn some surprise is planned. Here is a grotto made of shells,--there an obelisk, or a mosaic column, or a horse of bronze, or a fountain of clear water in which the attendant tritons and nymphs would doubtless disport were they not petrified into marble. There is one lovely spot where, at the middle point of a rotunda, a large statue of Hercules stands finely out against a background of dark foliage. Other Olympians keep him company and calmly eye the visitor from their painted niches. Not far from there is a venerable laurel on which Bonaparte cut the word "Battaglia" a few days before the battle of Marengo. The B is still plainly visible.

Pines and firs planted thickly along the northern side of the island defend it from cold winds. In the sunny nooks of the terraces the delicate lemon-tree bears abundant fruit and the oleander grows to a size which it attains nowhere else in Europe. The tea-plant from China, the banana from Africa, and the sugar-cane from Mississippi flourish side by side; the camphor-tree distils its aromatic essence and the magnolia loads the air with perfume. The cactus and the aloe border walks over which the bamboo bends and throws its grateful shade. Turf and flowerbeds carpet each terrace, and a tapestry of ivy and flowering vines conceals the walls of the structure. From the summit a huge stone unicorn looks down upon his master's splendid domain. He overlooks also a corner of the island where his master's authority is not acknowledged. The small patch of land on which the Dolphin Hotel stands has for many centuries descended from father to son in a plebeian family, nor have the Borromeos ever been able to buy it. They have to endure the inn, therefore, as Frederick endured the mill at Sans-Souci and Napoleon the house he could not buy at Paris.

At last the moment comes when I must quit Stresa, not, however, before I have visited the remaining islands and other points of interest. The steamer puts off, and soon separates me from the landscape that has been my delight for three days,—the blue bay with its verdant banks, the softly-shaded hills which enclose it, the snow-covered chain of the Simplon in the background. As we approach the southern end of the lake a colossal bronze statue of San Carlo Borromeo on the summit of a hill near Arona comes into sight. From head to foot the saint measures little less than eighty feet, and the pedestal on which he stands adds to his height half as much more. His face is turned towards Arona, his native town, and one hand is extended to bless it. With my glass I descry a party of liliputian tourists engaged in examining this great Gulliver. Most of them are satisfied when they have reached the top of the pedestal and have ranged themselves in a row on one foot of the statue. Others, more daring, climb up by a ladder to the saint's knee, where they disappear through an aperture in the skirt of his robe. From this point the ascent continues inside of the statue, by means of iron bars, to the head, in which four persons can conveniently remain at once.

At Arona the railway-station and the wharf are near each other, and in a few minutes after I have landed an express-train starts and bears me away from the region of the Italian lakes. When we have passed the last houses of Arona and gained the open plain, the statue of the great Borromeo with his outstretched arm comes again for a few moments into view. Perhaps the uncertain light of evening and the jolting of the train deceive me, but I fancy that the good old saint is waving his hand in the familiar Italian way, as much as to say, "A rivederci!"

THE LEGEND OF THE WANDERINGS OF ISIS

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Literature of the Ancient Egyptians*
by E. A. Wallis Budge

The god Osiris, as we have seen in the chapter on the Egyptian Religion in the accompanying volume, lived and reigned at one time upon earth in the form of a man. His twin-brother Set was jealous of his popularity, and hated him to such a degree that he contrived a plan whereby he succeeded in putting Osiris to death. Set then tried to usurp his brother's kingdom and to make himself sole lord of Egypt, and, although no text states it distinctly, it is clear that he seized his brother's wife, Isis, and shut her up in his house. Isis was, however, under the protection of the god Thoth, and she escaped with her unborn child, and the following Legend describes the incidents that befell her, and the death and revivification of Horus. It is cut in hieroglyphs upon a large stone stele which was made for ?nkh-Psemthek, a prophet of Nebun in the

reign of Nectanebus I, who reigned from 373 B.C. to 360 B.C. The stele was dug up in 1828 at Alexandria, and was given to Prince Metternich by Muhammad Al? P?sha; it is now commonly known as the "Metternich Stele." The Legend is narrated by the goddess herself, who says:

I am Isis. I escaped from the dwelling wherein my brother Set placed me. Thoth, the great god, the Prince of Truth in heaven and on earth, said unto me: "Come, O goddess Isis [hearken thou], it is a good thing to hearken, for he who is guided by another liveth. Hide thyself with thy child, and these things shall happen unto him. His body shall grow and flourish, and strength of every kind shall be in him. He shall sit upon his father's throne, he shall avenge him, and he shall hold the exalted position of 'Governor of the Two Lands.'" I left the house of Set in the evening, and there accompanied me Seven Scorpions, that were to travel with me, and sting with their stings on my behalf. Two of them, Tefen and Befen, followed behind me, two of them, Mestet and Mestetef, went one on each side of me, and three, Petet, Thetet, and Maatet, prepared the way for me. I charged them very carefully and adjured them to make no acquaintance with any one, to speak to none of the Red Fiends, to pay no heed to a servant (?), and to keep their gaze towards the ground so that they might show me the way. And their leader brought me to Pa-Sui, the town of the Sacred Sandals,[1] at the head of the district of the Papyrus Swamps. When I arrived at Teb I came to a quarter of the town where women dwelt. And a certain woman of quality spied me as I was journeying along the road, and she shut her door in my face, for she was afraid because of the Seven Scorpions that were with me. Then they took counsel concerning her, and they shot out their poison on the tail of Tefen. As for me, a peasant woman called Taha opened her door, and I went into the house of this humble woman. Then the scorpion Tefen crawled in under the door of the woman Usert [who had shut it in my face], and stung her son, and a fire broke out in it; there was no water to put it out, but the sky sent down rain, though it was not the time of rain. And the heart of Usert was sore within her, and she was very sad, for she knew not whether her son would live or die; and she went through the town shrieking for help, but none came out at the sound of her voice. And I was sad for the child's sake, and I wished the innocent one to live again. So I cried out to her, saying, Come to me! Come to me! There is life in my mouth. I am a woman well known in her town. I can destroy the devil of death by a spell which my father taught me. I am his daughter, his beloved one.

[Footnote 1: These places were in the seventh nome of Lower Egypt (Metelites).]

Then Isis laid her hands on the child and recited this spell:

"O poison of Tefent, come forth, fall on the ground; go no further. O poison of Befent, come forth, fall on the ground. I am Isis, the goddess, the mistress of words of power. I am a weaver of spells, I know how to utter words so that they take effect. Hearken to me, O every

reptile that biteth (or stingeth), and fall on the ground. O poison of Mestet, go no further. O poison of Mestetef, rise not up in his body. O poison of Petet and Thetet, enter not his body. O poison of Maatet, fall on the ground. Ascend not into heaven, I command you by the beloved of R?, the egg of the goose which appeareth from the sycamore. My words indeed rule to the uttermost limit of the night. I speak to you, O scorpions. I am alone and in sorrow, and our names will stink throughout the nomes.... The child shall live! The poison shall die! For R? liveth and the poison dieth. Horus shall be saved through his mother Isis, and he who is stricken shall likewise be saved." Meanwhile the fire in the house of Usert was extinguished, and heaven was content with the utterance of Isis. Then the lady Usert was filled with sorrow because she had shut her door in the face of Isis, and she brought to the house of the peasant woman gifts for the goddess, whom she had apparently not recognised. The spells of the goddess produced, of course, the desired effect on the poison, and we may assume that the life of the child was restored to him. The second lot of gifts made to Isis represented his mother's gratitude.

Exactly when and how Isis made her way to a hiding place cannot be said, but she reached it in safety, and her son Horus was born there. The story of the death of Horus she tells in the following words: "I am Isis. I conceived a child, Horus, and I brought him forth in a cluster of papyrus plants (or, bulrushes). I rejoiced exceedingly, for in him I saw one who would make answer for his father. I hid him, and I covered him up carefully, being afraid of that foul one [Set], and then I went to the town of Am, where the people gave thanks for me because they knew I could cause them trouble. I passed the day in collecting food for the child, and when I returned and took Horus into my arms, I found him, Horus, the beautiful one of gold, the boy, the child, lifeless! He had bedewed the ground with the water of his eye and with the foam of his lips. His body was motionless, his heart did not beat, and his muscles were relaxed." Then Isis sent forth a bitter cry, and lamented loudly her misfortune, for now that Horus was dead she had none to protect her, or to take vengeance on Set. When the people heard her voice they went out to her, and they bewailed with her the greatness of her affliction. But though all lamented on her behalf there was none who could bring back Horus to life. Then a "woman who was well known in her town, a lady who was the mistress of property in her own right," went out to Isis, and consoled her, and assured her that the child should live through his mother. And she said, "A scorpion hath stung him, the reptile ?unab hath wounded him." Then Isis bent her face over the child to find out if he breathed, and she examined the wound, and found that there was poison in it, and then taking him in her arms, "she leaped about with him like a fish that is put upon hot coals," uttering loud cries of lamentation. During this outburst of grief the goddess Nephthys, her sister, arrived, and she too lamented and cried bitterly over her sister's loss; with her came the Scorpion-goddess Serqet. Nephthys at once advised Isis to cry out for help to R?, for, said she, it is wholly impossible for the Boat of R? to travel across the sky whilst Horus is lying dead. Then

Isis cried out, and made supplication to the Boat of Millions of Years, and the Sun-god stopped the Boat. Out of it came down Thoth, who was provided with powerful spells, and, going to Isis, he inquired concerning her trouble. "What is it, what is it, O Isis, thou goddess of spells, whose mouth hath skill to utter them with supreme effect? Surely no evil thing hath befallen Horus, for the Boat of R? hath him under its protection. I have come from the Boat of the Disk to heal Horus." Then Thoth told Isis not to fear, but to put away all anxiety from her heart, for he had come to heal her child, and he told her that Horus was fully protected because he was the Dweller in his disk, and the firstborn son of heaven, and the Great Dwarf, and the Mighty Ram, and the Great Hawk, and the Holy Beetle, and the Hidden Body, and the Governor of the Other World, and the Holy Benu Bird, and by the spells of Isis and the names of Osiris and the weeping of his mother and brethren, and by his own name and heart. Turning towards the child Thoth began to recite his spells and said, "Wake up, Horus! Thy protection is established. Make thou happy the heart of thy mother Isis. The words of Horus bind up hearts and he comforteth him that is in affliction. Let your hearts rejoice, O ye dwellers in the heavens. Horus who avenged his father shall make the poison to retreat. That which is in the mouth of R? shall circulate, and the tongue of the Great God shall overcome [opposition]. The Boat of R? standeth still and moveth not, and the Disk (*i.e.* the Sun-god) is in the place where it was yesterday to heal Horus for his mother Isis. Come to earth, draw nigh, O Boat of R?, O ye mariners of R?; make the boat to move and convey food of the town of Sekhem (*i.e.* Letopolis) hither, to heal Horus for his mother Isis.... Come to earth, O poison! I am Thoth, the firstborn son, the son of R?. Tem and the company of the gods have commanded me to heal Horus for his mother Isis. O Horus, O Horus, thy Ka protecteth thee, and thy Image worketh protection for thee. The poison is as the daughter of its own flame; it is destroyed because it smote the strong son. Your temples are safe, for Horus liveth for his mother." Then the child Horus returned to life, to the great joy of his mother, and Thoth went back to the Boat of Millions of Years, which at once proceeded on its majestic course, and all the gods from one end of heaven to the other rejoiced. Isis entreated either R? or Thoth that Horus might be nursed and brought up by the goddesses of the town of Pe-Tep, or Buto, in the Delta, and at once Thoth committed the child to their care, and instructed them about his future. Horus grew up in Buto under their protection, and in due course fought a duel with Set, and vanquished him, and so avenged the wrong done to his father by Set.

THE NEGRO IN THE FIELD OF INVENTION

HENRY E. BAKER,

Assistant Examiner, United States Patent Office.

Project Gutenberg's *The Journal of Negro History, Volume 2, 1917*, by Various

There is no branch of technical and scientific industry in our country that is at all comparable in scope and results with the business of perfecting inventions. These constitute the basis on which nearly all our great manufacturing enterprises are conducted, both as to the machinery employed and the articles produced. So vast is the field covered by inventors, and so industriously do they apply their talent to it that patents for new and useful inventions are now being granted them by our government at the rate of more than one hundred a day for every day that the office is open for business. And when one considers the enormous part played by American inventors in the economic, industrial and financial development of our country, it becomes a matter of importance to ascertain what share in this great work is done by the American Negro.

The average American seems not to know that the Negro has contributed very materially to this result. Not knowing it, he does not believe it, and not believing it he easily advances to the mental attitude of being ready to assert that the Negro has done absolutely nothing worth while in the field of invention. This conclusion necessarily grows out of the traditional attitude of the average American on the question of the capacity of the Negro for high scientific and technical achievement. This state of mind on the part of the general public is not perceptibly changed by the well-authenticated reports now and then of meritorious inventions in many lines of experiment made by Negroes in various parts of the country, notwithstanding the fact that these reports are frequently made through channels that would seem to leave nothing to doubt.

It has always been and presumably always will be difficult for truth to outrun a falsehood. One instance of the way in which such false and erroneous impressions of the Negro's capacity and achievement gain currency and fix themselves in the public mind is shown sometimes in the campaign methods of some politicians. One of these, a Marylander, addressing a political gathering in his native State in behalf of his own candidacy for Congress, a few years ago declared that the Negro was not entitled to vote because he had never evinced sufficient capacity to justify such a privilege, and that not one of the race had ever yet reached the dignity of an inventor. It is not easy to understand how a gentleman of the requisite qualifications to represent an intelligent constituency acceptably in the Congress of the United States could so palpably pervert the truth in a matter on which he could so easily have rightly informed himself. At the time when this statement was made, 1903, in Talbot County, Maryland, there was on the shelves of the Library of Congress a book[15] containing a

chapter on "The Negro as an Inventor," and citing several hundred patents granted by our government for inventions by Negroes. And still another instance is that of a leading newspaper of Richmond, which some time ago published the bold statement that of the many thousands of patents granted to the inventors in this country annually not a single patent had ever been granted to a colored man. These and similar general statements which make no mention of exceptions admit of but one interpretation. The wish may be father to the thought, but the truth is not father to their words.

In the cause of truth it is very gratifying to the writer to be able to show that notwithstanding the frequency and the persistency of these misrepresentations, the facts are gradually coming to the front to prove that the Negro not only now but in the remote past exhibited considerable of the inventive genius which has been so instrumental in the development of our country. In the ordinary course of investigation along this particular line the official records of the U. S. Patent Office must necessarily be referred to in order to ascertain the number of patents granted either for a given class of inventors, or to a certain geographical group of citizens, as by State or nationality, or for a given period of time. But, voluminous as are these records, and various as are the items they cover, they make almost no disclosure of the fact that any of the multitude of patents that are granted daily are for inventions by Negroes. The solitary exception to this statement is the case of Henry Blair, of Maryland, to whom were granted two patents on corn harvesters, one in 1834, the other in 1836. In both cases he is designated in the official records as a "colored man." To the uninformed this very exception might appear conclusive, but it is not. It has long been the fixed policy of the Patent Office to make no distinction as to race in the records of patents granted to American citizens. All American inventors stand on a level before the Patent Office. It may perhaps be an open question whether, in the enforcement of such a policy, the advantages outweigh the disadvantages as it regards colored inventors.

In the period preceding the Civil War mechanical inventions of merit by colored persons were not numerous, so far as the investigation has shown, but this was also true of all classes of inventors of that time. With the great majority of slaves the question uppermost among them was how to effect their freedom, and those who were fortunately gifted with an active intelligence and some vision were, for the most part, using their mental faculties to devise some plan to interest others in their efforts for emancipation. This situation would obviously lend itself more readily to developing literary talent and oratorical ability than to producing machinists, engineers or inventors. Hence the preachers and teachers and orators of the colored race that here and there rose above the masses greatly outnumbered the inventors. But it should be remembered also in this connection that in the period just mentioned the mechanical industries of the South were carried on mostly by slaves, and that bits of history gathered here

and there show that many of the simple mechanical contrivances of the day were devised by the Negro in his effort to minimize the exactions of his daily toil. None of these inventions were patented by the United States as being the inventions of slaves; and it is quite conceivable that some inventions of value perfected by this class will be forever lost sight of through the attitude at that time of the Federal Government on that subject. In 1858 Jeremiah S. Black, Attorney-General of the United States, confirmed a decision of the Secretary of the Interior, on appeal from the Commissioner of Patents, refusing to grant a patent on an invention by a slave, either to the slave as the inventor, or to the master of the latter, on the ground that, not being a citizen, the slave could neither contract with the government nor assign his invention to his master.[16]

Another instance of this sort was an invention on the plantation owned by Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, President of the late Confederate States. The Montgomerys, father and sons, were attached to this family, and some of them made mechanical appliances which were adopted for use on the estate. One of them in particular, Benjamin T. Montgomery, father of Isaiah T. Montgomery, founder of the prosperous Negro Colony of Mound Bayou, Mississippi, invented a boat propeller. It attracted the favorable attention of Jefferson Davis himself, who unsuccessfully tried to have it patented. The writer is informed by a recent letter from Isaiah T. Montgomery that it was Jefferson Davis's failure in this matter that led him to recommend to the Confederate Congress the law passed by that body favorable to the grant of patents for the inventions of slaves. The law was:

"And be it further enacted, that in case the original inventor or discoverer of the art, machine or improvement for which a patent is solicited is a slave, the master of such slave may take an oath that the said slave was the original; and on complying with the requisites of the law shall receive a patent for said discovery or invention, and have all the rights to which a patentee is entitled by law."[17]

The national ban on patents for the inventions of slaves did not, of course, attach itself to the inventions made by "free persons of color" residing in this country. So that when James Forten, of Philadelphia, who lived from 1766 to 1842, perfected a new device for handling sails, he had no difficulty in obtaining a patent for his invention, nor in deriving from it comfortable financial support for himself and family during the remainder of his life.

This was also true in the case of Norbert Rillieux, a colored Creole of Louisiana. In 1846 he invented and patented a vacuum pan which in its day revolutionized to a large extent the then known method of refining sugar. This invention with others which he also patented are known to have aided very materially in developing the sugar industry of Louisiana. Rillieux was a machinist and an engineer of fine

reputation in his native State, and displayed remarkable talent for scientific work on a large scale. Among his other known achievements was the development of a practicable scheme for a system of sewerage for the city of New Orleans, but he here met his handicap of color through the refusal of the authorities to accord to him such an honor as would be evidenced by the acceptance and adoption of his plan.[18] Who knows but that the city of New Orleans might have been able to write a different chapter in the history of its health statistics on the Yellow Fever peril if its prejudices had not been allowed to dominate its prophecy?

[Illustration: N. Rillieux

Evaporating Pan.

No. 4,879

Patented Dec. 10, 1846

Sheet 3-4 Sheets]

Let us turn now to a consideration of those inventions made by colored inventors since the war period, and at a time when no obstacles stood in the way. With the broadening of their industrial opportunities, and the incentive of a freer market for the products of their talent, it was thought that the Negroes would correspondingly exhibit inventive genius, and the records abundantly prove this to have been true. But how have these records been made available? It has already been shown that no distinction as to race appears in the public records of the Patent Office, and for this reason the Patent Office has been repeatedly importuned to set in motion some scheme of inquiry that would disclose, as far as is possible, how many patents have been granted by the government for the inventions of Negroes. This has been done by the Patent Office on two different occasions. The first official inquiry was made by the Office at the request of the United States Commission to the Paris Exposition of 1900, and the second at the request of the Pennsylvania Commission conducting the Emancipation Exposition at Philadelphia in 1913. In both instances the Patent Office sent out several thousand circular letters directed to prominent patent lawyers, large manufacturing firms, and to newspapers of wide circulation, asking them to inform the Commissioner of Patents of any authentic instances known by them to be such, in which the patents granted by the Office had been for inventions by Negroes.

The replies were numerous, interesting and informing. Every one of the several thousand that came to the Patent Office was turned over to the writer who, in his capacity as an employee of that department, very willingly assumed the additional task of assorting and recording them, verifying when possible the information presented, and extending the correspondence personally when this proved to be necessary either to

trace a clew or clinch a fact. The information obtained in this way showed, first, that a very large number of colored inventors had consulted patent lawyers on the subject of getting patents on their inventions, but were obliged finally to abandon the project for lack of funds; secondly, that many colored inventors had actually obtained patents for meritorious inventions, but the attorneys were unable to give sufficient data to identify the cases specifically, inasmuch as they had kept no identifying record of the same; thirdly, that many patents had been taken out by the attorneys for colored clients who preferred not to have their racial identity disclosed because of the probably injurious effect this might have upon the commercial value of their patents; and lastly, that more than a thousand authentic cases were fully identified by name of inventor, date and number of patent and title of invention, as being the patents granted for inventions of Negroes. These patents represent inventions in nearly every branch of the industrial arts--in domestic devices, in mechanical appliances, in electricity through all its wide range of uses, in engineering skill and in chemical compounds. The fact is made quite clear that the names obtained were necessarily only a fractional part of the number granted patents.

It developed through these inquiries that some very important industries now in operation on a large scale in our country are based on the inventions of Negroes. Foremost among these is the gigantic enterprise known as The United Shoe Machinery Company of Boston. In a biographical sketch of its president, Mr. Sidney W. Winslow, a multimillionaire,[19] it is related that he claims to have laid the foundation of his immense fortune in the purchase of a patent for an invention by a Dutch Guiana Negro named Jan E. Matzeliger. This inventor was born in Dutch Guiana, September, 1852. His parents were a native Negro woman and her husband, a Dutch engineer, who had been sent there from Holland to direct the government construction works at that place. As a very young man Matzeliger came to this country and served an apprenticeship as a cobbler, first in Philadelphia and later in Lynn, Massachusetts. The hardships which he suffered gradually undermined his health and before being able to realize the full value of his invention, he passed away in 1889 in the thirty-seventh year of his age.

He invented a machine for lasting shoes. This was the first appliance of its kind capable of performing all the steps required to hold a shoe on its last, grip and pull the leather down around the heel, guide and drive the nails into place and then discharge the completed shoe from the machine. This patent when bought by Mr. Winslow was made to form the nucleus of the great United Shoe Machinery Company, which now operates on a capital stock of more than twenty million dollars, gives regular employment to over 5,000 operatives, occupies with its factories more than 20 acres of ground, and represents the consolidation of over 40 subsidiary companies. The establishment and maintenance of this gigantic business enterprise forms one of the

biggest items in the history of our country's industrial development.

Within the first twenty years following the formation of The United Shoe Machinery Company, in 1890, the product of American shoe manufacturers increased from \$220,000,000 to \$442,631,000, and during the same period the export of American shoes increased from \$1,000,000 to \$11,000,000, the increase being traceable solely to the superiority of the shoes produced by the new American machines, founded on the Matzeliger type. The cost of shoes was reduced more than 50 per cent. by these machines and the quality improved correspondingly. The wages of workers greatly increased, the hours of labor diminished, and the factory conditions surrounding the laborers immensely improved. The improvement thus brought about in the quality and price of American shoes has made the Americans the best shod people in the world.[20]

That invention will serve as Matzeliger's towering monument far beyond our vision of years. Throughout all shoe-making districts of New England and elsewhere the Matzeliger type of machine is well known, and to this day it is frequently referred to in trade circles as the "Nigger machine," the relic, perhaps, of a possible contemptuous reference to his racial identity; and yet there were some newspaper accounts of his life in which it was denied that he had Negro blood in him. A certified copy of the death certificate of Matzeliger, which was furnished the writer by William J. Connery, Mayor of Lynn, on Oct. 23, 1912, states that Matzeliger was a mulatto.

[Illustration: J. E. MATZELIGER

LASTING MACHINE

NO. 274,207

PATENTED MAR. 20, 1883

AN ILLUSTRATION SHOWING THE MODELS MADE BY MATZELIGER TO ILLUSTRATE HIS INVENTIONS IN SHOE MACHINES.]

Another prosperous business growing out of the inventions of a colored man is The Ripley Foundry and Machine Company, of Ripley, Ohio, established by John P. Parker. He obtained several patents on his inventions, one being a "screw for Tobacco Presses," patented in September, 1884, and another for a similar device patented in May, 1885. Mr. Parker set up a shop in Ripley for the manufacture of his presses, and the business proved successful from the first. The small shop grew into a large foundry where upwards of 25 men were constantly employed. It was owned and managed by Mr. Parker till his death. The factory is still being operated, and on the business lines originated by the founder, but the ownership has passed from the Parker family.

Another business, the development of which is due in large measure to

the inventions of a colored man, Elijah McCoy, is that of making automatic lubricators for machinery. Mr. McCoy is regarded as a pioneer inventor in that line. He completed and patented his first lubricating cup in 1872. Since then he has patented both in this country and abroad nearly fifty different inventions relating principally to the art of automatic lubrication machinery, but including also a considerable variety of other devices. His lubricating cup was at one time in quite general use on the locomotives of the leading railways of the Northwest, on the steamers of the Great Lakes, and in up-to-date factories throughout the country. He is still living in Detroit, Michigan, and still adding new inventions to his already lengthy list.

In completing and patenting upwards of 50 different inventions Granville T. Woods, late of New York, appears to have surpassed every other colored inventor in the number and variety of his inventions. His inventive record began in 1884 in Cincinnati, Ohio, where he then resided, and continued without interruption for over a quarter of a century. He passed away January 30, 1910, in the city of New York, where he had carried on his business for several years immediately preceding. While his inventions relate principally to electricity, the list also includes such as a steam boiler furnace, the subject of his first patent, obtained in June, 1884; an amusement apparatus, December, 1899; an incubator, August, 1900; and automatic airbrakes, in 1902, 1903, and 1905. His inventions in telegraphy include several patents for transmitting messages between moving trains, also a number of other transmitters. He patented fifteen inventions for electric railways, and as many more various devices for electrical control and distribution.

In the earlier stages of his career as a successful inventor he organized the Woods Electric Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio. This company took over by assignment many of his earlier patents; but as his reputation in the scientific world grew apace, and his inventions began to multiply in number and value, he seems to have found a ready market for them with some of the largest and most prosperous technical and scientific corporations in the United States. The official records of the United States Patent Office show that many of his patents were assigned to such companies as the General Electric Company, of New York, some to the Westinghouse Air Brake Company, of Pennsylvania, others to the American Bell Telephone Company, of Boston, and still others to the American Engineering Company, of New York. So far as the writer is aware there is no inventor of the colored race whose creative genius has covered quite so wide a field as that of Granville T. Woods, nor one whose achievements have attracted more universal attention and favorable comment from technical and scientific journals both in this country and abroad.

Granville Woods' brother, Lyates Woods, is credited with uniting with Granville in the joint invention of several machines. Most of these

consisted of electrical apparatuses, but two of them seem to have been of sufficient importance to attract the attention of such corporations as the Westinghouse Electric Company, of Pennsylvania. Patents No. 775,825, of March 29, 1904, and No. 795,243, of July 18, 1905, both for railway brakes, were assigned by the Woods brothers to this company. The record shows that the American Bell Telephone Company purchased Woods' patent No. 315,386, granted April 7, 1885, for the latter's invention of an apparatus for transmitting messages by electricity. The same inventor sold to the General Electric Company, of New York, his patent No. 667,110, of January 29, 1901, on his invention for electric railways.

We should mention here also two other inventors of importance in the line of appliances for musical instruments, Mr. J. H. Dickinson and his son S. L. Dickinson, both of New Jersey. They have been granted more than a dozen patents for their appliances, mostly in the line of devices connected with the player piano machinery. They are still engaged in the business of inventing, and both are holding responsible and lucrative positions with first-class music corporations.

The inventions of W. B. Purvis, of Philadelphia, in machinery for making paper bags are reported to be responsible for much of the great improvement made in that art; and his patents, more than a dozen in number on that subject alone, are said to have brought him good financial returns. Many of them are recorded as having been sold to the Union Paper Bag Company, of New York.

Another instance is that of an invention capable of playing an important part in the cotton raising industry. This was a cotton-picking machine covered by two patents granted to A. P. Albert, a native Louisiana Creole. Mr. Albert invented a second machine which is said to have the merit of perfect practicability, a feat not easy of accomplishment in that class of machinery. Special significance is attached to this case because of the inventor's experience in putting through his application for a patent. He was obliged to appeal from the adverse decision of the principal examiner to the Board of Examiners-In-Chief, a body of highly trained legal and technical experts appointed to pass upon the legal and mechanical merits of an invention turned down by the primary examiners. Albert appeared before this Board in his own defense with a brief prepared entirely by himself, and won his case through his thorough painstaking presentation of all the legal and technical points involved. Mr. Albert is a graduate of the Law Department of Howard University in Washington, and is connected with the United States Civil Service as an examiner in the Pension Office.

Other colored men in the Departmental Civil Service at Washington have obtained patents for valuable inventions. W. A. Lavalette patented two printing presses, Shelby J. Davidson a mechanical tabulator and adding machine, Robert A. Pelham a pasting machine, Andrew F. Hilyer two hot

air register attachments; and Andrew D. Washington a shoe horn. Nearly a dozen patents have been granted Benjamin F. Jackson, of Massachusetts, on his inventions. These consisted of a heating apparatus, a matrix drying apparatus, a gas burner, an electrotyper's furnace, a steam boiler, a trolley wheel controller, a tank signal, and a hydrocarbon burner system.

It is not generally known that Frederick J. Loudin, who brought fame and fortune to one of the leading Negro universities in the South by carrying the Fisk Jubilee Troupe of Singers on several successful concert tours around the world, is also entitled to a place on the list of Negro inventors. He obtained two patents for his inventions, one for a fastener for the meeting rails of sashes, December, 1893, and the other a key fastener in January, 1894. Several colored inventors have also applied their inventive skill to solving the problem of aerial navigation, with the result that some of them have been granted patents for their inventions in airships. Among these are J. F. Pickering, of Haiti, February 20, 1900; James Smith, California, October, 1912; W. G. Madison, Iowa, December, 1912; and J. E. Whootter, Missouri, 2 patents, October 30 and November 3, 1914. It has been reported that the invention in automatic car coupling covered by the patent to Andrew J. Beard, of Alabama, dated November 23, 1897, was sold by the patentee to a New York car company, for more than fifty thousand dollars. This same patentee has obtained patents on more than a half dozen other inventions, mostly in the same line.

Willie H. Johnson, of Texas, obtained several patents on his inventions, two of them being for an appliance for overcoming "dead center" in motion; one for a compound engine, and another for a water boiler. Joseph Lee, a colored hotel keeper, of Boston, completed and patented three inventions in dough-kneading machines, and is reported as having succeeded in creating a considerable market for them in the bread-making industry in New England. Brinay Smartt, of Tennessee, made inventions in reversing valve gears, and received several patents on them in 1905, 1906, 1909, 1911 and 1913.

The path of the inventor is not always an easy one. The experiences of many of them often lie along paths that seem like the proverbial "way of the transgressor." This was fitly exemplified in the case of Henry A. Bowman, a colored inventor in Worcester, Massachusetts, who devised and patented a new method of making flags. After he had established a paying business on his invention, the information came to him that a New York rival was using the same invention and "cutting" his business. Bowman brought suit for infringement, but, as he informed the writer, the suit went against him on a legal technicality, and being unable to carry the case through the appellate tribunals, the destruction of his business followed.

One inventor, J. W. Benton, of Kentucky, completed an invention of a derrick for hoisting, and being without sufficient means to travel to

Washington to look after the patent, he packed the model in a grip, and walked from Kentucky to Washington in order to save carfare. He obtained his patent, October 2, 1900.

One other instance in which the inventor regards his experience as one of special hardship is the case of E. A. Robinson of Chicago. He obtained several patents for his inventions, among which are an electric railway trolley, September 19, 1893; casting composite and other car wheels, November 23, 1897; a trolley wheel, March 22, 1898; a railway switch, September 17, 1907; and a rail, May 5, 1908. He regards the second patent as covering his most valuable invention. He says that this was infringed on by two large corporations, the American Car and Foundry Company, and the Chicago City Railway Company. He endeavored to stop them by litigation, but the court proceedings in the case[21] appear to reveal some rather discouraging aspects of a fight waged between a powerless inventor on the one side and two powerful corporations on the other. So far as is known, the case is still pending.

These instances of hardships, however, in the lot of inventors are in no sense peculiar to colored inventors. They merely form a part of the hard struggle always present in our American life--the struggle for the mighty dollar; and in the field of invention as elsewhere the race is not always to the swift. A man may be the first to conceive a new idea, the first to translate that idea into tangible, practical form and reduce it to a patent, but often that "slip betwixt the cup and the lip" leaves him the last to get any reward for his inventive genius.

Because of the very many interesting instances at hand the temptation is very great to extend this enumeration beyond the intended limits of this article by specific references to the large number of colored men and women who in many lands and other days have given unmistakable evidence of really superior scientific and technical ability. But this temptation the writer must resist. Let it suffice to say that the citations already given show conclusively that the color of a man's skin has not yet entirely succeeded in barring his admission to the domain of science, nor in placing upon his brow the stamp of intellectual inferiority.

FOOTNOTES:

[15] "Twentieth Century Negro Literature," by W. W. Culp, page 399. Published by J. L. Nichols Co., Atlanta, Ga.

[16] Opinions of Attorney General of the U. S., Vol. 9, page 171.

[17] An act to establish a Patent Office, and to provide for granting

patents for new and useful discoveries, inventions, improvements and designs. Statutes at large of the Confederate States of America, 1861-64, page 148.

[18] Desdunes, *Nos Hommes et Notre Histoire*, 101.

[19] *Munsey's Magazine*, August, 1912, p. 723.

[20] "Short History of American Shoemaking," by Frederick A. Gannon, Salem, Mass., 1912.

[21] A copy of this was shown the writer September, 1915.

IMAGINATION

from the Project Gutenberg Etext of *Best Short Stories of 1918*

By GORDON HALL GEROULD

From *Scribner's Magazine*

Copyright, 1918, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Copyright, 1919, by Gordon Hall Gerould.

As I gave my coat and hat to the boy, I caught sight of Orrington, waddling into the farther reaches of the club just ahead of me. Here's luck! I thought to myself, and with a few hasty strides overtook him.

It is always good luck to run upon Harvey Orrington during the hour when he is loafing before dinner. In motion he resembles a hippopotamus, and in repose he produces the impression that the day is very hot, even in midwinter. But one forgets his red and raw corpulence when he has settled at ease in a big chair and begun to talk. Then the qualities that make him the valuable man he is, as the literary adviser of the Speedwell Company, come to the surface, and with them those perhaps finer attributes that have given him his reputation as a critic.

Possibly the contrast between his Falstaffian body and his nicely discriminating mind gives savor to his comment on art and life; but in any case his talk is as good in its way as his essays are in theirs.

Read his *Retrospective Impressions* if you wish to know what I mean — only don't think that his colloquial diction is like the fine-spun phrasing of his essays. He inclines to be slangy in conversation.

I overtook Orrington, as I say, before he had reached his accustomed corner, and I greeted him with a becoming deference. He is fifteen years my senior, after all.

Hello, he said, turning his rather dull eyes full upon me. Chasing will-o -the-wisps this afternoon?

I ve been pursuing you. If you call that

Precision forbids! It can t have been will-o -the-wisps. Orrington shook his head with utter solemnity. I don t know just what their figure is, but I m sure it s not like mine. Come along and save my life, won t you?

With pleasure. I hoped you might be free.

Free as the air of a department-store elevator yes. I ve got to meet Reynolds here. He s waiting for me yonder. You know Reynolds?

Yes, I know him.

Every one knows Reynolds, I need hardly say every one who can compass it. The rest of the world knows his books. Reynolds makes books with divine unconcern and profuseness: almost as a steel magnate makes steel. He makes them in every kind, and puts them out with a fine flourish, so that he is generally regarded as master of all the literary arts. People buy his output, too, which is lucky for Reynolds but perhaps less fortunate for literature; they buy his output that is the only word to use by the boxful, apparently. An edition in his sight is but as the twinkling of an eye before it is sold out. One can t wonder that Reynolds is a little spoiled by all this, though he must have been a good fellow to begin with. He s really a kind-hearted and brave man now, but he takes himself too seriously. He is sometimes a bore. Only that he would never recognize the portrait I am making of him, I should hardly dare to say what I am saying. Physically, he is undistinguished: he looks like a successful lawyer of a dark athletic type who has kept himself fit with much golf and who has got the habit of wearing his golfing-clothes to town. It is his manner that sets him apart from his fellows.

I m glad you know him. Orrington chuckled as we drew near the corner where Reynolds was already seated. I d hate to be the innocent cause of your introduction.

Reynolds rose and extended gracious hands to the two of us. You add to my pleasure by bringing our friend, he said to Orrington.

I fear that I acknowledged the compliment by looking foolish. It was Orrington s corner that we were invading, if it was any one s, and, in any case, Reynolds doesn t own the club.

I need tea to support my an mia, said Orrington gruffly. If the rest of you wish strong drink, however, I m not unwilling to order it. They ve got a new lot of extremely old Bourbon, I am informed, that had to be smuggled out of Kentucky at dead of night for fear of a popular uprising. I should like to watch the effect of it on one or both of

you.

I'm willing to be the subject of the experiment, I said. What about you, Reynolds?

Reynolds cocked his head slightly to one side. Though I dislike to deprive our good friend of any aesthetic pleasure, I think I will stick to my own special Scotch. I do not crave the dizzy heights of inebriety.

First time I ever knew you to be afraid of soaring, Reynolds, commented Orrington. I trust you won't let caution affect your literary labors. It is one of the biggest things about you, you know, that you aren't afraid to tackle any job you please. Most of us wait about, wondering whether we could ever learn to manage the Pegasus biplane, but you fly in whatever machine is handy.

Perhaps you think I adventure rashly. It was neither question nor positive statement on the part of Reynolds, but a little compounded of both. He seemed hurt.

Not at all. Orrington's tone was heartily reassuring. You get away with it, and the rest of us get nowhere in comparison.

I have always believed, said Reynolds, that a proper self-confidence is a prime requisite for literary success. In all seriousness, I am sure both of you will agree with me that none of us could have reached his present position in the world without some degree of boldness. We have seized the main chance.

Then it got away from me, I felt impelled to say. I could see no reason for accepting the flattery that Reynolds intended.

You may believe it or not, as you please, Reynolds, but I'm incapable of seizing anything. Orrington paused to direct the waiter, but went on after a moment, with a teacup in his fat hand. As a matter of fact, I've never collared anything in my life except a few good manuscripts. Some mighty bad ones, too. He chuckled.

Ah! You know the difference between the good and the bad better than any one else in the country, I fancy. I always feel diffident when I send copy to you. Reynolds somehow conveyed the impression, rather by his manner than by his words, of insufferable conceit. He made you certain that he was ready to challenge the assembly of the Immortals in behalf of anything he wrote.

Oh, you're in a position to dictate. It's not for us to criticise, Orrington answered very quietly. By the way, I ventured to suggest our meeting here partly because I wished to know when your new book would be ready. Speedwell's been worrying, and I told him I'd see you. Thought it

would bother you less than a letter or coming round to the office.

My book! Reynolds struck an attitude and wrinkled his forehead. My dear fellow, I wish I knew.

Orrington set down his cup and looked at Reynolds quizzically. You must know better than anybody else.

It's a question of the possibilities only. Reynolds lifted his head proudly. I will not fail you, Orrington. I have never yet left any one in the lurch, but I have been exceedingly busy of late. You can't realize the pressure I am under from every side. So many calls—my time, my presence, my words! I must have a fortnight's clear space to get my copy ready for you. Within the month, I feel sure, you shall have it.

That'll do perfectly well. We don't wish to bother you, said Orrington briefly, but you know as well as I do that the public cries for you. Speedwell gets restive if he can't administer a dose once in so often.

What is the book to be? I ventured to ask.

Reynolds bridled coquettishly. It was too absurd of a fellow with his physique and general appearance: I had difficulty in maintaining a decent gravity. My book! he said again. It isn't precisely a novel, and it isn't precisely anything else. It is a simple story with perhaps a cosmic significance.

I see. I didn't, of course, but I couldn't well say less. I knew, besides, pretty well what the book would be like. I had read two or three of Reynolds's things. The mark of the beast was on them all, though variously imprinted.

By the way of nothing, said Orrington suddenly, I had an odd experience to-day.

Ah! do tell us, urged Reynolds. Your experiences are always worth hearing. I suppose it is because your impressions are more vivid than those of most men.

Orrington pursed his mouth deprecatingly and lighted a cigarette.

There's no stuff for you fellows in this. You couldn't make a story out of it if you tried. But it gave me a twinge and brought back something that happened twenty years ago.

What happened to-day? I asked, to get the story properly begun.

Oh, nothing much, in one way. I've been talking with a young chap who has sent us a manuscript lately. The book's no good, commercially—a pretty crude performance—but it has some striking descriptive passages about the effects of hunger on the human body and the human mind. They

interested me because I thought they showed some traces of imagination. There isn't much real imagination lying round loose, you know: nothing but the derived and Burbankized variety. So I sent for the fellow. He came running, of course. Hope in his eye, and all that sort of thing. I felt like a brute beast to have to tell him we couldn't take his book, though I coated the pill as sweetly as I could.

He took it like a Trojan, though I could see that he was holding himself in to keep from crying. He was a mere boy, mind you, and a very shabby and lean one. I noticed that while I talked encouragingly to him, and I finally asked what set him going at such a rate about starvation. I might have known, of course! The kid has been up against it and has been living on quarter rations for I don't know how many months. There wasn't an ounce of imagination in his tale, after all: he had been describing his own sensations with decent accuracy — nothing more than that.

Poor fellow! I interrupted. We ought to find him some sort of job. Do you think he'd make good if he had a chance?

Orrington shrugged his heavy shoulders. I don't know, I'm sure. I talked to him like a father and uncle and all his elderly relations, and I asked more questions than was polite. He's in earnest at the moment, anyhow.

But if he's actually starving I began.

Orrington looked at me in his sleepy way. Oh, he's had a good feed by this time. You must take me for a cross between a devil-fish and a blood-sucking bat. I could at least afford the luxury of seeing that he shouldn't try to do the Chatterton act.

Reynolds took a sip of whiskey, then held up his glass to command attention. Dear, dear! he said slowly, with the air of settling the case. It's a very great pity that young men without resources and settled employment try to make their way by writing. They ought not to be encouraged to do so. Most of them would be better off in business or on their fathers' farms, no doubt; and the sooner they find their place, the better.

Still, if nobody made the venture, I objected, the craft wouldn't flourish, would it? I think the question is whether something can't be done to give this particular young man a show.

I've sent him to Dawbarn, said Orrington almost sullenly. He wants a space-filler and general utility man, he happened to tell me yesterday. It's a rotten job, but it will seem princely to my young acquaintance. I shall watch him. He might make good and pay back my loan, you know.

It does credit to your heart, my dear Orrington — grub-staking him and

getting him a job at once. Reynolds frowned judicially. I doubt the wisdom of it, however. A young man ought to succeed by his own efforts or not at all. Of course I know nothing of this particular case except what you ve just told us, but I can t see from your account of him that he has much chance to lift himself out of the ranks of unsuccessful hack writers. You admit that he shows little imagination.

Not yet; but he doesn t write badly.

Ah! there are so many who don t write badly, but who never go beyond that.

Orrington laughed, shaking even his heavy chair with his heavier mirth. Excuse me, he murmured. You re very severe on us, Reynolds. You mustn t forget that most of us aren t Shakespeares. Indeed, to be strictly impersonal, I don t know any member of this club and we re rather long on eminent pen-pushers who is. It won t do any harm to give my young friend his chance. To tell the truth, I think it s a damned sight better for him than the end of a pier and the morgue.

I wondered how the mighty Reynolds would take the snub, and I feared a scene. But I knew him less well than Orrington. He merely nursed his glass in silence and looked sulky. After all, Orrington s argument was unanswerable.

To break the tension, I turned to Orrington with a question. What happened twenty years ago? I asked. You said you were reminded of it.

Orrington was silent for a minute as if deliberating. He seemed to be reviewing whatever it was he had in mind. Yes, yes, he said at last, that s more of a story, only it hasn t any conclusion. It s as devoid of a déroulement as the life-history of the youth whom Reynolds wishes to starve for his soul s good.

You are very unjust to me, Reynolds protested. You speak as if I had a grudge against the young man, whereas I was merely making a general observation. It is no real kindness to encourage a youth to his ultimate hurt.

Orrington looked at him doubtfully. I suppose not, he said after a moment s pause. I ve often wondered what happened in this other case I have in mind.

What was it? asked Reynolds.

It was a small matter, Orrington began apologetically; at least I suppose it would seem so to any outsider. But it was a big thing to me and presumably to the other fellow involved. I never knew anything about him, directly.

I thought you said you had dealings with the other man, I interjected.

I did, said Orrington, but I never met him. It was this way. I was editing a cheap magazine at the time, the kind of thing that intends to be popular and isn't. The man who published it was on his uppers, the wretched magazine was at death's door, and I was getting about half of my regular stipend when I got anything at all something like forty cents a week, if I remember correctly. I was young, of course, so all that didn't so much matter. I was rather proud of being a real editor, even of a cheap and nasty thing like but never mind the name. It died many years ago and was forgotten even before the funeral. I suspect now that the publisher took advantage of my youth and inexperience, but I bear him no grudge. I managed to keep afloat, and I liked it.

Of course I had to live a double life in order to get enough to eat a blameless double life that meant all work and no play. A fellow can do that in his twenties. After office hours I got jobs of hack writing, and occasionally I sold some little thing to one of the reputable magazines. It was hard sledding, though a fact I emphasize not because my biography is interesting, but because it has its bearing on the incident in question.

Well, one fine day I got hold of a job that was the best I'd ever landed. I suspect I apostrophized it, in the language of that era, as a peach. It was hack work, of course, but hack work of a superior and exalted kind the special article sort of thing. I went higher than a kite when I found the chance was coming my way. I dreamed dreams of opulence. Good Lord! I even looked forward to getting put up for this ill-run club which we are now honoring by our gracious presences.

Orrington stopped and shook with silent laughter till he had to wipe his eyes. The joke seemed less good to me than to him, for I had been only six months a member of the club and had not yet acquired the proper Olympian disdain of it. Reynolds smiled. I fancy that he still regards the club as of importance. In spite of his vast renown, he is never quite easy in his dignity.

One has no business to laugh at the enthusiasms of youth, Orrington went on presently. I suppose it's bad manners to laugh even at one's own, for we're not the same creatures we were back there. It's a temptation sometimes, all the same. And I was absurdly set up, I assure you, by my chance to do something of no conceivable importance at a quite decent figure. But I never did the job, after all.

He nodded his head slowly, as if he had been some fat god of the Orient suddenly come to torpid life.

You don't mean that you came near starving? I asked incredulously. The pattern of the story seemed to be getting confused.

No, no. I wasn't so poor as that, even though I gave up the rich job I'm telling you about. The point is that I was chronically hard up and needed the money. I couldn't afford to do without it, but I had to. It was like this, you see. On the very day the plum dropped into my mouth, a story came into the office that bowled me over completely. I hadn't much experience then; but I felt somehow sure that this thing wasn't fiction at all, though it had a thin cloak of unreality flung about it.

It was a cheerful little tale, the whole point of which was that the impossible hero killed himself rather than starve to death. It was very badly done in every respect, as far as I remember, but it gave me the unpleasant impression that the man who wrote it knew more about going without his dinner than about writing short stories. Of course I couldn't accept the thing for my magazine, though I could take most kinds of drivel. Our readers didn't exist, to be sure, but we thought they demanded bright, sunny rubbish. I used to fill up our numbers with saccharine mush, and I shouldn't have dared print a gloomy story even if it had been good.

This wasn't good. It was punk. But it bothered me just as the youngster's book has been bothering me lately. I suppose I'm too undiscriminating and sentimental for the jobs I've had in life.

You! Reynolds objected. Every one's afraid of you. Haven't I said that I tremble, even now, when I send copy to you? It makes no difference that I have the contract signed and every business arrangement concluded.

Orrington's mouth twisted into a little grimace. That's merely my pose, Reynolds, as you know perfectly well. I'm the terror of the press because I have to be to hold my job. Inside I'm a welter of adipose sentiment. My physical exterior doesn't belie me. While dining, I quite prefer to think of all the world as well fed; and, in spite of many years' training, I can't see anything delightful in the spectacle of a fellow going without his dinner because he's ambitious. As a rule, I prefer to discourage authors who are millionaires. That's a pleasant game in itself, but not very good hunting. All of which is beside the point.

I did hate, as a matter of fact, to turn down the little story I speak of; and while I was writing a gentle note that tried to explain, but didn't, I had a brilliant idea. I suppose I was the victim of what is known as a generous impulse. I've had so little to do with that sort of thing that I can't be sure of naming it correctly, but I dare say it could be described in that way. I said to myself: That son of a gun could do those special articles just as well as I can, and it's dollars to doughnuts he'll go under if he doesn't get something to do before long.

If you've ever had anything to do with generous impulses, you know that they're easier to come by than to put into practice. When I began to

think what I should lose by turning over my job to the other fellow, I balked like an overloaded mule. After all, how could I be sure that the man wasn't fooling me? He might have imagined everything he had written, after eating too much *pâté de foie gras*. I should be a fool to give a leg up to somebody who was already astride his beast. I couldn't afford to do it. You know how one's mind would work.

I regret to say, I put in, that I can see perfectly how my mind would have worked. It would have persuaded me that I had a duty to myself.

Orrington laughed quietly. Don't you believe it. Your conscience or your softness whatever you choose to call it would have played the deuce with your peace of mind. Mine did. I tore up my note and went out for a walk. Naturally I saw nothing but beggars and poverty: misery stalked me from street to street. I wriggled and squirmed for half a day or more, but I couldn't get away from the damnable necessities of the story-writer.

In the end I wrote him, of course the flattering note I had intended, and something more. I told him about my fat job and said I was recommending him for it. By the same mail I wrote to the people who'd offered me the chance, refusing it. I said I regretted that I couldn't undertake the commission as I had expected, but that I found my other engagements made it impossible. I thought I might as well do the thing in grand style and chuck a bluff while I was about it. I added that I was sending a friend to them who would do the articles better than I could hope to. I didn't give the fellow's name, but I told them he'd turn up shortly.

What happened then? I asked, for Orrington lighted another cigarette and seemed inclined to rest on his oars.

He turned his dull eyes on me and smiled a little sadly. What happened? Why, nothing much, as far as I know. I suppose the other fellow got my job and saved his body alive. I never inquired. I somehow expected that he'd write to me or come to see me he had my address, you know but he never did. I was a little annoyed, I remember, at his not doing so after I'd cut off my nose for him, which is probably why I never tried to follow him up. I never even looked up the articles when they were published. But I've often wished I might meet the man and learn how he got on.

You've never seen his name? I inquired. He can't have done much, or you'd have spotted him.

I suspect, said Orrington, that he sent in that story of his under a pseudonym and that he may have done very well for himself since. What do you think, Reynolds? I suppose you consider me a fool for my pains, on the theory that no man ought to be helped out.

Reynolds had been silent for some time. As I looked at him now I could see that he was a good deal impressed by Orrington's narrative. I wasn't surprised, for I knew him to be a generous fellow in spite of his foibles.

Yes, how about it, Reynolds? I said.

It is a very affecting story, he answered. You acted most generously, Orrington, though you make light of it. I can't believe that the young man realized the sacrifice you made for him; otherwise his failure to thank you, bad enough in any case, would be unspeakable. He can't have known.

But you insist that I'd better have let him alone, persisted Orrington, clearly with the intention of teasing our magnificent acquaintance.

That depends altogether on how it turned out, doesn't it? You can't tell us whether the young man was worth saving or not.

Orrington laughed contentedly. No. That's the missing conclusion, but I'm not sorry to have given him a show. Besides, what I did wasn't such a noble sacrifice, after all. Having basked in your admiration for a moment, I can afford to tell you. I'm not an accomplished hypocrite, and I'd hate to begin at my age. Let me tell you what happened.

I felt aggrieved. Had Orrington been working on our feelings for his private amusement merely? You said there wasn't any conclusion, I growled.

Don't get huffy, Orrington returned imperturbably. The story hasn't any ending, as I warned you. Only my part in it turned out rather amusingly. I hope I shouldn't be fatuous ass enough to brag about the incident if there were anything in it that demanded bouquets. I suspect the bubble of noble actions often bursts just as mine did.

What do you mean? asked Reynolds reasonably enough, I thought.

Only this, Orrington went on. It turned out that the people who had offered to let me do the articles were tremendously impressed by my turning them down. The letter I wrote them must have been a corker. Somehow or other they got the notion that I was a very busy man and a person of importance. They ought to have known better, of course, but they evidently adopted that silly idea. They talked about me to their friends and cracked me up as a coming man. The upshot of it was that I began to be tempted with most flattering offers of one sort and another before long I had my choice of several things. My self-constituted backers were rather powerful in those days, so it was useful to be in their good books. I left my moribund magazine and got so prosperous that I began to grow fat at once. Serene obscurity has been

my lot ever since; and I ve never got rid of the fat.

That s a happy ending, I remarked lazily. It s very like a real conclusion. What more do you want?

Oh, for the sake of argument, I d like to prove that I was right and that Reynolds s theory is all wrong.

I m exceedingly glad that it turned out so well for you, said Reynolds unctuously. Then the young man whom you assisted didn t need to feel quite so much under obligation to you as we ve been thinking?

I was outraged. Reynolds was a great gun in literature, at least in the opinion of himself and a huge circle of readers. He was also a dozen years older than I. At the same time, I couldn t allow him to disparage what Orrington had done, merely because Orrington made light of it.

You will observe, I said with some heat, that the effect on Orrington was purely secondary and fortuitous. Orrington didn t know he could possibly gain by it when he took the bread out of his own mouth to feed the young cur. I hope, for my part, that the fellow eventually starved to death or took to digging ditches.

Reynolds sat up very straight. His black eyes snapped with anger. He didn t, he burst out. I happen to know him.

You know him! I exclaimed, while Orrington goggled.

Yes. Reynolds had grown very red, but he looked defiant. Since I ve been attacked like this, I may as well tell you. Not that I think it s anybody s business but my own. Orrington didn t suffer by what he did.

You don t mean I began.

I mean just what I say no less and no more. I was the man in question, and I admit that I ought to have thanked Orrington for his kindness. I meant to, of course; but I set to work at once on those articles that have assumed such importance in our discussion, and I was very busy. I had to make them as good as I knew how. I assumed, naturally, that I had merely received a useful tip from a man who didn t care for the job. I ve always assumed that till this afternoon. I wanted the job badly, myself.

Oh, well! Orrington put in soothingly. It doesn t matter, does it? I ve explained that the incident really set me on my feet. You don t owe me anything, Reynolds. If I d been a complete pig and kept the chance for myself, I d probably have been much worse off for it. You needed it much more than I did, evidently.

To my surprise, Reynolds was not quieted by Orrington s magnanimous

speech. Instead, he jumped up in a passion and stood before us, clinching and unclenching his fists like a small boy before his first fight.

That isn't the point, he said in a voice so loud that various groups of men scattered about the room looked toward us with amusement. I admit that I was glad of the opportunity to do the articles, but I was by no means in such straits as you suppose. So much for the critical sense for which you have such a reputation! He turned on Orrington with a sneer.

Orrington remained very calm. He seemed in no wise disturbed by the fury of Reynolds's tirade, nor by his insufferable rudeness, but puffed at a cigarette two or three times before he replied. It's a poor thing, critical sense, he murmured. I've never been proud of what mine has done for me. But you must admit that I paid you a pretty compliment, Reynolds, in believing that your story was founded on real experience. I don't see why you need mind my saying that it wasn't much of a yarn. Nobody need be sensitive about something he did twenty years back.

I don't care a hang what you thought about the story then, or what you think of it now, Reynolds snapped. You might, however, grant the existence of imagination. You needn't attribute everything anybody writes to actual experience. I never went hungry.

So that was where the shoe pinched! Reynolds insisted on being proud of his prosperity at all stages. I laughed. You've missed something, then, I put in. The sensation, if not agreeable, is unique. Every man should feel it once, in a way. A couple of times I've run short of provisions, and I assure you the experience is like nothing else.

That's different, said Reynolds a little more quietly. I'm not saying that I owe nothing to Orrington. I acknowledge that I do, and I admit that I ought to have acknowledged it twenty years ago. I was anxious at the time to get a start in the world of letters, and I was looking for an opening. Orrington's suggestion gave me my first little opportunity; but it certainly didn't save my life.

Then it was all imagination, after all, Orrington said gently. What a mistake I made!

Of course it was all imagined! Reynolds protested, and he added naively: I was living at home at the time, and I had a sufficient allowance from my father.

A twinkle crept into Orrington's usually expressionless eyes. I must apologize to you, Reynolds, or perhaps to your father, for so mistaking the circumstances of your youth. You have, at all events, lived down the opprobrium of inherited wealth. You've supported yourself quite nicely ever since I've known you.

As I remarked earlier, Reynolds went on pompously, but in better humor, I have never thought it wise for young men to embark on the literary life without sufficient means to live in comfort until they can establish their reputations. In my own case I should never have undertaken to do so.

His declaration of principle seemed to restore him to complete self-satisfaction, and it must have seemed to him the proper cue for exit. As he was already standing, he was in a position to shake hands with Orrington and me rather condescendingly; and he took himself off with the swagger of conscious invincibility. I think he bore us no malice.

Orrington looked at me and raised his eyebrows. I told you I needed you to save my life, he said. I hadn't any notion, though, that this kind of thing would happen. I'm sorry to have let you in for such a scene.

Oh, I don't mind, I answered. It has been rather amusing and well illuminating.

Orrington chuckled. The devil tempted me, and I didn't resist him unduly. As a matter of fact, it has been quite as illuminating to me as to you. I've been wishing for a dozen or fifteen years to try out the experiment.

What experiment? I was puzzled.

Oh, putting it up to Reynolds, of course. I've wondered why he did it and why he didn't do it and, moreover, how he did it.

If you got light on a complication like that, you did better than I did. Do you mind explaining?

Reynolds has explained sufficiently, hasn't he? Of course I knew long ago that he faked his story, but

Then you knew it was Reynolds? I interrupted.

Knew? Of course I knew. Later, of course, much later, I never inquired, as I told you, but I spotted him after he made his first big hit. The man who had hired him to do those articles bragged about it to me said he'd given him his start, but allowed me some credit for establishing the connection. I blinked, but didn't let on I hadn't known that Reynolds and my supposedly starving young author were one and the same person. By that time, of course, everybody was fully aware that Reynolds had emerged from heavily gilded circles of dulness. I don't know why I've never had it out with him before. I suppose I shouldn't have sailed in to-day if he hadn't been so snippy about the boy of whom I was telling you. I couldn't stand that.

I'm afraid, I ventured to say, that it won't do Reynolds any special good.

Orrington rose ponderously from his chair and spread his hands in a fantastic gesture of disclaim. Who am I, he asked, to teach ethics to a genius who is also a moralist with perhaps a cosmic significance? The devil tempted me, I tell you, and I fell, for the sake of a little fun and a little information. I've never known Reynolds's side of the story. Lord, no, it won't do him any good. All the same, it will take him a week to explain to himself all over again just why he acted with perfect propriety in not acknowledging my little boost. I dare say his book may be a few days later on account of it, and I shall have to nurse Speedwell through an attack of the fidgets. A dreadful life, mine! No wonder the business man is tired. You ought to thank God on your knees every night that you haven't been sitting all day in a publisher's office.

He held out his hand very solemnly, and very solemnly waddled across the big room, nodding every now and then to acquaintances who smiled up at him as he passed.

IN THE GRAY GOTH.

Project Gutenberg's *Men, Women, and Ghosts*, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps

If the wick of the big oil lamp had been cut straight I don't believe it would ever have happened.

Where is the poker, Johnny? Can't you push back that for'ard log a little? Dear, dear! Well, it doesn't make much difference, does it? Something always seems to all your Massachusetts fires; your hickory is green, and your maple is gnarly, and the worms eat out your oak like a sponge. I haven't seen anything like what I call a fire,--not since Mary Ann was married, and I came here to stay. "As long as you live, father," she said; and in that very letter she told me I should always have an open fire, and how she wouldn't let Jacob put in the air-tight in the sitting-room, but had the fireplace kept on purpose. Mary Ann was a good girl always, if I remember straight, and I'm sure I don't complain. Isn't that a pine-knot at the bottom of the basket? There! that's better.

Let me see; I began to tell you something, didn't I? O yes; about that winter of '41. I remember now. I declare, I can't get over it, to think you never heard about it, and you twenty-four year old come Christmas. You don't know much more, either, about Maine folks and Maine fashions

than you do about China,--though it's small wonder, for the matter of that, you were such a little shaver when Uncle Jed took you. There were a great many of us, it seems to me, that year, I 'most forget how many;--we buried the twins next summer, didn't we?--then there was Mary Ann, and little Nancy, and--well, coffee was dearer than ever I'd seen it, I know, about that time, and butter selling for nothing; we just threw our milk away, and there wasn't any market for eggs; besides doctor's bills and Isaac to be sent to school; so it seemed to be the best thing, though your mother took on pretty badly about it at first. Jedediah has been good to you, I'm sure, and brought you up religious,--though you've cost him a sight, spending three hundred and fifty dollars a year at Amherst College.

But, as I was going to say, when I started to talk about '41,--to tell the truth, Johnny, I'm always a long while coming to it, I believe. I'm getting to be an old man,--a little of a coward, maybe, and sometimes, when I sit alone here nights, and think it over, it's just like the toothache, Johnny. As I was saying, if she had cut that wick straight, I do believe it wouldn't have happened,--though it isn't that I mean to lay the blame on her now.

I'd been out at work all day about the place,slicking things up for to-morrow; there was a gap in the barn-yard fence to mend,--I left that till the last thing, I remember,--I remember everything, some way or other, that happened that day,--and there was a new roof to put on the pig-pen, and the grape-vine needed an extra layer of straw, and the latch was loose on the south barn-door; then I had to go round and take a last look at the sheep, and toss down an extra forkful for the cows, and go into the stall to have a talk with Ben, and unbutton the coop-door to see if the hens looked warm,--just to tuck 'em up, as you might say. I always felt sort of homesick--though I wouldn't have owned up to it, not even to Nancy--saying good-by to the creeturs the night before I went in. There, now! it beats all, to think, you don't know what I'm talking about, and you a lumberman's son. "Going in" is going up into the woods, you know, to cut and haul for the winter,--up, sometimes, a hundred miles deep,--in in the fall and out in the spring; whole gangs of us shut up there sometimes for six months, then down with the freshets on the logs, and all summer to work the farm,--a merry sort of life when you get used to it, Johnny; but it was a great while ago, and it seems to me as if it must have been very cold.--Isn't there a little draft coming in at the pantry door?

So when I'd said good-by to the creeturs,--I remember just as plain how Ben put his great neck on my shoulder and whinnied like a baby,--that horse know when the season came round and I was going in, just as well as I did,--I tinkered up the barn-yard fence, and locked the doors, and went in to supper.

I gave my finger a knock with the hammer, which may have had something to do with it, for a man doesn't feel very good-natured when he's been

green enough to do a thing like that, and he doesn't like to say it aches either. But if there is anything I can't bear it is lamp-smoke; it always did put me out, and I expect it always will. Nancy knew what a fuss I made about it, and she was always very careful not to hector me with it. I ought to have remembered that, but I didn't. She had lighted the company lamp on purpose, too, because it was my last night. I liked it better than the tallow candle.

So I came in, stamping off the snow, and they were all in there about the fire,--the twins, and Mary Ann, and the rest; baby was sick, and Nancy was walking back and forth with him, with little Nancy pulling at her gown. You were the baby then, I believe, Johnny; but there always was a baby, and I don't rightly remember. The room was so black with smoke, that they all looked as if they were swimming round and round in it. I guess coming in from the cold, and the pain in my finger and all, it made me a bit sick. At any rate, I threw open the window and blew out the light, as mad as a hornet.

"Nancy," said I, "this room would strangle a dog, and you might have known it, if you'd had two eyes to see what you were about. There, now! I've tipped the lamp over, and you just get a cloth and wipe up the oil."

"Dear me!" said she, lighting a candle, and she spoke up very soft, too. "Please, Aaron, don't let the cold in on baby. I'm sorry it was smoking, but I never knew a thing about it; he's been fretting and taking on so the last hour, I didn't notice anyway."

"That's just what you ought to have done," says I, madder than ever. "You know how I hate the stuff, and you ought to have cared more about me than to choke me up with it this way the last night before going in."

Nancy was a patient, gentle-spoken sort of woman, and would bear a good deal from a fellow; but she used to fire up sometimes, and that was more than she could stand. "You don't deserve to be cared about, for speaking like that!" says she, with her cheeks as red as peat-coals.

That was right before the children. Mary Ann's eyes were as big as saucers, and little Nancy was crying at the top of her lungs, with the baby tuning in, so we knew it was time to stop. But stopping wasn't ending; and folks can look things that they don't say.

We sat down to supper as glum as pump-handles, there were some fritters--I never knew anybody beat your mother at fritters--smoking hot off the stove, and some maple molasses in one of the best chinny tea-cups; I knew well enough it was just on purpose for my last night, but I never had a word to say, and Nancy crumbed up the children's bread with a jerk. Her cheeks didn't grow any whiter; it seemed as if they would blaze right up,--I couldn't help looking at them, for all I pretended not to, for she looked just like a picture. Some women always

are pretty when they are put out,--and then again, some ain't; it appears to me there's a great difference in women, very much as there is in hens; now, there was your aunt Deborah,--but there, I won't get on that track now, only so far as to say that when she was flustered up she used to go red all over, something like a piny, which didn't seem to have just the same effect.

That supper was a very dreary sort of supper, with the baby crying, and Nancy getting up between the mouthfuls to walk up and down the room with him; he was a heavy little chap for a ten-month-old, and I think she must have been tuckered out with him all day. I didn't think about it then; a man doesn't notice such things when he's angry,--it isn't in him. I can't say but she would if I'd been in her place. I just eat up the fritters and the maple molasses,--seems to me I told her she ought not to use the best chiny cup, but I'm not just sure,--and then I took my pipe, and sat down in the corner.

I watched her putting the children to bed; they made her a great deal of bother, squirming off of her lap and running round barefoot. Sometimes I used to hold them and talk to them and help her a bit, when I felt good-natured, but I just sat and smoked, and let them alone. I was all worked up about that lamp-wick, and I thought, you see, if she hadn't had any feelings for me there was no need of my having any for her--if she had cut the wick, I'd have taken the babies; she hadn't cut the wick, and I wouldn't take the babies; she might see it if she wanted to, and think what she pleased. I had been badly treated, and I meant to show it.

It is strange, Johnny, it really does seem to me very strange, how easy it is in this world to be always taking care of our rights. I've thought a great deal about it since I've been growing old, and there seems to me a good many things we'd better look after fust.

But you see I hadn't found that out in '41, and so I sat in the corner, and felt very much abused. I can't say but what Nancy had pretty much the same idea; for when the young ones were all in bed at last, she took her knitting and sat down the other side of the fire, sort of turning her head round and looking up at the ceiling, as if she were trying her best to forget I was there. That was a way she had when I was courting, and we went along to huskings together, with the moon shining round.

Well, I kept on smoking, and she kept on looking at the ceiling, and nobody said a word for a while, till by and by the fire burnt down, and she got up and put on a fresh log.

"You're dreadful wasteful with the wood, Nancy," says I, bound to say something cross? and that was all I could think of.

"Take care of your own fire, then," says she, throwing the log down and standing up as straight as she could stand. "I think it's a pity if you

haven't anything better to do, the last night before going in, than to pick everything I do to pieces this way, and I tired enough to drop, carrying that great crying child in my arms all day. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Aaron Hollis!"

Now if she had cried a little, very like I should have given up, and that would have been the end of it, for I never could bear to see a woman cry; it goes against the grain. But your mother wasn't one of the crying sort, and she didn't feel like it that night.

She just stood up there by the fireplace, as proud as Queen Victory,--I don't blame her, Johnny,--O no, I don't blame her; she had the right of it there, I ought to have been ashamed of myself; but a man never likes to hear that from other folks, and I put my pipe down on the chimney-shelf so hard I heard it snap like ice, and I stood up too, and said--but no matter what I said, I guess. A man's quarrels with his wife always make me think of what the Scripture says about other folks not intermeddling. They're things, in my opinion, that don't concern anybody else as a general thing, and I couldn't tell what I said without telling what she said, and I'd rather not do that. Your mother was as good and patient-tempered a woman as ever lived, Johnny, and she didn't mean it, and it was I that set her on. Besides, my words were worst of the two.

Well, well, I'll hurry along just here, for it's not a time I like to think about; but we had it back and forth there for half an hour, till we had angered each other up so I couldn't stand it, and I lifted up my hand,--I would have struck her if she hadn't been a woman.

"Well," says I, "Nancy Hollis, I'm sorry for the day I married you, and that's the truth, if ever I spoke a true word in my life!"

I wouldn't have told you that now if you could understand the rest without. I'd give the world, Johnny,--I'd give the world and all those coupon bonds Jedediah invested for me if I could anyway forget it; but I said it, and I can't.

Well, I've seen your mother look 'most all sorts of ways in the course of her life, but I never saw her before, and I never saw her since, look as she looked that minute. All the blaze went out in her cheeks, as if somebody had thrown cold water on it, and she stood there stock still, so white I thought she would drop.

"Aaron--" she began, and stopped to catch her breath,--"Aaron--" but she couldn't get any further; she just caught hold of a little shawl she had on with both her hands, as if she thought she could hold herself up by it, and walked right out of the room. I knew she had gone to bed, for I heard her go up and shut the door. I stood there a few minutes with my hands in my pockets, whistling Yankee Doodle. Your mother used to say men were queer folks, Johnny; they always whistled up the gayest when they felt the wust. Then I went to the closet and got another pipe, and

I didn't go upstairs till it was smoked out.

When I was a young man, Johnny, I used to be that sort of fellow that couldn't bear to give up beat. I'd acted like a brute, and I knew it, but I was too spunky to say so. So I says to myself, "If she won't make up first, I won't, and that's the end on't." Very likely she said the same thing, for your mother was a spirited sort of woman when her temper _was_ up; so there we were, more like enemies sworn against each other than man and wife who had loved each other true for fifteen years,--a whole winter, and danger, and death perhaps, coming between us, too.

It may seem very queer to you, Johnny,--it did to me when I was your age, and didn't know any more than you do,--how folks can work themselves up into great quarrels out of such little things; but they do, and into worse, if it's a man who likes his own way, and a woman that knows how to talk. It's my opinion, two thirds of all the divorce cases in the law-books just grow up out of things no bigger than that lamp-wick.

But how people that ever loved each other could come to hard words like that, you don't see? Well, ha, ha! Johnny, that amuses me, that really does amuse me, for I never saw a young man nor a young woman either,--and young men and young women in general are very much like fresh-hatched chickens, to my mind, and know just about as much of the world, Johnny,--well, I never saw one yet who didn't say that very thing. And what's more, I never saw one who could get it into his head that old folks knew better.

But I say I had loved your mother true, Johnny, and she had loved me true, for more than fifteen years; and I loved her more the fifteenth year than I did the first, and we couldn't have got along without each other, any more than you could get along if somebody cut your heart right out. We had laughed together and cried together; we had been sick, and we'd been well together; we'd had our hard times and our pleasant times right along, side by side; we'd baptized the babies, and we'd buried 'm, holding on to each other's hand; we had grown along year after year, through ups and downs and down and ups, just like one person, and there wasn't any more dividing of us. But for all that we'd been put out, and we'd had our two ways, and we had spoken our sharp words like any other two folks, and this wasn't our first quarrel by any means.

I tell you, Johnny, young folks they start in life with very pretty ideas,--very pretty. But take it as a general thing, they don't know any more what they're talking about than they do about each other, and they don't know any more about each other than they do about the man in the moon. They begin very nice, with their new carpets and teaspoons, and a little mending to do, and coming home early evenings to talk; but by and by the shine wears off. Then come the babies, and worry and wear and temper. About that time they begin to be a little acquainted, and to

find out that there are two wills and two sets of habits to be fitted somehow. It takes them anywhere along from one year to three to get jostled down together. As for smoothing off, there's more or less of that to be done always.

Well, I didn't sleep very well that night, dropping into naps and waking up. The baby was worrying over his teeth every half-hour, and Nancy getting up to walk him off to sleep in her arms,--it was the only way you would be hushed up, and you'd lie and yell till somebody did it.

Now, it wasn't many times since we'd been married that I had let her do that thing all night long. I used to have a way of getting up to take my turn, and sending her off to sleep. It isn't a man's business, some folks say. I don't know anything about that; maybe, if I'd been broiling my brain in book learning all day till come night, and I was hard put to it to get my sleep anyhow, like the parson there, it wouldn't; but all I know is, what if I had been breaking my back in the potato-patch since morning? so she'd broken her's over the oven; and what if I did need nine hours' sound sleep? I could chop and saw without it next day, just as well as she could do the ironing, to say nothing of my being a great stout fellow,--there wasn't a chap for ten miles round with my muscle,--and she with those blue veins on her forehead. Howsomever that may be, I wasn't used to letting her do it by herself, and so I lay with my eyes shut, and pretended that I was asleep; for I didn't feel like giving in, and speaking up gentle, not about that nor anything else.

I could see her though, between my eyelashes, and I lay there, every time I woke up, and watched her walking back and forth, back and forth, up and down, with the heavy little fellow in her arms, all night long.

Sometimes, Johnny, when I'm gone to bed now of a winter night, I think I see her in her white nightgown with her red-plaid shawl pinned over her shoulders and over the baby, walking up and down, and up and down. I shut my eyes, but there she is, and I open them again, but I see her all the same.

I was off very early in the morning; I don't think it could have been much after three o'clock when I woke up. Nancy had my breakfast all laid out overnight, except the coffee, and we had fixed it that I was to make up the fire, and get off without waking her, if the baby was very bad. At least, that was the way I wanted it; but she stuck to it she should be up,--that was before there'd been any words between us.

The room was very gray and still,--I remember just how it looked, with Nancy's clothes on a chair, and the baby's shoes lying round. She had got him off to sleep in his cradle, and had dropped into a nap, poor thing! with her face as white as the sheet, from watching.

I stopped when I was dressed, half-way out of the room, and looked round at it,--it was so white, Johnny! It would be a long time before I should

see it again,—five months were a long time; then there was the risk, coming down in the freshets, and the words I'd said last night. I thought, you see, if I should kiss it once,—I needn't wake her up,—maybe I should go off feeling better. So I stood there looking: she was lying so still, I couldn't see any more stir to her than if she had her breath held in. I wish I had done it, Johnny,—I can't get over wishing I'd done it, yet. But I was just too proud, and I turned round and went out, and shut the door.

We were going to meet down at the post-office, the whole gang of us, and I had quite a spell to walk. I was going in on Bob Stokes's team. I remember how fast I walked with my hands in my pockets, looking along up at the stars,—the sun was putting them out pretty fast,—and trying not to think of Nancy. But I didn't think of anything else.

It was so early, that there wasn't many folks about to see us off; but Bob Stokes's wife,—she lived nigh the office, just across the road,—she was there to say good-by, kissing of him, and crying on his shoulder. I don't know what difference that should make with Bob Stokes, but I snapped him up well, when he came along, and said good morning.

There were twenty-one of us just, on that gang, in on contract for Dove and Beadle. Dove and Beadle did about the heaviest thing on woodland of anybody, about that time. Good, steady men we were, most of us,—none of your blundering Irish, that wouldn't know a maple from a hickory, with their gin-bottles in their pockets,—but our solid, Down-East Yankee heads, owning their farms all along the river, with schooling enough to know what they were about 'lection day. You didn't catch any of _us_ voting your new-fangled tickets when he had meant to go up on Whig, for want of knowing the difference, nor visa vussy. To say nothing of Bob Stokes, and Holt, and me, and another fellow,—I forget his name,—being members in good and reg'lar standing, and paying in our five dollars to the parson every quarter, charitable.

Yes, though I say it that shouldn't say it, we were as fine a looking gang as any in the county, starting off that morning in our red uniform,—Nancy took a sight of pains with my shirt, sewing it up stout, for fear it should bother me ripping, and I with nobody to take a stitch for me all winter. The boys went off in good spirits, singing till they were out of sight of town, and waving their caps at their wives and babies standing in the window along on the way. I didn't sing. I thought the wind blew too hard,—seems to me that was the reason,—I'm sure there must have been a reason, for I had a voice of my own in those days, and had led the choir perpetual for five years.

We weren't going in very deep; Dove and Beadle's lots lay about thirty miles from the nearest house; and a straggling, lonely sort of place that was too, five miles out of the village, with nobody but a dog and a deaf old woman in it. Sometimes, as I was telling you, we had been in a hundred miles from any human creature but ourselves.

It took us two days to get there though, with the oxen; and the teams were loaded down well, with so many axes and the pork-barrels;--I don't know anything like pork for hefting down more than you expect it to, reasonable. It was one of your ugly gray days, growing dark at four o'clock, with snow in the air, when we hauled up in the lonely place. The trees were blazed pretty thick, I remember, especially the pines; Dove and Beadle always had that done up prompt in October. It's pretty work going in blazing while the sun is warm, and the woods like a great bonfire with the maples. I used to like it, but your mother wouldn't hear of it when she could help herself, it kept me away so long.

It's queer, Johnny, how we do remember things that ain't of no account; but I remember, as plainly as if it were yesterday morning, just how everything looked that night, when the teams came up, one by one, and we went to work spry to get to rights before the sun went down.

There were three shanties,--they don't often have more than two or three in one place,--they were empty, and the snow had drifted in; Bob Stokes's oxen were fagged out with their heads hanging down, and the horses were whinnying for their supper. Holt had one of his great brush-fires going,--there was nobody like Holt for making fires,--and the boys were hurrying round in their red shirts, shouting at the oxen, and singing a little, some of them low, under their breath, to keep their spirits up. There was snow as far as you could see,--down the cart-path, and all around, and away into the woods; and there was snow in the sky now, setting in for a regular nor'easter. The trees stood up straight all around without any leaves, and under the bushes it was as black as pitch.

"Five months," said I to myself,--"five months!"

"What in time's the matter with you, Hollis?" says Bob Stokes, with a great slap on my arm; "you're giving that 'ere ox molasses on his hay!"

Sure enough I was, and he said I acted like a dazed creature, and very likely I did. But I couldn't have told Bob the reason. You see, I knew Nancy was just drawing up her little rocking-chair--the one with the red cushion--close by the fire, sitting there with the children to wait for the tea to boil. And I knew--I couldn't help knowing, if I'd tried hard for it--how she was crying away softly in the dark, so that none of them could see her, to think of the words we'd said, and I gone in without ever making of them up. I was sorry for them then. O Johnny, I was sorry, and she was thirty miles away. I'd got to be sorry five months, thirty miles away, and couldn't let her know.

The boys said I was poor company that first week, and I shouldn't wonder if I was. I couldn't seem to get over it any way, to think I couldn't let her know.

If I could have sent her a scrap of a letter, or a message, or something, I should have felt better. But there wasn't any chance of that this long time, unless we got out of pork or fodder, and had to send down,--which we didn't expect to, for we'd laid in more than usual.

We had two pretty rough weeks' work to begin with, for the worst storms of the season set in, and kept in, and I never saw their like, before or since. It seemed as if there'd never be an end to them. Storm after storm, blow after blow, freeze after freeze; half a day's sunshine, and then at it again! We were well tired of it before they stopped; it made the boys homesick.

However, we kept at work pretty brisk,--lumber-men aren't the fellows to be put out for a snow-storm,--cutting and hauling and sawing, out in the sleet and wind. Bob Stokes froze his left foot that second week, and I was frost-bitten pretty badly myself. Cullen--he was the boss--he was well out of sorts, I tell you, before the sun came out, and cross enough to bite a tenpenny nail in two.

But when the sun is out, it isn't so bad a kind of life, after all. At work all day, with a good hot dinner in the middle; then back to the shanties at dark, to as rousing a fire and tiptop swagan as anybody could ask for. Holt was cook that season, and Holt couldn't be beaten on his swagan.

Now you don't mean to say you don't know what swagan is? Well, well! To think of it! All I have to say is, you don't know what's good then. Beans and pork and bread and molasses,--that's swagan,--all stirred up in a great kettle, and boiled together; and I don't know anything--not even your mother's fritters--I'd give more for a taste of now. We just about lived on that; there's nothing you can cut and haul all day on like swagan. Besides that, we used to have doughnuts,--you don't know what doughnuts are here in Massachusetts; as big as a dinner-plate those doughnuts were, and--well, a little hard, perhaps. They used to have it about in Bangor that we used them for clock pendulums, but I don't know about that.

I used to think a great deal about Nancy nights, when we were sitting up by the fire,--we had our fire right in the middle of the hut, you know, with a hole in the roof to let the smoke out. When supper was eaten, the boys all sat up around it, and told stories, and sang, and cracked their jokes; then they had their backgammon and cards; we got sleepy early, along about nine or ten o'clock, and turned in under the roof with our blankets. The roof sloped down, you know, to the ground; so we lay with our heads in under the little eaves, and our feet to the fire,--ten or twelve of us to a shanty, all round in a row. They built the huts up like a baby's cob-house, with the logs fitted in together. I used to think a great deal about your mother, as I was saying; sometimes I would lie awake when the rest were off as sound as a top, and think about her. Maybe it was foolish, and I'm sure I wouldn't have told anybody of it;

but I couldn't get rid of the notion that something might happen to her or to me before five months were out, and I with those words unforgiven.

Then, perhaps, when I went to sleep, I would dream about her, walking back and forth, up and down, in her nightgown and little red shawl, with the great heavy baby in her arms.

So it went along till come the last of January, when one day I saw the boys all standing round in a heap, and talking.

"What's the matter?" says I.

"Pork's given out," says Bob, with a whistle. "Beadle got that last lot from Jenkins there, his son-in-law, and it's sp'ilt. I could have told him that beforehand. Never knew Jenkins to do the fair thing by anybody yet."

"Who's going down?" said I, stopping short. I felt the blood run all over my face, like a woman's.

"Cullen hasn't made up his mind yet," says Bob, walking off.

Now you see there wasn't a man on the ground who wouldn't jump at the chance to go; it broke up the winter for them, and sometimes they could run in home for half an hour, driving by; so there wasn't much of a hope for me. But I went straight to Mr. Cullen.

"Too late! Just promised Jim Jacobs," said he, speaking up quick; it was just business to him, you know.

I turned off, and I didn't say a word. I wouldn't have believed it, I never would have believed it, that I could have felt so cut up about such a little thing. Cullen looked round at me sharp.

"Hilloa, Hollis!" said he. "What's to pay?"

"Nothing, thank you, sir," says I, and walked off, whistling.

I had a little talk with Jim alone. He said he would take good care of anything I'd give him, and carry it straight. So when night came I went and borrowed Mr. Cullen's pencil, and Holt tore me off a bit of clean brown paper he found in the flour-barrel, and I went off among the trees with it alone. I built a little fire for myself out of a huckleberry-bush, and sat down there on the snow to write. I couldn't do it in the shanty, with the noise and singing. The little brown paper wouldn't hold much; but these were the words I wrote,--I remember every one of them,--it is curious now I should, and that more than twenty years ago:--

"Dear Nancy," --that was it,--"Dear Nancy, I can't get over it, and I

take them all back. And if anything happens coming down on the logs--"

I couldn't finish that anyhow, so I just wrote "Aaron" down in the corner, and folded the brown paper up. It didn't look any more like "Aaron" than it did like "Abimelech," though; for I didn't see a single letter I wrote,--not one.

After that I went to bed, and wished I was Jim Jacobs.

Next morning somebody woke me up with a push, and there was the boss.

"Why, Mr. Cullen!" says I, with a jump.

"Hurry up, man, and eat your breakfast," said he; "Jacobs is down sick with his cold."

"_Oh!_" said I.

"You and the pork must be back here day after to-morrow,--so be spry," said he.

I rather think I was, Johnny.

It was just eight o'clock when I started; it took some time to get breakfast, and feed the nags, and get orders. I stood there, slapping the snow with my whip, crazy to be off, hearing the last of what Mr. Cullen had to say.

They gave me the two horses,--we hadn't but two,--oxen are tougher for going in, as a general thing,--and the lightest team on the ground; it was considerably lighter than Bob Stokes's. If it hadn't been for the snow, I might have put the thing through in two days, but the snow was up to the creatures' knees in the shady places all along; off from the road, in among the gullies, you could stick a four-foot measure down anywhere. So they didn't look for me back before Wednesday night.

"I must have that pork Wednesday night sure," says Cullen.

"Well, sir," says I, "you shall have it Wednesday noon, Providence permitting; and you shall have it Wednesday night anyway."

"You will have a storm to do it in, I'm afraid," said he, looking at the clouds, just as I was whipping up. "You're all right on the road, I suppose?"

"All right," said I; and I'm sure I ought to have been, for the times I'd been over it.

Bess and Beauty--they were the horses, and of all the ugly nags that ever I saw Beauty was the ugliest--started off on a round trot, slewing

along down the hill; they knew they were going home just as well as I did. I looked back, as we turned the corner, to see the boys standing round in their red shirts, with the snow behind them, and the fire and the shanties. I felt a mite lonely when I couldn't see them any more; the snow was so dead still, and there were thirty miles of it to cross before I could see human face again.

The clouds had an ugly look,--a few flakes had fallen already,--and the snow was purple, deep in as far as you could see under the trees. Something made me think of Ben Gurnell, as I drove on, looking along down the road to keep it straight. You never heard about it? Poor Ben! Poor Ben! It was in '37, that was; he had been out hunting up blazed trees, they said, and wandered away somehow into the Gray Goth, and went over,--it was two hundred feet; they didn't find him, not till spring,--just a little heap of bones; his wife had them taken home and buried, and by and by they had to take her away to a hospital in Portland,--she talked so horribly, and thought she saw bones round everywhere.

There is no place like the woods for bringing a storm down on you quick; the trees are so thick you don't mind the first few flakes, till, first you know, there's a whirl of 'em, and the wind is up.

I was minding less about it than usual, for I was thinking of Nannie,--that's what I used to call her, Johnny, when she was a girl, but it seems a long time ago, that does. I was thinking how surprised she'd be, and pleased. I knew she would be pleased. I didn't think so poorly of her as to suppose she wasn't just as sorry now as I was for what had happened. I knew well enough how she would jump and throw down her sewing with a little scream, and run and put her arms about my neck and cry, and couldn't help herself.

So I didn't mind about the snow, for planning it all out, till all at once I looked up, and something slashed into my eyes and stung me,--it was sleet.

"Oho!" said I to myself, with a whistle,--it was a very long whistle, Johnny; I knew well enough then it was no play-work I had before me till the sun went down, nor till morning either.

That was about noon,--it couldn't have been half an hour since I'd eaten my dinner; I eat it driving, for I couldn't bear to waste time.

The road wasn't broken there an inch, and the trees were thin; there'd been a clearing there years ago, and wide, white, level places wound off among the trees; one looked as much like a road as another, for the matter of that. I pulled my visor down over my eyes to keep the sleet out,--after they're stung too much they're good for nothing to see with, and I must see, if I meant to keep that road.

It began to be cold. You don't know what it is to be cold, you don't, Johnny, in the warm gentleman's life you've lived. I was used to Maine forests, and I was used to January, but that was what I call cold.

The wind blew from the ocean, straight as an arrow. The sleet blew every way,--into your eyes, down your neck, in like a knife into your cheeks. I could feel the snow crunching in under the runners, crisp, turned to ice in a minute. I reached out to give Bess a cut on the neck, and the sleeve of my coat was stiff as pasteboard before I bent my elbow up again.

If you looked up at the sky, your eyes were shut with a snap as if somebody'd shot them. If you looked in under the trees, you could see the icicles a minute, and the purple shadows. If you looked straight ahead, you couldn't see a thing.

By and by I thought I had dropped the reins, I looked at my hands, and there I was holding them tight. I knew then that it was time to get out and walk.

I didn't try much after that to look ahead; it was of no use, for the sleet was fine, like needles, twenty of 'em in your eye at a wink; then it was growing dark. Bess and Beauty knew the road as well as I did, so I had to trust to them. I thought I must be coming near the clearing where I'd counted on putting up overnight, in case I couldn't reach the deaf old woman's.

There was a man just out of Bangor the winter before, walking just so beside his team, and he kept on walking, some folks said, after the breath was gone, and they found him frozen up against the sleigh-poles. I would have given a good deal if I needn't have thought of that just then. But I did, and I kept walking on.

Pretty soon Bess stopped short. Beauty was pulling on,--Beauty always did pull on,--but she stopped too. I couldn't stop so easily, so I walked along like a machine, up on a line with the creatures' ears. I did stop then, or you never would have heard this story, Johnny.

Two paces,--and those two hundred feet shot down like a plummet. A great cloud of snow-flakes puffed up over the edge. There were rocks at my right hand, and rocks at my left. There was the sky overhead. I was in the Gray Goth!

I sat down as weak as a baby. If I didn't think of Ben Gurnell then, I never thought of him. It roused me up a bit, perhaps, for I had the sense left to know that I couldn't afford to sit down just yet, and I remembered a shanty that I must have passed without seeing; it was just at the opening of the place where the rocks narrowed, built, as they build their light-houses, to warn folks to one side. There was a log or something put up after Gurnell went over, but it was of no account,

coming on it suddenly. There was no going any farther that night, that was clear; so I put about into the hut, and got my fire going, and Bess and Beauty and I, we slept together.

It was an outlandish name to give it, seems to me, anyway. I don't know what a Goth is, Johnny; maybe you do. There was a great figger up on the rock, about eight feet high; some folks thought it looked like a man. I never thought so before, but that night it did kind of stare in through the door as natural as life.

When I woke up in the morning I thought I was on fire. I stirred and turned over, and I was ice. My tongue was swollen up so I couldn't swallow without strangling. I crawled up to my feet, and every bone in me was stiff as a shingle.

Bess was looking hard at me, whinnying for her breakfast. "Bess," says I, very slow, "we must get home--to-night--any--how."

I pushed open the door. It creaked out into a great drift, and slammed back. I squeezed through and limped out. The shanty stood up a little, in the highest part of the Goth. I went down a little,--I went as far as I could go. There was a pole lying there, blown down in the night; it came about up to my head. I sunk it into the snow, and drew it up.

Just six feet.

I went back to Bess and Beauty, and I shut the door. I told them I couldn't help it,--something ailed my arms,--I couldn't shovel them out to-day. I must lie down and wait till to-morrow.

I waited till to-morrow. It snowed all day, and it snowed all night. It was snowing when I pushed the door out again into the drift. I went back and lay down. I didn't seem to care.

The third day the sun came out, and I thought about Nannie. I was going to surprise her. She would jump up and run and put her arms about my neck. I took the shovel, and crawled out on my hands and knees. I dug it down, and fell over on it like a baby.

After that, I understood. I'd never had a fever in my life, and it's not strange that I shouldn't have known before.

It came all over me in a minute, I think. I couldn't shovel through. Nobody could hear. I might call, and I might shout. By and by the fire would go out. Nancy would not come. Nancy did not know. Nancy and I should never kiss and make up now.

I struck my arm out into the air, and shouted out her name, and yelled it out. Then I crawled out once more into the drift.

I tell you, Johnny, I was a stout-hearted man, who'd never known a fear. I could freeze. I could burn up there alone in the horrid place with fever. I could starve. It wasn't death nor awfulness I couldn't face,--not that, not _that_; but I loved her true, I say,--I loved her true, and I'd spoken my last words to her, my very last; I had left her _those_ to remember, day in and day out, and year upon year, as long as she remembered her husband, as long as she remembered anything.

I think I must have gone pretty nearly mad with the fever and the thinking. I fell down there like a log, and lay groaning. "God Almighty! God Almighty!" over and over, not knowing what it was that I was saying, till the words strangled in my throat.

Next day, I was too weak so much as to push open the door. I crawled around the hut on my knees with my hands up over my head, shouting out as I did before, and fell, a helpless heap, into the corner; after that I never stirred.

How many days had gone, or how many nights, I had no more notion than the dead. I knew afterwards; when I knew how they waited and expected and talked and grew anxious, and sent down home to see if I was there, and how she--But no matter, no matter about that.

I used to scoop up a little snow when I woke up from the stupors. The bread was the other side of the fire; I couldn't reach round. Beauty eat it up one day; I saw her. Then the wood was used up. I clawed out chips with my nails from the old rotten logs the shanty was made of, and kept up a little blaze. By and by I couldn't pull any more. Then there were only some coals,--then a little spark. I blew at that spark a long while,--I hadn't much breath. One night it went out, and the wind blew in. One day I opened my eyes, and Bess had fallen down in the corner, dead and stiff. Beauty had pushed out of the door somehow and gone. I shut up my eyes. I don't think I cared about seeing Bess,--I can't remember very well.

Sometimes I thought Nancy was there in the plaid shawl, walking round the ashes where the spark went out. Then again I thought Mary Ann was there, and Isaac, and the baby. But they never were. I used to wonder if I wasn't dead, and hadn't made a mistake about the place that I was going to.

One day there was a noise. I had heard a great many noises, so I didn't take much notice. It came up crunching on the snow, and I didn't know but it was Gabriel or somebody with his chariot. Then I thought more likely it was a wolf.

Pretty soon I looked up, and the door was open; some men were coming in, and a woman. She was ahead of them all, she was; she came in with a great spring, and had my head against her neck, and her arm holding me up, and her cheek down to mine, with her dear, sweet, warm breath all

over me; and that was all I knew.

Well, there was brandy, and there was a fire, and there were blankets, and there was hot water, and I don't know what; but warmer than all the rest I felt her breath against my cheek, and her arms about my neck, and her long hair, which she had wrapped all in, about my hands.

So by and by my voice came. "Nannie!" said I.

"O don't!" said she, and first I knew she was crying.

"But I will," says I, "for I'm sorry."

"Well, so am I," says she.

Said I, "I thought I was dead, and hadn't made up, Nannie."

"O _dear_!" said she; and down fell a great hot splash right on my face.

Says I, "It was all me, for I ought to have gone back and kissed you."

"No, it was me," said she, "for I wasn't asleep, not any such thing. I peeked out, this way, through my lashes, to see if you wouldn't come back. I meant to wake up then. Dear me!" says she, "to think what a couple of fools we were, now!"

"Nannie," says I, "you can let the lamp smoke all you want to!"

"Aaron--" she began, just as she had begun that other night,--"Aaron--" but she didn't finish, and--Well, well, no matter; I guess you don't want to hear any more, do you?

But sometimes I think, Johnny, when it comes my time to go,--if ever it does,--I've waited a good while for it,--the first thing I shall see will be her face, looking as it looked at me just then.

THE ISLE OF PINES

The Project Gutenberg Etext of *Present at a Hanging et al.*
by Ambrose Bierce

For many years there lived near the town of Gallipolis, Ohio, an old man named Herman Deluse. Very little was known of his history, for he would neither speak of it himself nor suffer others. It was a common belief among his neighbors that he had been a pirate--if upon any better evidence than his collection of boarding pikes,

cutlasses, and ancient flintlock pistols, no one knew. He lived entirely alone in a small house of four rooms, falling rapidly into decay and never repaired further than was required by the weather. It stood on a slight elevation in the midst of a large, stony field overgrown with brambles, and cultivated in patches and only in the most primitive way. It was his only visible property, but could hardly have yielded him a living, simple and few as were his wants. He seemed always to have ready money, and paid cash for all his purchases at the village stores roundabout, seldom buying more than two or three times at the same place until after the lapse of a considerable time. He got no commendation, however, for this equitable distribution of his patronage; people were disposed to regard it as an ineffectual attempt to conceal his possession of so much money. That he had great hoards of ill-gotten gold buried somewhere about his tumble-down dwelling was not reasonably to be doubted by any honest soul conversant with the facts of local tradition and gifted with a sense of the fitness of things.

On the 9th of November, 1867, the old man died; at least his dead body was discovered on the 10th, and physicians testified that death had occurred about twenty-four hours previously--precisely how, they were unable to say; for the post-mortem examination showed every organ to be absolutely healthy, with no indication of disorder or violence. According to them, death must have taken place about noonday, yet the body was found in bed. The verdict of the coroner's jury was that he "came to his death by a visitation of God." The body was buried and the public administrator took charge of the estate.

A rigorous search disclosed nothing more than was already known about the dead man, and much patient excavation here and there about the premises by thoughtful and thrifty neighbors went unrewarded. The administrator locked up the house against the time when the property, real and personal, should be sold by law with a view to defraying, partly, the expenses of the sale.

The night of November 20 was boisterous. A furious gale stormed across the country, scourging it with desolating drifts of sleet. Great trees were torn from the earth and hurled across the roads. So wild a night had never been known in all that region, but toward morning the storm had blown itself out of breath and day dawned bright and clear. At about eight o'clock that morning the Rev. Henry Galbraith, a well-known and highly esteemed Lutheran minister, arrived on foot at his house, a mile and a half from the Deluse place. Mr. Galbraith had been for a month in Cincinnati. He had come up the river in a steamboat, and landing at Gallipolis the previous evening had immediately obtained a horse and buggy and set out for home. The violence of the storm had delayed him over night, and in the morning the fallen trees had compelled him to abandon his conveyance and continue his journey afoot.

"But where did you pass the night?" inquired his wife, after he had briefly related his adventure.

"With old Deluse at the 'Isle of Pines,'" {1} was the laughing reply; "and a glum enough time I had of it. He made no objection to my remaining, but not a word could I get out of him."

Fortunately for the interests of truth there was present at this conversation Mr. Robert Mosely Maren, a lawyer and litterateur of Columbus, the same who wrote the delightful "Mellowcraft Papers." Noting, but apparently not sharing, the astonishment caused by Mr. Galbraith's answer this ready-witted person checked by a gesture the exclamations that would naturally have followed, and tranquilly inquired: "How came you to go in there?"

This is Mr. Maren's version of Mr. Galbraith's reply:

"I saw a light moving about the house, and being nearly blinded by the sleet, and half frozen besides, drove in at the gate and put up my horse in the old rail stable, where it is now. I then rapped at the door, and getting no invitation went in without one. The room was dark, but having matches I found a candle and lit it. I tried to enter the adjoining room, but the door was fast, and although I heard the old man's heavy footsteps in there he made no response to my calls. There was no fire on the hearth, so I made one and laying [sic] down before it with my overcoat under my head, prepared myself for sleep. Pretty soon the door that I had tried silently opened and the old man came in, carrying a candle. I spoke to him pleasantly, apologizing for my intrusion, but he took no notice of me. He seemed to be searching for something, though his eyes were unmoved in their sockets. I wonder if he ever walks in his sleep. He took a circuit a part of the way round the room, and went out the same way he had come in. Twice more before I slept he came back into the room, acting precisely the same way, and departing as at first. In the intervals I heard him tramping all over the house, his footsteps distinctly audible in the pauses of the storm. When I woke in the morning he had already gone out."

Mr. Maren attempted some further questioning, but was unable longer to restrain the family's tongues; the story of Deluse's death and burial came out, greatly to the good minister's astonishment.

"The explanation of your adventure is very simple," said Mr. Maren. "I don't believe old Deluse walks in his sleep--not in his present one; but you evidently dream in yours."

And to this view of the matter Mr. Galbraith was compelled reluctantly to assent.

Nevertheless, a late hour of the next night found these two gentlemen, accompanied by a son of the minister, in the road in front of the old Deluse house. There was a light inside; it appeared now at one window and now at another. The three men advanced to the door. Just as they reached it there came from the interior a confusion of the most appalling sounds--the clash of weapons, steel against steel, sharp explosions as of firearms, shrieks of women, groans and the curses of men in combat! The investigators stood a moment, irresolute, frightened. Then Mr. Galbraith tried the door. It was fast. But the minister was a man of courage, a man, moreover, of Herculean strength. He retired a pace or two and rushed against the door, striking it with his right shoulder and bursting it from the frame with a loud crash. In a moment the three were inside. Darkness and silence! The only sound was the beating of their hearts.

Mr. Maren had provided himself with matches and a candle. With some difficulty, begotten of his excitement, he made a light, and they proceeded to explore the place, passing from room to room. Everything was in orderly arrangement, as it had been left by the sheriff; nothing had been disturbed. A light coating of dust was everywhere. A back door was partly open, as if by neglect, and their first thought was that the authors of the awful revelry might have escaped. The door was opened, and the light of the candle shone through upon the ground. The expiring effort of the previous night's storm had been a light fall of snow; there were no footprints; the white surface was unbroken. They closed the door and entered the last room of the four that the house contained--that farthest from the road, in an angle of the building. Here the candle in Mr. Maren's hand was suddenly extinguished as by a draught of air. Almost immediately followed the sound of a heavy fall. When the candle had been hastily relighted young Mr. Galbraith was seen prostrate on the floor at a little distance from the others. He was dead. In one hand the body grasped a heavy sack of coins, which later examination showed to be all of old Spanish mintage. Directly over the body as it lay, a board had been torn from its fastenings in the wall, and from the cavity so disclosed it was evident that the bag had been taken.

Another inquest was held: another post-mortem examination failed to reveal a probable cause of death. Another verdict of "the visitation of God" left all at liberty to form their own conclusions. Mr. Maren contended that the young man died of excitement.

LESS INEQUALITY THAN MEN DEEM.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Old Deccan Days*, by M. Frere

A young Rajah once said to his Wuzeer, "How is it that I am so often ill? I take care of myself; I never go out in the rain; I wear warm clothes; I eat good food. Yet I am always catching cold or getting fever, in spite of all precautions."

"Overmuch care is worse than none at all," answered the Wuzeer, "which I will soon prove to you."

So he invited the Rajah to accompany him for a walk in the fields. Before they had gone very far they met a poor Shepherd. The Shepherd was accustomed to be out all day long, tending his flock; he had only a coarse cloak on, which served but insufficiently to protect him from the rain and the cold--from the dews by night and the sun by day; his food was parched corn, his drink water; and he lived out in the fields in a small hut made of plaited palm branches. The Wuzeer said to the Rajah, "You know perfectly well what hard lives these poor shepherds lead. Accost this one, and ask him if he often suffers from the exposure which he is obliged to undergo."

The Rajah did as the Wuzeer told him, and asked the Shepherd whether he did not often suffer from rheumatism, cold and fever. The Shepherd answered, "Perhaps it will surprise you, sire, to hear that I never suffer from either the one or the other. From childhood I have been accustomed to endure the extremes of heat and cold, and I suppose that is why they never affect me."

At this the Rajah was very much astonished, and he said to the Wuzeer, "I own I am surprised; but doubtless this Shepherd is an extraordinarily strong man, whom nothing would ever affect." "We shall see," said the Wuzeer; and he invited the Shepherd to the palace. There, for a long time, the Shepherd was taken great care of; he was never permitted to go out in the sun or rain, he had good food and good clothes, and he was not allowed to sit in a draught or get his feet wet. At the end of some months the Wuzeer sent for him into a marble courtyard, the floor of which he caused to be sprinkled with water.

The Shepherd had been for some time so little used to exposure of any kind that wetting his feet caused him to take cold; the place felt to him chilly and damp after the palace; he rapidly became worse, and in a short time, in spite of all the doctors' care, he died. "Where is our friend the Shepherd?" asked the Rajah, a few days afterward; "he surely could not have caught cold merely by treading on the marble floor you had caused to be sprinkled with water?"

"Alas!" answered the Wuzeer, "the result was more disastrous than I

had anticipated; the poor Shepherd caught cold and is dead. Having been lately accustomed to overmuch care, the sudden change of temperature killed him.

"You see now to what dangers we are exposed from which the poor are exempt. It is thus that Nature equalizes her best gifts; wealth and opulence tend too frequently to destroy health and shorten life, though they may give much enjoyment to it whilst it lasts."

Random PD Encyclopedia I is a Creative Commons Non-Commercial copyrighted project by Matt Pierard, 2020